

LAHIRI'S
SELECT ENGLISH READINGS

(PROSE)

SELECTED, ADAPTED AND ARRANGED
FOR THE USE OF HIGHER AND MIDDLE CLASSES.

FOURTH EDITION

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PREFACE.

IN presenting these SELECT READINGS of English Prose to our youth, we have tried to be equally careful that the truths they prove and teach should be as unexceptionable as the beauty and propriety of their dress and drapery which receives so much right scrutiny to-day, and to which no student of an art can at any time afford to be insensible. Language and literary presentation which, for elegance and lucidity, for graphic effect and moving power, for native expressiveness and that rare felicity which it is hard to express but easy to feel, have merited the distinction due to the classic, have only been held up in the following pages as perfected and exemplary methods of the various modes of correct and happy expression. But throughout the following chapters, as consistent an approach to the "well of English undeterred" has been made, as is also compatible with an attempt to provide useful readings for the young that mirrors the sweetness as well as light of a liberal culture. Writings that are racy of these two soils, it has been consistent with the aim of this Reader to give the high place and preference to, to which rightly-applied power is always entitled.

2. All the more important of the natural and social truths which it is necessary should be learnt early, have been sought to be made available to young people as part of the stock they will require often and most. But the truths of morality have to be recommended with feeling and candour, and the less aggressively obtruded, the surer of power they always become. Into these Readings therefore, didactic exhortations as such, have rarely found a hearing,

discussion and illustration being let in to kindle, in the congenial sphere of young minds, a passionate recognition of Truth, Mercy and Love. It is a matter of earnest hope that the youthful recruit disciplining himself for the battle of life will find in these teachings of some of the world's master minds much counsel that will be *a propos* in his difficulties in life. It is quite unnecessary to chaperon such writings with any words of eulogy of our own, and it is confidently hoped that parents and School authorities will find all these readings entertaining and instructive, and such that their tone may be relied on to tend to the formation of a manly and honourable character,—fitting young people for useful citizenship, loving to conserve the good and rejoicing in inaugurating reforms in place of the obsolete and pernicious order.

3. For the arrangement of the matter it is to be admitted that the contention may be plausibly made that the chapters, to some extent, overlap each other. Possibly they do; but they are all well-recognized classifications, under each of which books have professed to come, and surely they exhaust the field of Prose literature. The ten chapters of the READINGS give the attentive student, in miniature, a bird's eye view of the entire body of prose literature. The different styles and addresses appropriate to different forms of composition, which the classification aids in distinguishing, he will be called on to discern more closely with the help of his teacher. It would recur to all that the rather besetting vice of our school days (and after?) is the affection of one, uniform, monotonous style for the expression of multifarious and divergent addresses. It is hoped that the classified exhibits here offered, will assist the student in realizing the necessity of furnishing his repertoire with more regard to the many-

sided literary demands of modern wordly life and avocation and eschewing a too uniform tendency to harp on the same single melody for playing various airs.

4. Throughout the pages that follow, the demands of a liberal education have been attempted to be met by a many-sided introductory collection being put together to evoke a taste for a reasonably wider measure of study than our young people are commonly set to Science, Biography and Natural History have contributed some of the most truly educating of agencies and we have opened our doors wide to the light—always so pure and true—from these sources. We only wish we could make the readings in these branches fuller. A great many of the classical works of English Literature—three centuries of English Prose—have been laid under contribution, and the attention of the student will no doubt be called to the originals by his teacher. If the student will only mind reading up the wholesome classics of fiction to which he has been referred by excerpts being made from them, he will have an easy time of acquiring a fair insight into the art of happy writing, whilst his heart will have been under the training to love and admire the truly beautiful and true, and disdain the evilsome and untrue.

5. The feature of the book which provides, in the last chapter, English readings for young people at school from Native-Indian writers and speakers, would perhaps be characterized as a bold attempt in some quarters. This is not the place to enter into a discussion as to the literary value attaching to these, but it has been presumed, there would be little disposition on the part of those who would take the trouble to read through this portion of the book, to jettison its contents. Though the time has hardly come

when a history of English Literature would be open to the detracton of being called incomplete if it did not include an appreciative notice of Indian contributions, yet it must be abundantly clear already,—as indeed acknowledgments have been repeated—that the pieces quoted from Indian pen are entitled to bays of the greenest, of which India may justly be proud. The literature of England is a wonderful fabric of progress, thought and joy where to seek admission is of the loftiest ambition, and to find entry of the highest honor and consummation. That so many of India's sons are devoted votaries at the shrine of English Letters, it may not be out of place to record, is matter for the most unalloyed gratification. Success can not be far deferred to such loyal and steady workers—and true literary success means the advent of an awakening power which everywhere go to make the race happier and better for its presence.

6. It is quite accidental that all these writings are from Bengalee writers and speakers of repute. There is equally capable and eloquent treatment to be found in the writings of natives of India of the other Presidencies, in respect of which however, the SELECT ENGLISH READINGS have been under the disadvantage, that they are not to hand readily, and permission could not be early secured for their insertion.

7. Some liberty has been taken with regard to the readings—the majority of them having had to suffer from the process of “adaption” in the interests of those for whom they are here offered. This, it is hoped, will be condoned. The overgrown bulk of the matter will be accounted for by the aim kept in view of offering a large range to choose from, to suit children in as many as the three upper forms, in public and private schools.

8. The many Authors who, in their zeal for the cause, have generously accorded us permission to appropriate their widely admired writings, we cannot sufficiently acknowledge our obligations. To them indeed, not only our dutiful regards, but public thanks are due. We beg to be excused for not giving the names of all our gracious friends whose humble concessionaries we are, but we must mention our most respectful and grateful acknowledgments, for special permission, to Hon'ble Sir W. W. Hunter, Prof. Max-Muller and the Indian Authors generally. Certain additions and alterations have been made in this edition which will, we hope, be found to be improvements.

S. K. LAHIRI & CO.



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LAHIRI'S SELECT ENGLISH READINGS

MAGNANIMOUS FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

At the period when the Republic of Genoa was divided between the factions of the nobles and the people, Uberto, a man of low origin, but of an elevated mind and superior talents, and enriched by commerce, having raised himself to the head of the popular party, maintained for a considerable time a democratical form of government.

The nobles at length uniting all their efforts, succeeded in subverting this state of things, and regained their former supremacy. They used their victory with considerable rigour: and, in particular, having imprisoned Uberto, proceeded against him as a traitor, and thought they displayed sufficient lenity in passing a sentence upon him of perpetual banishment and the confiscation of all his property. Adorno, who was then possessed of the first magistracy, a man haughty in temper and proud of ancient nobility, though otherwise not void of generous sentiments, in pronouncing this sentence on Uberto, aggravated its severity by the insolent terms in which he conveyed it.

“ You ” said he, “ you, the son of a base mechanic, who have dared to trample upon the nobles of Genoa—you, by

their clemency, are only doomed to shrink again into the nothing whence you sprang."

Uberto received his condemnation with respectful submission to the court: yet, stung by the manner in which it was expressed he could not forbear saying to Adorno, "that perhaps he might hereafter find cause to repent the language he had used to a man capable of sentiments as elevated as his own."

He then made his obeisance and retired, and, after taking leave of his friends, embarked in a vessel bound for Naples, and quitted his native country without a tear.

He collected some debts due to him in the Neapolitan dominions, and with the wreck of his fortune went to settle on one of the islands in the Archipelago belonging to the state of Venice. Here his industry and capacity in mercantile pursuits raised him in a course of years to greater wealth than he had possessed in his most prosperous days at Genoa, and his reputation for honour and generosity equalled his fortune.

Among other places which he frequently visited as a merchant was the city of Tunis, at that time in friendship with the Venetians, though hostile to most of the other Italian states, and especially to Genoa. As Uberto was on a visit to one of the first men of that place at his country house, he saw a young Christian slave at work in irons, whose appearance excited his attention. The youth seemed oppressed with labour, to which his delicate frame had not been accustomed, and while he leaned at intervals upon the instrument with which he was working, a sigh burst from his full heart, and a tear stole down his cheek. Uberto eyed him with tender compassion, and addressed him in Italian. The youth eagerly caught the sounds of

his native tongue, and replying to his inquiries, informed him that he was a Genoese.

"And what is your name, young man?" said Uberto. "You need not be afraid of confessing to *me* your birth and condition."

"Alas!" he answered, "I fear my captors already suspect enough to demand a large ransom. My father is, indeed, one of the first men in Genoa. His name is Adorno, and I am his only son."

"Adorno!" Uberto checked himself from uttering more aloud, but to himself he cried, "Thank Heaven! then I shall be nobly revenged."

He took leave of the youth, and immediately went to inquire after the corsair captain who claimed a right in young Adorno, and having found him, demanded the price of his ransom. He learned that he was considered as a capture of value, and that less than two thousand crowns would not be accepted. Uberto paid the sum; and causing his servant to follow him with a horse and a complete suit of handsome apparel, he returned to the youth who was working as before, and told him he was free. With his own hands he took off his fetters and helped him to change his dress and mount on horseback. The youth was tempted to think it all a dream, and the flutter of emotion almost deprived him of the power of returning thanks to his generous benefactor. He was soon, however, convinced of the reality of his good fortune, by sharing the lodging and table of Uberto.

After a stay of some days at Tunis to despatch the remainder of his business, Uberto departed homewards, accompanied by young Adorno, who by his pleasing manners had highly ingratiated himself with him. Uberto

kept him some time at his house, treating him with all the respect and affection he could have shown for the son of his dearest friend. At length, having a safe opportunity of sending him to Genoa, he gave him a faithful servant for a conductor, fitted him out with every convenience, slipped a purse of gold into one hand, and a letter into the other, and thus addressed him :—

“ My dear youth, I could with much pleasure detain you longer in my humble mansion, but I feel your impatience to revisit your friends, and I am sensible that it would be cruelty to deprive them longer than necessary of the joy they will receive in recovering you. Deign to accept this provision for your voyage, and deliver this letter to your father. He probably may recollect somewhat of me, though you are too young to do so. Farewell! I shall not soon forget you, and I will hope you will not forget me.”

Adonio poured out the effusions of a grateful and affectionate heart, and they parted with mutual tears and embraces.

The young man had a prosperous voyage home, and the transport with which he was again beheld by his already heart-broken parents may more easily be conceived than described.

“ And to whom,” said old Adorno, “ am I indebted for the estimable benefit of restoring you to my arms ? ”

“ This letter,” said his son, “ will inform you.”

He opened it and read as follows :—

“ That son of a vile mechanic, who told you that one day you might repent the scorn with which you treated him, has the satisfaction of seeing his prediction accomplished. For know, proud noble! that the deliverer of your only son from slavery is THE BANISHED UBERTO.”

Adorno dropped the letter, and covered his face with his hand, while his son was displaying in the warmest language of gratitude the virtues of Uberto, and the truly paternal kindness he had experienced from him. As the debt could not be cancelled, Adorno resolved if possible to repay it. He made such powerful intercession with the other nobles, that the sentence pronounced on Uberto was reversed, and full permission given him to return to Genoa. In apprising him of this event, Adorno expressed his sense of the obligation he lay under to him, acknowledged the genuine nobleness of his character, and requested his friendship. Uberto returned to his country, and closed his days in peace, with the universal esteem of his fellow-citizens.

—From *Evenings at Home*.

BEHIND TIME ; OR, BE PUNCTUAL.

A RAILWAY train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station at which two trains usually met. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the up-train was to wait had nearly elapsed. but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity, and all because an engineer had been *behind time*.

A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated for eight hours on the enemy, posted on the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west ; reinforcements for the obstinate defenders were already

in sight. It was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it had come up in season all would yet be right. The great conqueror confident of its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and led them down the hill. The world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear, the Imperial Guard was beaten back. Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St Helena, because one of his marshals was *behind time*.

A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had enormous sums of money in California, it expected remittances by a certain day, and if they arrived its credit its honour and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm was bound to meet bills which had been maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at day-break, but it was found on enquiry that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late, they were ruined because their agents, in remitting the money, had been *behind time*.

A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve, a favourable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body swung

revolving in the wind. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand which he waved frantically to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve, but he came too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive *behind time*.

It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honour, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed, because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish repentant, because for ever "behind time." Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another, it is *punctuality*; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being *behind time*.

THE EMPEROR AND THE PEASANT, OR, HOSPITALITY REWARDED.

THE Czar Ivan, who reigned over Russia about the middle of the sixteenth century, often went out disguised, in order to satisfy his own mind as to the condition of his subjects.

One day, in a solitary walk near Moscow, he entered a small village, and, pretending to be overcome by fatigue, implored relief from several of the inhabitants. His dress was ragged, his appearance mean ; but what ought to have excited the compassion of the villagers, and ensured a kind reception, produced a refusal.

Full of indignation at such inhuman treatment. he was just going to leave the place, when he noticed another dwelling to which he had not yet applied for assistance. It was the poorest cottage in the village. The Emperor hastened to this, and knocked at the door. A peasant opened it, and asked him what he wanted. " I am almost dying with fatigue and hunger," answered the Czar, " can you give me a night's lodging ? " " Alas ! " said the peasant, " you will have but poor fare ; you have come at an unlucky time—for my wife is ill ; but come in, come in, you will at least be sheltered from the cold, and what we have you shall be welcome to."

The peasant then led the Czar into a little room full of children ; in a cradle were two infants, sleeping soundly. A girl three years old was sleeping on a rug near the cradle. " Stay here," said the peasant to the Emperor, " I will go and get something for your supper." He went out, and soon returned with some black bread, eggs, and loney. " You see all I can give you," said the peasant, " partake of it with my children ; I must go and nurse my wife."

The good peasant then went to his wife, and shortly returned, bringing with him a baby, who was to be christened on the morrow. The Emperor took the infant in his arms, saying, " I know, from the appearance of this child, that he will be fortunate." The peasant smiled at the prophecy ; and at that instant the two eldest girls

came to kiss the baby before going to bed, and their grandmother came also to take him back. The little ones followed her; and the host, himself lying down upon his bed of straw invited the stranger to do the same. In a moment the peasant was in a sound and peaceful sleep.

The peasant awoke at break of day, and his guest, on taking leave of him, said, "I must return to Moscow, my friend. I am acquainted there with a very benevolent man, to whom I shall take care to mention your kind treatment of me. I can prevail upon him to stand godfather to your child. Promise me, therefore, that you will wait for me, that I may be present at the christening: I will be back in three hours at the latest." The peasant did not think much of the mighty promise, but in the good-nature of his heart, he consented to the stranger's request.

The Czar went away: the three hours were soon gone, and nobody appeared. The peasant, therefore, as well as his family, were preparing to carry the child to church; but as he was about to leave his cottage he heard on a sudden the trampling of horses and the rattling of many carriages. He knew the imperial guards, and instantly called his family to come and see the Emperor go by. They all ran out in a hurry, and stood before their door.

The horses, men, and carriages soon formed a half-circle, and the state carriage of the Czar stopped opposite the peasant's door. The carriage-door was opened, the Czar alighted, and advancing to his host, thus addressed him: "I have come to fulfil my promise, give me your child, and follow me to the church." The peasant stood like a statue, looking at the Emperor with astonishment. In all this pomp and show he could not discover the poor stranger who had lain all night with him on the straw.

The Emperor for some moments silently enjoyed his perplexity, and then said "Yesterday you performed the duties of humanity, to-day I have come to discharge the most delightful duty of a Sovereign—that of rewarding virtue. Your child shall become my ward, for you may remember," continued the Emperor, smiling, "that I predicted he would be fortunate."

The good peasant now understood the case, with tears in his eyes, he ran instantly to fetch the child, brought him to the Emperor, and laid him respectfully at his feet. The excellent Sovereign took the child in his arms, and carried him to the church.

The Czar faithfully kept his promise: he caused the boy to be educated in his palace, provided amply for his further settlement in life, and continued ever after to heap kindnesses on the virtuous peasant and his family.

—AXON.

POLITENESS.

POLITENESS is the just medium between form and rudeness. It is the consequence of a benevolent nature, which shows itself to general acquaintance in an obliging, unconstrained civility, as it does to more particular ones in distinguished acts of kindness. This good nature must be directed by a justness of sense, and a quickness of discernment, that knows how to use every opportunity of exercising it, and to proportion the instances of it to every character and situation. It is a restraint laid by reason and benevolence upon every irregularity of the temper,

which, in obedience to them, is forced to accommodate itself even to the fantastic cares which custom and fashion have established, if by these means it can procure in any degree the satisfaction or good opinion of any part of mankind, thus paying an obliging deference to their judgment, so far as it is not inconsistent with the higher obligation of virtue and religion.

This must be accompanied with an elegance of taste, and a delicacy observant of the least trifles which tend to please or to oblige. and, though its foundation must be rooted in the heart, it can scarce be perfect without a complete knowledge of the world. In society it is the medium that blends all different tempers into the most pleasing harmony, while it imposes silence on the loquacious, and inclines the most reserved to furnish their share of the conversation. It represses the desire of shining alone, and increases the desire of being mutually agreeable. It takes off the edge of raillery, and gives delicacy to wit. It preserves a proper subordination among all ranks of people, and can reconcile a perfect ease with the most exact propriety.

To superiors, it appears in a respectful freedom; no greatness can awe it into servility, and no intimacy can sink it into a regardless familiarity.

To inferiors, it shows itself in an assuming good nature. Its aim is to raise them to you, not to let you down to them. It at once maintains the dignity of your station, and expresses the goodness of your heart. To equals, it is every thing that is charming: it studies their inclinations, prevents their desires, attends to every little exactness of behaviour, and all the time appears perfectly disengaged and careless.

—MISS TALBOT.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

DURING my recent residence in the country I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles ; its mouldering monuments its dark oaken panelling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation ; but being in a wealthy aristocratic neighbourhood, the glitter of fashion penetrated even into the sanctuary ; and I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being in the whole congregation who appeared thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian was a poor decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society ; and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer, habitually conning her prayer-book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart, I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two labourers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the church-

yard : where, from the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obseques of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe, but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by an humble friend, who was endeavouring to comfort her. A few of the neighbouring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now, pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church door, his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave : and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummary of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—“George Somers, aged twenty-six years.” The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer, but I could perceive by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips that she was gazing on the last relics of her son, with the yearnings of a mother’s heart.

Preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection—directions given in the cold tones of business, the striking of spades into sand and gravel; which, at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most withering. The bustle around seemed to weaken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavouring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—“Nay, now—nay, now—don’t take it so sorely to heart.” She could only shake her head and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her, but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was justling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

It was some time before I left the churchyard. On my way homeward I met with the woman who had acted as comforter: she was just returning from accompanying the

mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the nearest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden had supported themselves creditably and comfortably and led a happy and blameless life. They had one son who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age. "Oh, sir!" said the good woman, "he was such a comely lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents!" It did one's heart good to see him of a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery supporting his old mother to church—for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm than on her good man's; and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round."

Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in this employ when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage, in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The

few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbours would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage door which faced the garden suddenly opened. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness, and hardships. He saw her, and hastened towards her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye—"Oh my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son? Your poor boy George?" It was, indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad, who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended. still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature however, was exhausted in him; and if any thing had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk—he could only look his thanks.

His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land: but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to her son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment, she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity:—and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearest to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace. and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight: if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her bending over him; when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse on hearing this humble tale of affliction was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer

pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do everything that the case admitted : and as the poor know best how to console each others' sorrows I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church, when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son, and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty : a black riband or so--a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow, at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighbourhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

—IRVING.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights, and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment!

From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever had warred with the poor handful of earth that lies moulding before him !

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation ! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy—there is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendance—its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love ! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh ! how thrilling !—pressure of the hand ! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection ! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence !

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate. There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition !

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet ;—

then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt be down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear ; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

[Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave ; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret ; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of the duties to the living.

LABOUR AND POVERTY.

'Two men I honour, and no third. [First, the toilworn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand . crooked, coarse , wherem notwithstanding bes a cunning virtue, indeleasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence ; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. 'Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee ! Hardly-entreated Brother ! For us thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed : thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a god created Form, but it was not to be unfolded ; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions

and defacements of Labour ; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on : *thou* art in thy duty, he out of it who may : thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

' A second man I honour, and still more highly : Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable : not daily bread, but the Bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty, endeavouring towards inward Harmony ; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low ? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavour are one when we can name him Artist ; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us ! If the poor and humble toil that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality ?—These two, in all their degrees, I honour, all else is chaff and dust which let the wind blow whither it listeth

' Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united : and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimar in this world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint, could such now any where be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself, thou wilt see the splendour of Heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of Earth, like a light shining in great darkness.'

And again : 'It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor : we must all toil, or steal (howsoever we name our stealing), which is worse : no faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and a-thirst ; but for him also there is food and drink : he is heavy-laden and weary ; but for him also the Heavens send Sleep, and of the

deepest, in his smoky cribs, a clear dewy heaven of Rest envelopes him, and fitful glitterings of cloud-skirted Dreams. But what I do mourn over is that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly knowledge, should visit him, but, only in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation. Alas, while the Body stands so broad and brawny, must the Soul be blinded, dwarfed, stupified, almost annihilated! Alas, was this too a Breath of God bestowed in heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded!—That there should one Man die Ignorant who had capacity for Knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute, as by some computations it does.

—CARLYLE.

WORK.

ALL true Work is sacred, in all true work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness. Labour, wide as the earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow, and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart, which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms,—up to that "Agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine! O brother! if this is not worship, then I say the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not! Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow Workmen there, in God's Eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving: sacred Band

of the Immortals, celestial Bodyguard of the Empire of mankind. Even in the weak human memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods, they alone surviving; peopling, they alone the unmeasured solitudes of time! To thee Heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind. Heaven is kind, as a noble mother—as that Spartan mother, saving, while she gave her son his shield, “With it my son, or upon it!” Thou too, shalt return *home* in honour to thy far distant Home, in honour. Doubt it not—in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou in the Eternities and deepest Death-kingdoms, art not *an* alien—thou everywhere art a denizen! Complain not—the very Spartans did not *complain*.

On the whole we do entirely agree with those old Monks, *Libertas est caro*. In a thousand senses, from one end of it to the other, true Work is Worship. He that works, whatsoever be his work, he bodies forth the form of Things Unseen, a small Poet ever Worker is Show me a People energetically busy, heaving, struggling, all shoulders at the wheel; their heart pulsing, every muscle swelling, with man's energy and will—I show you a People of whom great good is already predicable: to whom all manner of good is yet certain, if their energy endure.

For there is perennial nobleness and even sacredness, in Work. Were he ever so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, is in communication with Nature, the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is. Know thy work and

do it. "Know thyself" long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee. thou wilt never get to "know it." I believe! Think it not thy business this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual. know what thou canst work at; and work at it like a Hercules! that will be thy better plan.

It has been written, "an endless significance lies in Work": a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away for seedfields rise instead, and stately cities, and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how even in the meanest sorts of labour the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, all these like hellhounds lie beleaguering the soul of the poor dayworker, as of every man. But he bends himself with free valour against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of labour in him is it not as purifying fire wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!

—CARLYLE.

DOMESTIC RULE

TACITUS says of Agricola, that he governed his family, which many find to be a harder task than to govern a province. And the worst of this difficulty is, that its existence is frequently unperceived, until it comes to be pressingly felt.

For, either a man thinks that he must needs understand those whom he sees daily, and also, perhaps, that it is no great matter whether he understand them or not, if he is resolved to do his duty by them or he believes that in domestic rule there is much license, and that each occasion is to be dealt with by some law made at the time, or after : or he imagines that any domestic matter which he may leave to-day unattended or ill-done can be repaid at his leisure, when the concerns of the outer world are not so pressing as they are at present.

But each day brings its own duties, and carries them along with it and they are as waves broken on the shore, many like them coming after but none ever the same. And amongst all his duties, as there are none in which a man acts more by himself and can do more harm with less outcry from the world, so there are none requiring more forethought and watchfulness than those which arise from his domestic relations. Nor can there be a reasonable hope of his fulfilling those duties while he is ignorant of the feelings, however tenuous he may be with the countenances, of those around him.

We should always be most anxious to avoid provoking the rebel spirit of the will in those who are entrusted to our guidance. We should not attempt to tie them up to their duties like galley-slaves to their labour. We should be very careful that, in our anxiety to get the outward part of an action performed to our mind, we do not destroy that germ of spontaneity which could alone give any significance to the action. God has allowed free will to man, for the choice of good or evil, and is it likely that it is left to us to make our fellow-creatures virtuous by word of command. We may insist upon a routine of proprieties being

performed with soldier-like precision. But there is no dulling of men's hearts.

It is a great thing to maintain the just limits of domestic authority, and to place it upon its right foundation. You cannot make reason conform to it. It may be true to insist upon a certain thing being done, but not that others should agree with you in seeing that it is the best thing that could have been done. For there cannot be a shadow of conforming their hypocritical. Your submitting the matter at all to their judgments may be gratuitous. But if you do so, you must remember that the Courts of Reason recognize difference of persons. Your wishes may fairly outweigh their arguments; but this of course is foreign to the reason. The less or unreasonableness of the thing itself considered independently.

Domestic Rule is founded upon truth and love. If it had not both of these, it is nothing better than cold despotism.

It requires the perpetual exercise of love in its most extended form. You have to learn the disposition of those under you, and to teach them to understand yours. In order to do this, you must sympathize with them, and convince them of your doing so. For upon your sympathy will often depend their truthfulness. Thus you must persuade a child to place confidence in you, if you wish to form an open upright character. You cannot terrify it into habits of truth. On the contrary, are not its earliest falsehoods caused by fear, much oftener than from wish to obtain any of its little ends by deceit? How often the complaint is heard from those in domestic authority that they are not confided in! But they forget how hard it is for an inferior to confide in a superior, and that he will scarcely venture to do so without the hope of some sympathy on the part

of the latter, and the more so, as half our confidences are about our follies, or what we deem such.

Whatever you allow in the way of pleasure or of liberty, to those under your control, you should do it heartily: you should recognize it entirely, encourage it, and enter into it. If, on the contrary, you do not care for their pleasures, or sympathize with their happiness, how can you expect to obtain their confidence? And when you tell them that you consult their welfare, they look upon it as some abstract idea of your own. They will doubt whether you can know what is best for them, if they have good reason for thinking that you are likely to leave their particular views of happiness entirely out of the account.

We come next to consider some of the various means which may be made use of in Domestic Rule.

Of course it is obvious that his own example must be the chief means in any man's power, by which he can illustrate and enforce those duties which he seeks to impress upon his household.

Next to this, praise and blame are among the strongest means which he possesses, and they should not depend upon his humour. He should not throw a bit of praise at his dependents by way of making up for a previous display of anger, not warranted by the occasion.

Ridicule is in general to be avoided, not that it is inefficient, perhaps, for the present purpose: but because it tends to make a poor and world-fearing character. It is too strong a remedy: and can seldom be applied with such just precision as to neutralize the evil aimed at, without destroying, at the same time, something that is good.

Still less should it ever appear that ridicule is directed against that which is good in itself, or which may be the

beginning of goodness. There is perhaps more gentleness required in dealing with the infant vices than even with the vices of those under our guidance. We should be very kind to any attempt at amendment. An air of sneer, or a look of incredulity, has been the death of many a good resolve. We should also be very cautious in reminding those who now would fain be wise, of their past savings of evil of their early and odious habits of others; otherwise we run a great risk of hardening them in evil. This is especially to be guarded against with the young: for never having felt the mutability of all human things, nor having lived long enough to discover that his former certainties are among the strangest things which a man looks back upon in the vista of the past; not perceiving that time is told by that pendulum man, which goes backwards and forwards in its progress; nor dreaming that the way to some opinions may be through their opposites; they are mightily ashamed of inconsistency, and may be made to look upon repentance as a crime.

The following are some general maxims which may be of service to any one in domestic authority:

I. The first is to make as few crimes as he can; and not to lay down those rules of practice, which, from a careful observation of their consequences, he has ascertained to be salutary, as if they were so many innate truths which all persons alike must at once, and fully, comprehend.

II. Let him not attempt to regulate other people's pleasures by his own tastes.

III. In commanding, it will not always be superfluous for him to reflect whether the things commanded is possible.

IV. In punishing, he should not consult his anger; nor in remitting punishment, his ease.

V. Let him consider whether any part of what he is inclined to call disobedience may have resulted from an insufficient expression of his own wishes.

VI. He should be inclined to trust largely.

—HELPS.

INTERVIEWS.

THERE is much that cannot be done without interviews. It would often require great labour not only on your part but also on the part of others whom you cannot command, to effect by means of writing what may easily be accomplished in a single interview. The pen may be a surer, but the tongue is a nicer instrument. In talking, most men sooner or later show what is uppermost in their minds; and this gives a peculiar interest to verbal communications. Besides there are looks, and tones, and gestures, which form a significant language of their own. In sort, interviews may be made very useful; and are, in general, somewhat hazardous things, but many people look upon them rather as the pastime of business, than as a part of it requiring great discretion.

Interviews are perhaps of most value when they bring together several conflicting interests, or opinions, each of which has thus an opportunity of ascertaining the amount and variety of opposition which it must expect, and so is worn into moderation. It would take a great deal of writing to effect this.

Interviews are to be resorted to when you wish to prevent the other party from pledging himself upon a matter

which requires much explanation, while you see what will probably be his answer to your first proposition, and know that you have a good legunder, which you would wish him to hear before he commits himself by writing upon the subject. In cases of this kind, however, there is the same danger of a man's talking himself into a serious error as he has heard all that you have to say.

Interviews are not so necessary in those cases where you would at once be able to come to a decision, if you did but know the real inclination of the other parties concerned; and, in general, you should take care occasionally to see those with whom you are dealing, if the thing in question is likely to be much influenced by their individual peculiarities, and you require a knowledge of the same. Now this is the case with the greatest part of human affairs.

You frequently want verbal communication in order to encourage the mind, to settle the undecided, and to bring on some definite state in the proceedings.

The above are instances in which interviews are to be sought for on their own account; but there are sometimes necessary, merely because people will not be satisfied without them. There are persons who can hardly believe that their arguments have been attended to until they have had verbal evidence of the fact. They think that they could easily answer all your objections, and that they should certainly succeed in persuading you, if they had an opportunity of discussing the matter orally; and it may be of importance to remove this delusion by an interview.

On the other hand interviews are to be avoided, when you have reasons which determine your mind, but which you cannot give to the other party. If you do accede to an interview, you are almost certain to be tempted into

giving some reasons, and these not being the strong ones will very likely admit of a fair answer and so, after much shuffling, you will be obliged to resort to an appearance of mere wilfulness at last.

You should also be averse to transacting business verbally, with very eager, sanguine persons unless you feel that you have sufficient force and readiness for it. There are people who do not understand any dissent or opposition on your part, unless it is very manifest. They are fully prepossessed by their own views, and they go on talking as if you agreed with them. Perhaps you feel a delicacy in interrupting them, and undeceiving them at once. The time for doing so passes by, and ever afterwards they quote you as an authority for all their folly. Or it ends by your going away pledged to a course of conduct which is anything but what you approve.

But perhaps there are no interviews less to be sought after than those in which you have to appear in connexion with one or two other parties who have exactly the same interest in the matter as your own, and must be supposed to speak your sentiments. But with whom you have had little or no previous communication, or those whose judgment you find that you cannot rely upon. In such a case you are continually in danger of being compromised by the indiscretion of any one of your associates. For you do not like to disown one of your own side before the adverse party: or you are afraid of taking all the odium of opposition on yourself. You may perhaps be quite certain that your indiscreet ally would be as anxious as yourself to recall his words if he could perceive their consequences: but these are things which you cannot explain to him in that company.

The men who profit least by interviews are often those who are most inclined to resort to them. They are irresolute persons who wish to avoid pledging themselves to anything, and so they choose an interview as the safest course which occurs to them. Besides it looks like progress and makes them, as they say, see their way. Such persons, however, are very soon entangled in their own words or they are opposed by earnest opinions of the people they meet. For to conduct an interview in the manner which they intend, would require them to have at command that courage and decision which they never attain without a long and hard weighing of consequences.

Indolent persons are very apt to resort to interviews: for it saves them the trouble of thinking steadily, and of expressing themselves with precision, which they are called upon to do, if they come to write about the subject. Now they certainly may learn a great deal in a short, and with very little trouble, by means of an interview: but if they have to take up the position of an antagonist, of a judge or indeed any but that of a learner, then it is very unsafe to indulge in an interview, without having prepared themselves for it.

To conduct an interview successfully, requires not only information and force of character, but also a certain intellectual readiness. People are so apt to think that there are but two ways in which a thing can terminate. They are ignorant of the number of combinations which even a few circumstances will admit of. And perhaps a proposal is made which they are totally unprepared for, and which they cannot deal with, from being unable to apprehend with sufficient quickness its main drift and consequences.

There are cases where the persons meet upon no terms of equality respecting the interview, where one of them has a great deal to maintain, and the other nothing to lose. Such an instance occurs in the case of a minister receiving a deputation. He has the interests of the public to maintain, and the intentions of the government to keep concealed. He has to show that he fully understands the agreements laid before him: and all the while to conceal his own bias, and to keep himself perfectly free from any pledge. Any member of the deputation may utter anything that he pleases without much harm coming of it: but every word that the minister says is liable to be interpreted against him to the uttermost. There are similar occasions in private life, where a man has to act upon the defensive, and where the interview may be considered not as a battle, but as a siege. A man should then confine himself to few words. He should bring forward his strongest arguments only, and not state too many of them at a time: for he should keep a good force in reserve. Besides it will be much more difficult for the other party to mystify and pervert a few arguments than a set speech. And he will leave them no room for gaining a semblance of victory by answering the unimportant parts of his statement.

Again, whatever readiness and knowledge of the subjects he may possess, he should have somebody by him on his side. For he is opposed to numbers, and must expect that amongst them there will always be some one ready to meet his arguments, if not with arguments, at any rate with the proper fallacies: or at least that there will be some one stupid enough to commence replying without an answer. He should therefore have a person who should be able to aid him in replying: and there will be a satisfaction in having

somebody in the room who is not in a hostile position towards him. Besides he will want a witness for he must not imagine that the number of his opponents is any safeguard against misrepresentation, but rather a cause for most people of less attention, and less feeling of responsibility. And yet the most precise man in the world, who speaks not on any matter, may be glad to hear what was the impression upon another person's mind. In short to see whether he conveyed exactly what he meant to convey.

The best precaution, however, which any man can take under these circumstances, is to state in writing, at the conclusion of the interview, the substance of what he apprehended to have been said, and of what he intends to do. This would require great readiness and the most earnest attention; but, in the end, it would save very much trouble and misapprehension. A similar practice might be adopted in most interviews of business, where the subject would warrant such a formality. It would not only be good in itself, but its influence would be felt throughout the interview, and people would come prepared, and would speak with precision, when there was an immediate prospect of their statements being recorded.

CHARACTER.

CHARACTER is one of the greatest motive-powers in the world. In its noblest embodiments it exemplifies human nature in its highest forms, for it exhibits man at his best.

Men of genuine excellence in every station of life—men of industry, of integrity, of high principle, of sterling honesty of purpose—command the spontaneous homage of mankind. It is natural to believe in such men, to have confidence in them, and to imitate them. All that is good in the world is upheld by them, and without their presence in it the world would not be worth living in.

Although genius always commands admiration, character most secures respect. The former is more the product of brain-power, the latter of heart-power; and in the long run it is the heart that rules in life. Men of genius stand to society in the relation of its intellect, as men of character of its conscience: and while the former are admired, the latter are followed.

Intellectual culture has no necessary relation to purity or excellence of character. In the New Testament appeals are constantly made to the heart of man and to "the spirit we are of," whilst allusion to the intellect are of very rare occurrence. "A handful of good life," says George Herbert, "is worth a bushel of learning." Not that learning is to be despised, but that it must be allied to goodness. Intellectual capacity is sometimes found associated with the meanest moral character—with abject servility to those in high places, and arrogance to those of low estate. A man may be accomplished in art, literature, and science, and yet, in honesty, virtue, truthfulness, and the spirit of duty, be entitled to take rank after many a poor and illiterate peasant.

Still less has wealth any necessary connexion with elevation of character. On the contrary, it is much more frequently the cause of its corruption and degradation. Wealth and corruption, luxury and vice, have very close affinities to each other. Wealth, in the hands of men of

weak purpose, of deficient self-control, or of ill-regulated passions, is only a temptation and a snare—the source, it may be, of infinite mischief both to themselves and to others.

On the contrary, a condition of comparative poverty is compatible with character in its highest form. A man may possess only his industry, his frugality, his integrity, and yet stand high in the rank of true manhood.

Character is property. It is the noblest of possessions. It is an estate in the general goodwill and respect of men, and they who invest in it—though they may not become rich in this world's good—will find their reward in esteem and reputation fairly and honourably won. And it is right that in life good qualities should tell—that industry, virtue, and goodness should rank the highest—and that the really best men should be foremost.

In the affairs of life or of business it is not intellect that tells so much as character—not brains so much as heart—not genius so much as self-control, patience, and discipline, regulated by judgment. Hence there is no better provision for the uses of either private or public life than a fair share of ordinary good sense guided by rectitude. Good sense, disciplined by experience and inspired by goodness issues in practical wisdom. Indeed, goodness in a measure implies wisdom—the highest wisdom—the union of the worldly with the spiritual. “The correspondences of wisdom and goodness,” says Sir Henry Taylor, “are manifold”; and that they will accompany each other is to be inferred, not only because men's wisdom makes them good, but because their goodness makes them wise.

It is because of this controlling power of character in life that we often see men exercise an amount of influence apparently out of all proportion to their intellectual endow-

ments. They appear to act by means of some latent power, some reserved force, which act secretly, by mere presence. As Burke said of a powerful nobleman of the last century, "his virtues were his means." The secret is, that the aims of such men are felt to be pure and noble, and they act upon others with a constraining power.

Though the reputation of men of genuine character may be of slow growth, their true qualities cannot be wholly concealed. They may be misrepresented by some, and misunderstood by others; misfortune and adversity may, for a time, overtake them; but, with patience and endurance, they will eventually inspire the respect and command the confidence which they really deserve.

Character is formed by a variety of minute circumstances, more or less under the regulation and control of the individual. Not a day passes without its discipline, whether for good or for evil. There is no act, however trivial, but has its train of consequences, as there is no hair so small but casts its shadow. It was a wise saying of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's mother, never to give way to what is little, or by that little, however you may despise it, you will be practically governed.

Every action, every thought, every feeling, contributes to the education of the temper, the habits, and the understanding, and exercises an inevitable influence upon all the acts of our future life. Thus character is undergoing constant change, for better or for worse—either being elevated on the one hand, or degraded on the other. "There is no fault nor folly of my life," says Mr. Ruskin "that does not rise up against me, and take away my joy, and shorten my power of possession, of sight, of understanding. And every past effort of my life, every gleam of rightness or good in it,

is with me now, to help me in my grasp of this art and its vision "

The best sort of character, however, cannot be formed without effort. There needs the exercise of constant self-watchfulness, self-discipline, and self-control. There may be much faltering, stumbling, and temporary defeat—difficulties and temptations manifold to be battled with and overcome, but if the spirit be strong and the heart be upright, no one need despair of ultimate success. The very effort to advance—to arrive at a higher standard of character than we have reached—is inspiring and invigorating, and even though we may fall short of it, we cannot fail to be improved by every honest effort made in an upward direction.

The man of character is conscientious. He puts his conscience into his work, into his words, into his every action. When Cromwell asked the Parliament for soldiers in lieu of the decayed serving-men and tapsters who filled the Commonwealth's army, he required that they should be men "who made some conscience of what they did"; and were the men of which his celebrated regiment of "Ironsides" was composed.

The man of character is also reverential. The possession of this quality marks the noblest and highest type of manhood and womanhood: reverence for things consecrated by the homage of generations—for high objects, pure thoughts, and noble aims—for the great men of former times, and the high-minded workers amongst our contemporaries. Reverence is alike indispensable to the happiness of individuals, of families, and of nations. Without it there can be no trust, no faith, no confidence either in man or God—neither social peace nor social progress. For reverence is but another

word for religion, which binds men to each other, and all to God.

Energy of will—self-originating force—is the soul of every great character. Where it is, there is life; where it is not, there is faintness, helplessness, and despondency. “The strong man and the waterfall,” says the proverb, “channel their own path.” The energetic leader of noble spirit not only wins a way for himself, but carries others with him. His every act has a personal significance, indicating vigour, independence, and self-reliance, and unconsciously commands respect, admiration, and homage. Such integrity of character characterized Luther, Cromwell, Washington, Pitt, Wellington, and all great leaders of men.

—SMILES.

IDLENESS.

BURTON, in his quaint and curious book—the only one, Johnson says, that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise—describe the cause of Melancholy as hinging mainly on Idleness. “Idleness,” he says, “is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the chief mother of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the devil’s cushion, his pillow and chief reposal. . . . An idle dog will be mangy, and how shall an idle person escape? Idleness of the mind is much worse than that of the body; wit, without employment, is a disease—the rust of the soul, a plague, a hell itself. As in a standing pool worms and filthy creepers increase, so do evil and corrupt thoughts

in an idle person ; the soul is contaminated. . . . Thus much I dare boldly say he or she that is idle, be they of what condition they will, never so rich, so well allied, fortunate, happy—let them have all things in abundance and felicity that heart can wish and desire, all contentment—so long as he or she or they are idle they shall never be pleased, never well in body or mind but weary still, sickly still, vexed still, loathing still, weeping, sighing, grieving, suspecting, offended with the world, with every object, wishing themselves gone or dead, or else carried away with some foolish phantasy or other.

Burton says a great deal more to the same effect, the burden and lesson of his book being embodied in the pregnant sentence with which it winds up. Only take this for a corollary and conclusion, as thou tenderest thine own welfare in this, and all other melancholy, thy good health of body and mind, observe this short precept. Give not way to solitariness and idleness. *Be not solitary—be not idle*."

The indolent, however, are not wholly indolent. Though the body may shirk labour, the brain is not idle. If it do not grow corn, it will grow thistles, which will be found springing up all along the idle man's course in life. The ghosts of indolence rise up in the dark, ever staring the recreant in the face, and tormenting him :

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us."

True happiness is never found in torpor of the faculties, but in their action and useful employment. It is indolence that exhausts, not action, in which there is life, health, and pleasure. The spirits may be exhausted and wearied by employment, but they are utterly wasted by idleness. Hence a wise physician was accustomed to regard occupation

as one of his most valuable remedial measures. "Nothing is so injurious," said Dr. Marshall Hall, "as unoccupied time." An Archbishop of Mayence used to say that "the human heart is like a millstone: if you put wheat under it, it grinds the wheat into flour; if you put no wheat, it grinds on, but then itself it wears away."

—SMILES.

MORAL COURAGE.

THE world owes much to its men and women of courage.

The courage that displays itself in silent effort and endeavour—that dares to endure all and suffer all for truth and duty—is more truly heroic than the achievements of physical valour, which are rewarded by honours and titles or by laurels sometimes steeped in blood.

It is moral courage that characterizes the highest order of manhood and womanhood.—the courage to seek and to speak the truth, the courage to be just, the courage to be honest, the courage to resist temptation, the courage to do one's duty. If men and women do not possess this virtue, they have no security whatever for the preservation of any other.

Every step of progress in the history of our race has been made in the face of opposition and difficulty, and been achieved and secured by men of intrepidity and valour—by leaders in the van of thought—by great discoverers, great patriots, and great workers in all walks of life. There is scarcely a great truth or doctrine but has had to fight its

way to public recognition in the face of detraction, calumny and persecution "Everywhere," says Heine, "that a great soul gives utterance to its thoughts, there also is a Golgotha."

Socrates was condemned to drink the hemlock at Athens in his seventy-second year, because his lofty teaching ran counter to the prejudices and party-spirit of his age. He was charged by his accusers with corrupting the youth of Athens by moving them to despise the tutelary duties of the state. He had the moral courage to brave not only the tyranny of the judges who condemned him, but of the mob who could not understand him. He died discoursing of the doctrine of the soul, his last words to his judges being, "It is now time that we depart—I to die, you to live: but which has the better destiny is unknown to all, except to the God."

How many great men and thinkers have been persecuted in the name of religion! Bruno was burnt alive at Rome, because of his exposure of the fashionable but false philosophy of his time. When the judges of the Inquisition condemned him to die, Bruno said proudly, "You are more afraid to pronounce my sentence than I am to receive it."

To him succeeded Galileo, whose character as a man of science is almost eclipsed by that of the martyr. Denounced by the priests from the pulpit, because of the views he taught as to the motion of the earth, he was summoned to Rome in his seventieth year, to answer for his heterodoxy. And he was imprisoned in the Inquisition, if he was not actually put to the torture there. He was pursued by persecution even when dead, the Pope refusing a tomb for his body.

Roger Bacon, the Franciscan monk, was persecuted on account of his studies in natural philosophy, and he

was charged with dealing in magic, because of his investigations in chemistry. His writings were condemned, and he was thrown into prison, where he lay for ten years, during the lives of four successive Popes. It is even averred that he died in prison.

Ockham, the early English speculative philosopher, was excommunicated by the Pope, and died in exile at Munich, where he was protected by the friendship of the then Emperor of Germany.

It is the strong and courageous men who lead and guide and rule the world. The weak and timid leave no trace behind them : whilst the life of a single upright and energetic man is like a track of light. His example is remembered and appealed to ; and his thoughts, his spirit, and his courage continue to be the inspiration of succeeding generations.

It is energy—the central element of which is will—that produces the miracles of enthusiasm in all ages. Everywhere it is the mainspring of what is called the force of character, and the sustaining power of all great action. In a righteous cause the determined man stands upon his courage as upon a granite block ; and, like David, he will go forth to meet Goliath, strong in heart though an host be encamped against him.

— SMILES.

DUTY—TRUTHFULNESS.

Duty is a thing that is due, must be paid by every man who would avoid present discredit and eventual moral

insolvency. It is an obligation—a debt—which can only be discharged by voluntary effort and resolute action in the affairs of life

Duty embraces man's whole existence. It begins in the home, where there is the duty which children owe to their parents on the one hand, and the duty which parents owe to their children on the other. There are, in like manner, the respective duties of husbands and wives, of masters and servants : while outside the home there are the duties which men and women owe to each other as friends and neighbours, as employers and employed, as governors and governed.

"Render, therefore," says St. Paul, "to all their dues : tribute to whom tribute is due : custom to whom custom : fear to whom fear, honour to whom honour. Owe no man anything, but love one another, for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law."

Thus duty rounds the whole of life, from our entrance into it until our exit from it—duty to superiors, duty to God. Wherever there is power to use or to direct, there is duty. For we are but as stewards, appointed to employ the means entrusted to us for our own and for others' good.

The abiding sense of duty is the very crown of character. It is the upholding law of man in his highest attitudes. Without it, the individual totters and falls before the first puff of adversity or temptation, whereas, inspired by it, the weakest becomes strong and full of courage. "Duty" says Mrs. Jameson, "is the cement which binds the whole moral edifice together without which, all power, goodness, intellect, truth, happiness, love itself, can have no permanence, but all the fabric of existence crumble away from under us, and leaves us at last sitting in the midst of a ruin, astonished at our own desolation."

Thomas à Kempis or Jeremy Taylor to grieve with and console you. Always it is to books, and the spirits of great men embalmed in them, that you turn, for entertainment, for instruction and solace—in joy and in sorrow, as in prosperity and in adversity.

—SMILES.

OF STUDIES.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously (*i. e., attentively*); and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books: else distilled

books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man : conference a ready man ; and writing an exact man. And, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory, if he confer little, he had need have a present wit ; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know what he doth not. Histories make men wise : poets, witty, the mathematics, subtle ; natural philosophy, deep ; morals, grave ; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

—BACON.

ANGER.

CONSIDER that anger is a professed enemy to counsel ; it is a direct storm, in which no man can be heard to speak or call from without ; for if you counsel gently you are despised, if you urge it, and be vehement, you provoke it more. Be careful, therefore, to lay up beforehand a great stock of reason and prudent consideration, that, like a besieged town, you may be provided for, and be defensible from within, since you are not likely to be relieved from without. Anger is not to be suppressed but by something that is as inward as itself and more habitual. . . Anger is troubled at everything, and every man, and every accident, and, therefore, unless it be suppressed it will make a man's condition restless. If it proceeds from a great cause, it turns to fury ; if from a small cause it is peevishness, and so is always either terrible or ridiculous. It makes a man's body monstrous, deformed, and contemptible, the voice horrid, the eyes cruel,

the face pale or fiery, the gait fierce, the speech clamorous and loud. It is neither manly nor ingenuous. It proceeds from softness of spirits and pusillanimity, which makes that women are more angry than men, sick persons more than the healthful, old men more than young, unprosperous and calamitous people than the blessed and fortunate. It is a passion fitter for flies and insects than for persons professing nobleness and bounty. It is troublesome not only to those that suffer it, but to them that behold it. . . . It multiplies the evils of drunkenness, and makes the levities of wine to run into madness. It makes innocent jesting to be the beginning of tragedies. It turns friendship into hatred, it makes a man lose himself and his reason, and his argument, in disputation. It turns the desires of knowledge into an itch of wrangling. It adds insolency to power. It turns justice into cruelty, and judgment into oppression. It changes discipline into tediousness and hatred of liberal institution. It makes a prosperous man to be envied and the unfortunate to be unpitied. It is a confluence of all the irregular passions, there is in it envy and sorrow, fear and scorn, pride and prejudice, rashness and inconsideration, rejoicing in evil and a desire to inflict it, self-love, impatience and curiosity. And, lastly, though it be very troublesome to others yet it is most troublesome to him that hath it.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.

PEACE.

PEACE is that harmony in the state that health is in the body. . . . No kingdom can flourish or be at ease in which

there is no peace ; which only makes men dwell at home, and enjoy the labour of their own hands, and improve all the advantages which the air, the climate, and the soil administers to them , and all which yield no comfort where there is no peace. God Himself reckons health the greatest blessing He can bestow upon mankind, and peace the greatest comfort and ornament. He can confer upon states, which are a multitude of men gathered together. They who delight most in war are so ashamed of it, that they pretend to desire nothing but peace—that their heart is set upon nothing else. When Cæsar was engaging all the world in war, he wrote to Tully, “ There was nothing worthier of an honest man than to have contention with nobody.” It was the highest aggravation that the prophet could find out in the description of the greatest wickedness, that “ the way of peace they knew not ” ; and the greatest punishment of all their crookedness and perverseness was, that “ they should not know peace.” A greater curse cannot befall the most wicked nation than to be deprived of peace. There is nothing of real and substantial comfort in this world but what is the product of peace ; and whatsoever we may lawfully and innocently take delight in, is the fruit and effect of peace. The solemn service of God, and performing our duty to Him in the service of regular devotion, which is the greatest business of our life, and in which we ought to take most delight, is the issue of peace. War breaks all that order, interrupts all that devotion, and even extinguishes all that zeal, which peace had kindled in us ; lays waste the dwelling-place of God as well as of man ; and introduces and propagates opinions and practice as much against heaven as against earth, and erects a deity that delights in nothing but cruelty and blood. Are we pleased with the enlarged commerce and society of large and opulent

cities or with the retired pleasures of the country? Do we love stately palaces, and noble houses, or take delight in pleasant groves and woods, or fruitful gardens, which teach and instruct nature to produce and bring forth more fruits, and flowers, and plants, than her own store can supply her with? All this we owe to peace, and the dissolution of this peace disfigures all this beauty, and in a short time covers and buries all this order and delight in ruin and rubbish. Finally, have we any content, satisfaction, and joy, in the conversation of each other in the knowledge and understanding of those arts and sciences, which more adorn mankind than all those buildings and plantations do the fields and grounds on which they stand? Even this is the blessed effect and legacy of peace, and war lays our natures and manners as waste as our gardens and our habitations; and we can as easily preserve the beauty of the one, as the integrity of the other under the cursed jurisdiction of drums and trumpets.

“If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men,” was one of the primitive injunctions of Christianity, and comprehends not only particular and private men but kings and princes themselves. St Paul knew well, that the peaceable inclinations and dispositions of subjects could do little good, if the sovereign princes were disposed to war; but if they desire to live peaceably with their neighbours, their subjects cannot but be happy. And the pleasure that God himself takes in that temper needs no other manifestation than the promise of our Saviour makes to those who contribute towards it, in His Sermon upon the Mount. “Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.” . . . If we had not the woeful experience of so many hundred years, we should hardly think it

possible that men, who pretend to embrace the gospel of peace, should be so unconcerned in the obligation and effects of it, and when God looks upon it as the greatest blessing He can pour down upon the heads of those who please Him best and observe His commands, "I will give peace in the land, and ye shall lie down, and none shall make you afraid," that men study nothing more than how to throw off and deprive themselves and others of this His precious bounty ; as if we were void of all natural reason, as well as without the elements of religion , for nature itself disposes us to a love of society, which cannot be preserved without peace.

—LORD CLARENDON.

THE TRUE GENTLEMEN.

THE True Gentleman is one whose nature has been fashioned after the highest models. It is a grand old name, that of Gentleman, and has been recognised as a rank and power in all stages of society. "The Gentleman is always the Gentleman," said the old French General to his regiment of Scottish gentry at Rousillon, "and invariably proves himself such in need and in danger." To possess this character is a dignity of itself, commanding the instinctive homage of every generous mind, and those who will not bow to titular rank will yet do homage to the gentleman. His qualities depend not upon fashion or manners, but upon moral worth—not on personal possessions, but on personal qualities. The Psalmist briefly describes him as one "that walketh uprightly,

and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart."

The gentleman is eminently distinguished for his self-respect. He values his character,—not so much of it only as can be seen of others, but as he sees it himself, having regard for the approval of his inward monitor. And, as he respects himself, so, by the same law, does he respect others. Humanity is sacred in his eyes: and thence proceed politeness and forbearance, kindness and charity. It is related of Lord Edward Fitzgerald that, while travelling in Canada, in company with the Indians, he was shocked by the sight of a poor squaw trudging along laden with her husband's trappings, while the chief himself walked on unencumbered. Lord Edward at once relieved the squaw of her pack by placing it upon his own shoulders.—a beautiful instance of what the French call *politesse de cœur*—the inbred politeness of the true gentleman.

The true gentleman has a keen sense of honour, scrupulously avoiding mean actions. His standard of probity in word and action is high. He does not shuffle or prevaricate, dodge or skulk: but is honest, upright, and straightforward. His law is rectitude—action in right lines. When he says *yes*, it is a law: and he dares to say the valiant *no* at the fitting season. The gentleman will not be bribed; only the low-minded and unprincipled will sell themselves to those who are interested in buying them. When the upright Jonas Hanway officiated as commissioner in the victualling department, he declined to receive a present of any kind from a contractor; refusing thus to be biassed in the performance of his public duty. A fine trait of the same kind is to be noted in the life of the Duke of Wellington. Shortly after the battle of Assaye, one morning the Prime

Minister of the Court of Hyderabad waited upon him for the purpose of privately ascertaining what territory and what advantages had been reserved for his master in the treaty of peace between the Marhatta princes and the Nizam. To obtain this information the minister offered the general a very large sum—considerably above £100,000. Looking at him quietly for a few seconds, Sir Arthur said, "It appears, then, that you are capable of keeping a secret?" "Yes, certainly," replied the minister. "*Then so am I,*" said the English general, smiling, and bowed the minister out. It was to Wellington's great honor, that though uniformly successful in India, and with the power of earning in such modes as this enormous wealth, he did not add a farthing to his fortune, and returned to England a comparatively poor man.

Riches and rank have no necessary connection with genuine gentlemanly qualities. The poor man may be a true gentleman—in spirit and in daily life. He may be honest, truthful, upright, polite, temperate, courageous, self-respecting, self-helping—that is, be a true gentleman. The poor man with a rich spirit is in all ways superior to the rich man with a poor spirit. To borrow St. Paul's words, the former is as "having nothing yet possessing all things," while the other, though possessing all things, has nothing. The former hopes everything, and fears nothing; the latter hopes nothing, and fears everything. Only the poor in spirit are really poor. He who has lost all, but retains his courage, cheerfulness, hope, virtue, and self-respect, is still rich. For such a man the world is, as it were, held in trust; his spirit dominating over its grosser cares he can still walk erect, a true gentleman.

Above all, the gentleman is truthful. He feels that truth is the "summit of being," and the soul of rectitude

in human affairs. Lord Chesterfield declared that Truth made the success of a gentleman. The Duke of Wellington, writing to Kellerman, on the subject of prisoners on parole, when opposed to that general in the Peninsula, told him that if there was one thing on which an English officer prided himself more than another, excepting his courage, it was his truthfulness. "When English officers," said he, "have given their parole of honour not to escape, be sure they will not break it. Believe me—trust to their word: the word of an English officer is a surer guarantee than the vigilance of sentinels."

—SMILES.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

It is not accident, that helps a man in the world so much as purpose and persistent industry. To the feeble, the sluggish and purposeless, the happiest accidents avail nothing—they pass them by, seeing no meaning in them. But it is astonishing how much can be accomplished if we are prompt to seize and improve the opportunities for action and effort which are constantly presenting themselves. What taught himself chemistry and mechanics while working at his trade of a mathematical instrument-maker, at the same time that he was learning German from a Swiss dyer. Stephenson taught himself arithmetic and mensuration while working as an engineman during the night shifts; and when he could snatch a few moments in the intervals al

meals during the day, he worked his sums with a bit of chalk upon the sides of the colliery waggons. Dalton's industry was the habit of his life. He began from his boyhood, for he taught a little village-school when he was only about twelve years old,—keeping the school in winter, and working upon his father's farm in summer. He would sometimes urge himself and companions to study by the stimulus of a bet, though bred a Quaker and on one occasion, by his satisfactory solution of a problem, he won as much as enable him to buy a winter's store of candles. He continued his meteorological observations until a day or two before he died,—having made and recorded upwards of 200,000 in the course of his life.

With perseverance the very odds and ends of time may be worked up into results of the greatest value. An hour in every day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits would, if profitably employed, enable a person of ordinary capacity to go far towards mastering a science. It would make an ignorant man a well-informed one in less than ten years. Time should not be allowed to pass without yielding fruits, in the form of something learnt worthy of being known, some good principle cultivated, or some good habit strengthened. Dr. Mason Good translated Lucretius while riding in his carriage in the streets of London, going the round of his patients. Dr. Darwin composed nearly all his works in the same way while driving about in his "sulkv" from house to house in the country,—writing down his thoughts on little scraps of paper, which he carried about with him for the purpose.

Hale wrote his 'Contemplations' while travelling on circuit. Dr. Burney learnt French and Italian while travelling on horseback from one musical pupil to another in the course of his profession. Kirk White learnt Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office : and we personally know

a man of eminent position who learnt Latin and French while going messages as an errand-boy in the streets of Manchester.

—SMILES.

II. Descriptive Reading.

A HIGHLAND THUNDER-STORM.

AN enormous thunder-cloud had lain all day over Ben Wyvis, shrouding its summit in thick darkness, blackening its sides and base, wherever they were beheld from the surrounding country, with masses of deep shadow, and especially flinging down a weight of gloom upon that magnificent glen that bears the same name with the mountain: till now the afternoon was like twilight and the voice of all the streams was distinct in the breathlessness of the vast solitary hollow. The inhabitants of all the straths, vales, glens, and dells, round and about the monarch of Scottish mountains, had, during each successive hour, been expecting the roar of thunder and the deluge of rain; but the huge conglomeration of lowering clouds would not rend asunder, although it was certain that a calm blue sky could not be restored till all that dreadful assemblage had melted away into torrents, or been driven off by a strong wind from the sea.

All the cattle on the hills and in the hollows stood still or lay down in their fear—the wild deer sought in herds the shelter of the pine-covered cliffs—the raven hushed his hoarse croak in some grim cavern, and the eagle left the dreadful silence of the upper heavens. Now and then the

shepherds looked from their huts, while the shadow of the thunder-clouds deepened the hues of their plaids and tartans ; and at every creaking of the heavy branches of the pines or wide-armed oaks in the solitude of their inaccessible birth-place, the hearts of the lonely dwellers quaked, and they lifted up their eyes to see the first wide flash—the disparting of the masses of darkness—and paused to hear the long, loud rattle of heaven's artillery, shaking the foundation of the everlasting mountains. But all was yet silent.

The peal came at last, and it seemed as if an earthquake had smote the silence. Not a tree—not a blade of grass moved, but the blow stunned, as it were, the heart of the solid globe. Then was there a low, wild, whispering, wailing voice, as if of so many spirits, all joining together from every point of heaven : it died away—and then the rushing of rain was heard through the darkness , and in a few minutes down came all the mountain torrents in their power, and the sides of all the steeps were suddenly sheeted, far and wide, with waterfalls. The element of water was let loose to run its rejoicing race—and that of fire lent it illumination, whether sweeping in floods along the great open straths, or tumbling in cataracts from cliffs overhanging the eagle's eyrie.

Great rivers were suddenly flooded, and the little mountain rivulets, a few nanutes before only silver threads, and in whose fairy basins the minnow played, were now scarcely fordable to shepherds' feet. It was time for the strongest to take shelter, and none now would have liked to issue from it , for while there was real danger to life and limb in the many raging torrents and in the lightning's flash the imagination and the soul themselves were touched with awe in the long-resounding glens, and beneath

the savage scowl of the angry sky. It was such a storm as becomes an era among the mountains ; and it was felt that before next morning there would be a loss of lives, not only among the beasts that perish, but among human beings overtaken by the wrath of that irresistible tempest.

—PROF. WILSON.

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

THE conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it ; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods ; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house, and street to street, at great distances one from the other ; for the heat with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner, houses, furniture and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as on the other the carts, etc., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with moveable of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous

spectacle ! such as haply the world had not seen the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven. the light seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above 10,000 houses all in one flame . the noise and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of the women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches was like a hideous storm. and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it , so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length. Thus I felt it this afternoon burning a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. London was, but is no more !

I was not able to pass through any of the narrow streets. but kept the widest : the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour continued so intense, that my hair was almost signed, and my feet insufferable surheated. The by-lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could one have known where he was but by the ruins of some church or hall. that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees, dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His majesty and Council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief, by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with

provisions. In the midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we are now in hostility, were not only landed, but even entering the city. There was in truth some days before great suspicion of these two nations joining; and now, that they had seen the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult, that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole court amazed, and they did with infinite pains and great difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields again where they were watched all this night.

THE MEDITERRANEAN.

THERE it is at last. The long line of heavenly blue, and over it, far away, the white-peaked lateen sails, and there, close to the rail, beyond the sand-hills, delicate wavelets are breaking for ever on a yellow beach, each in exactly the same place as the one which fell before. One glance shows us children of the Atlantic that we are on a tideless sea.

There it is,—the sacred sea. The sea of all civilization, and almost all history, girdled by the fairest countries in the world: set there that human beings from all its shores might mingle with each other, and become humane—the sea of Egypt, of Palestine, of Greece, of Italy, of Byzant, of

Marseilles, and this Narbonnaise. "more Roman than Rome herself," to which we owe the greater part of our own progress ; the sea, too, of Algeria, and Carthage, and Cyrene, and fair lands now desolate, surely not to be desolate for ever—the sea of civilization. Not only to the Christian, nor to the classic scholar, but to every man to whom the progress of his race from barbarism towards humanity is dear, should the Mediterranean Sea be one of the most august and precious objects on this globe ; and the first sight of it should inspire reverence and delight, as of coming home—home to a rich inheritance in which he has long believed by hearsay, but which he sees at last with his own mortal corporal eyes.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE ENGLISH NATION.

LORDS and Commons of England ! consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors : a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit ; acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient, and so eminent among us, that writers of good antiquity and able judgment have been persuaded that even the school of Pythagoras, and the Persian wisdom, took beginning from the old philosophy of this island. . . . Now once again by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts,

God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in His church, even to the reforming of the reformation itself ; what does He then but reveal Himself to His servants, and as His manner is, first to His Englishmen ? I say, as His manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of His counsels, and are unworthy. Behold now this vast city a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with His protection ; the shop of work hath not there more anvils and hammers working, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pains and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation : others as fast reading trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge ? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people and a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies ? We reckon more than five months yet to harvest ; there need not be five weeks, had we but eyes to lift up, the fields are white already.

—MILTON.

LANDING OF COLUMBUS IN THE NEW WORLD.

It was on Friday morning, the 12th October, 1492, that Columbus first beheld the New World. As the day dawned

he saw before him a level island, several leagues in extent, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though apparently uncultivated, it was populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from all parts of the woods and running to the shore. They were perfectly naked, and, as they stood gazing at the ships, appeared by their attitudes and gestures to be lost in astonishment.

As he approached the shore, Columbus, who was disposed for all kinds of agreeable impressions, was delighted with the purity and suavity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the sea, and the extraordinary beauty of the vegetation. He beheld, also, fruits of an unknown kind upon the trees which overhung the shores. On landing he threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude.

The natives of the island, when at the dawn of day they had beheld the ships hovering on their coast, had supposed them monsters which had issued from the deep during the night. They had crowded to the beach, and watched their movements with awful anxiety. Their veering about, apparently without effort, and the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld their boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colours, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to the woods. Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue nor molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror, and approached the Spaniards with great awe: frequently prostrating themselves on the earth, and making signs of adoration. During the ceremonies of taking possession, they remained gazing in

timid admiration of the complexion, the beards, the shining armour, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his dress of scarlet, and the deference which was paid him by his companions : all which pointed him out to be the commander. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. Columbus was pleased with their gentleness and confiding simplicity, and suffered their scrutiny with perfect acquiescence, winning them by his benignity. They now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon, or had descended from above on their ample wings, and that these marvellous beings were inhabitants of the skies.

The natives of the island were no less objects of curiosity to the Spaniards, differing, as they did, from any race of men they had ever seen. Their appearance gave no promise of either wealth or civilization, for they were entirely naked, and painted with a variety of colours. With some it was confined merely to a part of the face, the nose, or around the eyes, with others it extended to the whole body, and gave them a wild and fantastic appearance. Their complexion was of a tawny or copper hue, and they were entirely destitute of beards. Their hair was not crisped, like the recently-discovered tribes of the African coast, under the same latitude, but straight and coarse, partly cut short above the ears, but some locks were left long behind and falling upon their shoulders. Their features, though obscured and disfigured by paint, were agreeable. they had lofty foreheads and remarkably fine eyes. They were of moderate stature

and well-shaped : most of them appeared to be under thirty years of age.

As Columbus supposed himself to have landed on an island at the extremity of India, he called the natives by the general appellation of Indians, which was universally adopted before the true nature of his discovery was known, and has since been extended to all the aboriginals of the New world.

The islanders were friendly and gentle. Their only arms were lances, hardened at the end by fire, or pointed with a flint, or the teeth or bone of a fish. There was no iron to be seen, nor did they appear acquainted with its properties : for, when a drawn sword was presented to them, they unguardedly took it by the edge.

Columbus distributed among them coloured caps, glass beads, hawks' bells and other trifles, such as the Portuguese were accustomed to trade with among the nations of the gold coast of Africa. They received them eagerly, hung the beads round their necks, and were wonderfully pleased with their finery, and with the sound of the bells. The Spaniards remained all day on shore refreshing themselves after their anxious voyage amidst the beautiful groves of the island, and returned on board late in the evening, delighted with all they had seen.

On the following morning, at break of day, the shore was thronged with the natives : some swam off to the ships, others came in light barks which they called canoes, formed of a single tree, hollowed, and capable of holding from one man to the number of forty or fifty. These they managed dexterously with paddles, and, if these were overturned, swam about in the water with perfect unconcern, as if in their natural element, righting, their canoes with great facility, and baling them with calabashes.

They were eager to procure more toys and trinkets, not, apparently, from any idea of their intrinsic value, but because everything from the hands of the stranger possessed a supernatural virtue in their eyes, as having been brought from heaven; they even picked up fragments of glass and earthenware as valuable prizes. They had but few objects to offer in return, except parrots, of which great numbers were domesticated among them, and cotton yarn, of which they had abundance, and would exchange large balls of five and twenty pounds' weight for the merest trifle. They brought also cakes of a kind of bread called cassava, which constituted a principal part of their food, and was afterwards an important article of provisions with the Spaniards. It was formed of a great root called yuca, which they cultivated in fields. This they cut into small morsels, which they grated or scraped, and strained in a press making a broad thin cake, which was afterwards dried hard, and would keep for a long time, being steeped in water when eaten. It was insipid, but nourishing, though the water strained from it in the preparation was a deadly poison. There was another kind of yuca destitute of this poisonous quality, which was eaten in the root, either boiled or roasted.

The avarice of the discoverers was quickly excited by the sight of small ornaments of gold, worn by some of the natives in their noses. These the latter gladly exchanged for glass beads and hawks' bells, and both parties exulted in the bargain, no doubt admiring each other's simplicity. As gold, however, was an object of royal monopoly in all enterprises of discovery, Columbus forbade any traffic in it without his express sanction; and he put the same prohibition on the traffic for cotton, reserving to the Crown all trade for it, wherever it should be found in any quantity.

The island appeared throughout to be well wooded. with streams of water, and a large lake in the centre. As the boats proceeded, they passed two or three villages the inhabitants of which, men as well as women, ran to the shores, throwing themselves on the ground, lifting up their hands and eyes, either giving thanks to Heaven, or worshipping the Spaniards as supernatural beings. They ran along parallel to the boats, calling after the Spaniards, and inviting them by signs to land, offering them various fruits and vessels of water. Finding, however, that the boats continued on their course, many threw themselves into the sea and swam after them, and others followed in canoes. The admiral received them all with kindness, giving them glass beads and other trifles, which were received with transport as celestial presents, for the invariable idea of the savages was, that the white men had come from the skies.

In this way they pursued their course, until they came to a small peninsula, which with two or three days labour might be separated from the main-land and surrounded with water, and was therefore specified by Columbus as an excellent situation for a fortress. On this were six Indian cabins, surrounded by groves and gardens as beautiful as those of Castile. The sailors being wearied with rowing, and the island not appearing to the admiral of sufficient importance to induce colonization, he returned to the ships, taking seven of the natives with him, that they might acquire the Spanish language and serve as interpreters.

Having taken in a supply of wood and water, they left the island of San Salvador the same evening, the admiral being impatient to arrive at the wealthy country to the south, which he flattered himself would prove the famous island of Cipango.

—IRVING.

NIGHT.

THE glorious sun is set in the west : the night-dews fall ; and the air, which was sultry and oppressive, becomes cool. The flowers of the garden, closing their coloured leaves, fold themselves up and hang their heads on the slender stalk, waiting the return of day.

The birds of the grove have ceased their warblings : they sleep on the boughs of trees, each one with his head behind his wing. The chickens of the farm-yard are gathered under the wing of the hen, and are at rest : the hen, their parent, is at rest also. There is no murmur of bees around the hive, or amongst the honeyed woodbines : they have finished their work, and now lie close in their waxen cells.

The sheep rest in the fields upon their soft fleeces, and their loud bleating no longer resounds from the hills. There is no sound of the voice of the busy multitude, or of children at play, or the trampling of feet, and of crowds hurrying to and fro. The smith's hammer is not heard upon the anvil : nor the harsh saw of the carpenter. All men are stretched upon their quiet beds : and the infant reposes in peace and security on the bosom of its mother. Darkness is spread over the skies and darkness is upon the ground : every eye is shut, and every hand is still.

Who takes care of all people when they are sunk in sleep ; when they cannot defend themselves, nor see if danger approaches ? There is an eye that never sleeps, there is an eye that sees in the darkness of night as well as in the brightest sunshine. When there is no light of the sun, nor of the moon ; when there is no lamp in the house nor any star twinkling through the thick clouds ; that eye sees

everywhere, in all places, and watches continually over all the families of the earth

The eye that sleeps not is God's. His hand is always stretched out over us. He made sleep to refresh us when we are weary; He made night that we might sleep in quiet. As the affectionate mother stills every little noise, that her infant be not disturbed, as she draws the curtains around its bed, and shuts out the light from its tender eyes, so God draws the curtains of darkness around us, so He makes all things to be hushed and still, that His large family may sleep in peace.

When the darkness has passed away, and the beams of the morning sun strike through your eye-lids begin the day with praising God. Who has taken care of you through the night. Flowers, when you open again, spread your leaves, and smell to his praise. Birds, when you awake, warble your thanks amongst the green boughs. Let His praise be in our hearts when we lie down, let His praise be on our lips when we awake.

--BARBAULD.

A NOVEMBER WALK.

THE farmers are busy with their later autumn tasks, closing the work of the present year: while, at the same time they are already looking forward to another summer. There is something pleasing in these mingled labours beneath the waning sun of November. It is autumn, grown old and lingering in the field with a kindly smile while, they are

making ready for the young spring to come. Here a farmer was patching up barns and sheds to shield his flocks and stores against the winter storms. There ploughmen were guiding their teams over a broad field, turning up the sod for fresh seed, while other labourers were putting up new fences about a meadow which must lie for months beneath the snow, ere the young grass will need to be protected in its growth. Several wagons passed us loaded with pumpkins, and apples, and potatoes, the last crops of the farm, on the way from one granary to another. Thus the good man, in the late autumn of life, gathers cheerfully the gifts which Providence bestows for that day, despising no fruit of the season ; however simple or homely, he receives each with thankfulness, while looking forward beyond the coming snows, he sees another spring and prepares with trustful hope for that brighter season.

Half an hour's walk upon a familiar track brought us to a gate opening into an old bye-road which leads over the hills to the little village where we were bound ; it was formerly the highway, but a more level track has been opened, and this is now abandoned, or only used as a foot path. These lanes are charming places for a walk, there are cross roads about the country in every direction, but they are all pretty well travelled and it is a pleasant variety, once in a while, to follow a silent bye-law like this, which is never dusty and always quiet. It carried us first over a rough, open hill-side used as a sheep pasture, a large flock were nibbling upon the scraps of the summer's grass among the withered mulleins ; we went quietly in our way, but as usual, our approach threw the simple creatures into a panic, disturbing their noonday meal.

Having reached the brow of a hill, we turned to enjoy the view : the gray meadows of the valley lay at our feet,

and cattle were feeding in many of them. At this season the flocks and herds became a more distinct feature of the landscape than during the leafy luxuriance of the summer; the thickets and groves no longer conceal them, and they turn from the sheltered spots to seek the sunshine of the open fields, where their forms rise in full and warm relief upon the fading herbage. The trees have lost nearly all their leaves, now scattered in russet showers about their roots, while the branches are drawn in shadowy lines by the autumn's sun upon the bleached grass and withering foliage with which it is strewn. The woods are absolutely bare; however, there are yet patches in the forest where the warm colouring of October had darkened into a reddish brown; and here and there a tree still throws a fuller shadow than belongs to winter.

The waters of the river were gleaming through the bare thickets on its banks, and the pretty pool on the next farm looked like a clear, dark agate, dropped amid the gray fields. A column of smoke, rising slowly from the opposite hill, told of a wood which had fallen, of trees which had seen their last summer. The dun stubble of the old grain fields, and the darker soil of the newly-ploughed lands, varied the grave November tints, while here and there in their midst lay a lawn of young wheat, sending up its green blades, soft and fresh as though there were no winter in the year, growing more clear and life-like as all else becomes more dreary—a ray of hope on the pale brow of resignation.

So calm and full of repose was the scene, that we turned from it unwillingly, and with as much regret as though it were still gay with the beauty of summer.

Just beyond the brow of the hill the road enters a wood: here the path was thickly strewn with fallen leaves, still

crisp and fresh, rustling at every step as we moved among them, while on either side the trees threw out their branches in bare lines of gray old chestnuts, with blunt and rough notches; elms with graceful, waving spray, vigorous maples, with the healthful, upright growth of their tribe, the glossy beech, with its friendly arms stretched out, as if to greet its neighbours, and among them all, conspicuous as ever, stood the delicate birch, with its alabaster-like bark and branches of a porphyry colour, so strangely different from the parent stem. Every year as the foliage falls, and the trees re-appear in their wintry form, the eye wonders a while at the change, just as we look twice ere we make sure of our acquaintance in the streets, when they vary their wardrobe for the season.

The very last flowers are withering. The beautiful fern of the summer lies in rusty patches on the open hill-side, though within the woods it is fresh and green. We found only here and there a solitary aster, its head drooping and discoloured, showing but little of the grace of a flower. Even the hardy little balls of the everlasting or moonshine, as the country people call it, are getting blighted and shapeless, while the haws on the thorn bushes, the hips of the wild-rose and sweetbrier, are already shrunken and faded. It is singular, but the native flowers seem to wither earlier than those of the garden, many of which belong to warmer climates. It is not uncommon to find German asters, *flos Adoni*, hearts-ease, and a few sprigs of the monthly honey-suckle, here and there in the garden even later than this: some seasons we have gathered quite a pretty bunch of these flowers in the first week of December. At that time nothing like a blossom is to be found in the forest.

—MISS COOPER.

IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

THE place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty Kings: the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers: the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment: the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-Arms.

The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House, as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way—Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous realm, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of

every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which had still some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation; but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

The Sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced

to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect; a high and intellectual forehead; a brow pensive, but not gloomy; a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the great picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta *Mens. æquæ in arduis*:—such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsels accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession, the bold and strongminded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer who, nearly twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same high court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-Chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless

of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment, and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great master of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There stood Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperids. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age—his form developed by every manly exercise—his face beaming with intelligence and spirit—the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honour. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone—culprit,

advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigour of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. This ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been, by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings of the court were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendour of diction which more than satisfied the highly-raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the Company, and of the English Presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration even from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to

display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out ; smelling bottles were handed round ; hysterical sobs and screams were heard ; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded—"Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all !"

—MACAULAY.

FIRST VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

Saturday, September, 3.

At ten o'clock we set off—we two in the barouche—all the others following for *Edinburgh*. We drove in under *Arthur's Seat*, where the crowd began to be very great, and here the Guard of Royal Archers met us ; Lord Elcho walking near me, and the Duke of Roxburgh and Sir J. Hope on Albert's side. We passed by *Holyrood Chapel*, which is very old and full of interest, *Holyrood Palace*, a royal-looking

old place. The procession moved through the *Old Town* up the *High Street*, which is a most extraordinary street from the immense height of the houses, most of them being eleven stories high, and different families living in each storey. Every window was crammed full of people. They showed us *Knot's House*, a curious old building, as is also the *Regent Murray's House*, which is in perfect preservation. In the *Old Town* the *High Church*, and *St. Paul's* in the *New Town*, are very fine buildings. At the barrier, the Provost presented us with the keys.

The girls of the *Orphan Asylum*, and the Trades in old costumes, were on a platform. Further on was the *New Church*, to which—strange to say, as the church is nearly finished—they were going to lay the foundation stone. We at length reached the Castle, to the top of which we walked.

The view from both batteries is splendid, like a panorama in extent. We saw from them *Heriot's Hospital*, a beautiful old building, founded, in the time of James, by a goldsmith and jeweller, whom Sir Walter Scott has made famous in his *Fortunes of Nigel*. After this, we got again into the carriages and proceeded in the same way as before the pressure of the crowd being really quite alarming; and both I and Albert were quite terrified for the Archers Guard, who had very hard work of it; but were of the greatest use. They all carry a bow in one hand, and have their arrows stuck through their belts.

Unfortunately, as soon as we were out of *Edinburgh*, it began to rain, and continued raining the whole afternoon without interruption. We reached *Dalmeny*, Lord Rosebery's at two o'clock. The park is beautiful, with the trees growing down to the sea. It commands a very

fine view of the *Forth*, the *Isle of may*, the *Bass Rock*, and of *Edinburgh*; but the mist rendered it almost impossible to see anything. The grounds are very extensive, being hill and dale and wood. The house is quite modern; Lord Rosebery built it, and it is very pretty and comfortable. We lunched there. The Roseberys were all civility and attention. We left them about half-past three, and proceeded home through *Leith*.

The view of *Edinburgh* from the road before you enter *Leith* is quite enchanting; it is, as Albert said, 'fairy-like,' and what you would only imagine as a thing to dream of, or to see in a picture. There was that beautiful large town, all of stone (no mingled colours of brick to mar it), with the bold Castle on one side, and the *Calton Hill* on the other, with those high sharp hills of *Arthur's Seat* and *Salisbury Crags* towering above all, and making the finest, boldest background imaginable. Albert said he felt sure the *Acropolis* could not be finer; and I hear they sometimes call *Edinburgh* 'the modern *Athens*.' The Archers Guard met us again at *Leith* which is not a pretty town.

The people were most enthusiastic, and the crowd very great. The Porters all mounted, with curious Scotch caps, and their horses decorated with flowers, had a very singular effect; but the fishwomen are the most striking-looking people, and are generally young and pretty women—very clean and very dutch-looking, with their white caps and bright-coloured petticoats. They never marry out of their class.

At six we returned well tired.

LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

WE had a long three hours' drive ; it was six o'clock when we got into the carriage. We were soon out of the wood, and came upon the *Badenoch* road—passing close by *Kinrara*, but unfortunately not through it, which we ought to have done. It was very beautiful—fine wooded hills—the high *Cairngorm* range, and *Ben Murch Dhu*, unfortunately much obscured by the mist on the top—and the broad *Spey* flowing in the valley, with cultivated fields and fine trees below. Most striking, however, on our whole long journey was the utter, and to me very refreshing, solitude. Hardly a habitation ! and hardly meeting a soul ! It gradually grew dark. We stopped at a small half-way house for the horses to take some water, and the few people about stared vacantly at the two simple vehicles.

The mountains gradually disappeared,—the evening was mild, with a few drops of rain. On and on we went, till at length we saw lights, and drove through a long and straggling 'town,' and turned down a small court to the door of the inn. Here we got out quickly—Lady Churchill and General Grey not waiting for us. We went up a small staircase, and were shown to our bed-room at the top of it—very small, but clean—with a large four-post bed which nearly filled the whole room. Opposite was the drawing and dining-room in one—very tidy and well-sized. Then came the room where Albert dressed, which was very small. The two maids (Jane Shackle was with me) had driven over by another road in the waggonette, Stewart driving them. Made ourselves 'clean and tidy,' and then sat down to our dinner. Grant and Brown were to have waited on us, but were 'bashful' and did not. A ringletted

woman did everything ; and, when dinner was over, removed the cloth and placed the bottle of wine (our own which we had brought) on the table with the glasses, which was the old English fashion. The dinner was very fair, and all very clean —soup, 'hodge-podge,' mutton-broth with vegetables, which I did not much relish, fowl with white sauce, good roast lamb, very good potatoes, besides one or two other dishes, which I did not taste, ending with a good tart of cranberries. After dinner, I tried to write part of this account (but the talking round me confused me), while Albert played at 'patience.' Then went away, to begin undressing, and it was about half-past eleven when we got to bed.

FIRST VISIT TO IRELAND.

As we approached the city we saw people streaming in, on foot, on horseback, and many in jaunting-cars. When we reached *Cork* the 'Fairy' again lay alongside, and we received all the addresses : first from the Mayor and Corporation (I knighted the Mayor immediately afterwards), then from the Protestant Bishop and clergy ; from the Roman Catholic Bishop and clergy ; from the Lord-Lieutenant of the country, the Sheriffs, and others. The two Judges, who were holding their courts, also came on board in their robes. After all this was over we landed, and walked some few paces on to where Lord Bandon's carriage was ready to receive us. The ladies went with us, and Lord Bandon and the General rode on each side of the carriage. The Mayor preceded us, and many (Lord Listowel among the number), followed on horseback or in carriages. The

12th Lancers escorted us, and the Pensioners and Infantry lined the streets.

I cannot describe our route, but it will suffice to say that it took two hours, that we drove through the principal streets; twice through some of them, that they were densely crowded, decorated with flowers and triumphal arches, that the heat and dust were great, that we passed by the new College which is building—one of the four which are ordered by Act of Parliament: that our reception was most enthusiastic; and that everything went off to perfection and was very well-arranged. *Cork* is not at all like an English town, and looks rather foreign. The crowd is a noisy, excitable, but very good-humoured one, running and pushing about, and laughing, talking, and shrieking. The beauty of the woman is very remarkable, and struck us much: such beautiful dark eyes and hair, and such fine teeth. almost every third woman was pretty, and some remarkably so. They wear no bonnets, and generally long blue cloaks. the men are very poorly, often raggedly dressed; and many wear blue coats and short breeches with blue stockings.

We re-embarked at the same place and returned just as we came.

—QUEEN VICTORIA.



III. Science Readings.

OF OUR EARTH.

THE planet which we inhabit has its peculiar privileges beyond the rest that depend upon the Sun for their support. Less distant from the great luminary than Saturn, Jupiter,

and Mars ; less perched than Venus and Mercury, which are more near to the violence of his power , the Earth seems in a peculiar manner to share the bounty of the Creator : it is not therefore without reason, that men consider themselves as the favoured objects of his providence and regard.

Beside that motion round the Sun, the circuit of which is performed in a year, the Earth has another upon its own axis, which it performs in twenty-four hours. Thus, like a chariot-wheel, it has a compound motion ; for, while it goes forward on its journey, it is still turning upon its own centre. From the first of these two causes, the progression forward, arise the grateful vicissitudes of the seasons . from the second, the rotation on the axis, that of day and night. Both motions cause the fall of bodies towards the centre of the Earth.

The rotundity of the Earth may be proved from the phenomenon exhibited by two ships meeting at sea : the summits of the masts of each are the first parts discovered by both, the under parts being hidden by the convexity of the globe, which rises between them.

The Earth is ninety-five millions of miles from the Sun, and it moves round the Sun in three hundred and sixty-five days five hours and forty-nine minutes. It travels in this annual orbit at the rate of 68.000 miles an hour : which motion, though 140 times as swift as that of a cannonball. is little more than half the velocity of the planet Mercury in his orbit.

As the Earth receives light and motion from the Sun, so it derives much of its warmth and power of vegetation from the same source. But the different parts of the Earth partake of these advantages in very different proportions, and the extremes of our globe seem equally unfitted for

the comforts and conveniences of life. The imagination may find an awful pleasure in contemplating the frightful precipices of Greenland, or the luxurious verdure of Africa, yet true happiness can be found only in the more moderate climates, where the gifts of Nature may be enjoyed without incurring danger in obtaining them.

When we take slight survey of the surface of our globe, a thousand objects offer themselves, which, though long known, still demand our attention. The most obvious beauty is the verdant covering of the earth, formed by a happy mixture of herbs and trees of various magnitudes and uses. The more awful and magnificent objects are, the mountain rising above the clouds; the wide-spread river increasing as it runs, and losing itself at last in the ocean; and the mighty ocean, spreading its immense sheet of waters over one-half of the globe, swelling and subsiding at well-known intervals, and forming a communication between the most distant parts of the earth. We are next presented with the great irregularities of nature the burning mountain, the unfathomable cavern, the headlong cataract, and the rapid whirlpool.

If we descend below the surface of the globe, we perceive the earth lying in regular beds or strata, placed one over another like the leaves of a book, or the coats of an onion. Above it we find a transparent atmosphere, that turns with its motion, and surrounds it on every side. To this atmosphere we are indebted for the twilight, that softens the transition from broad day to total darkness: the genial showers that promote vegetation; and the cooling breezes that contribute to our health and comfort.

—ANONYMOUS.

BRIEF SURVEY OF THE INFINITE UNIVERSE.

WHEN the shades of night have spread their veil over the plains, the firmament manifests to our view its grandeur and its riches. The sparkling points with which it is studded, are so many suns suspended by the Almighty in the immensity of space, to the worlds which roll around them.

“The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.” The royal poet, who expressed himself with such loftiness of sentiment, was not aware that the stars which he contemplated were in reality suns. He anticipated these times, and first sung that majestic hymn which future and more enlightened ages should chant forth in praise to the Founder of worlds.

The assemblage of these vast bodies is divided into different systems, the number of which probably surpasses the grains of sand which the sea casts on its shores.

Each system has at its centre of motion, a star, or sun, which shines by its native inherent light, and round which several orders of opaque globes revolve, reflecting, with more or less brilliancy, the light they borrow from it, and which renders them visible.

From what we know of our own system, it may be reasonably concluded, that all the rest are with equal wisdom contrived, situated, and provided with accommodations for rational inhabitants. Let us therefore take a survey of the system to which we belong, the only one accessible to us: and thence we shall be the better enabled to judge of the nature and end of the other systems of the universe.

Those globes which we perceive as wandering among

the heavenly host, are the planets. The primary or principal ones have the Sun for the common centre of their periodical revolution, while the others, which are called secondaries, or moons, move round their primaries, accompanying them as satellites in their annual revolution.

The Earth has one satellite, Jupiter four, Saturn seven, and the newly-discovered planet Herschel six. Saturn has besides a luminous and beautiful ring.

We know that our solar system consists of twenty-nine planetary bodies : we are not certain but there may be more. Their number has been considerably augmented to us since the invention of telescopes, and by more perfect instruments, and more accurate observers, may be further increased : the discovery of the planet Herschel may be regarded as a happy presage of future success.

Modern astronomy has not only enriched our heavens with new planets, but has also enlarged the boundaries of the solar system. The Comets, which, from their fallacious appearance, their tail, their beard, the diversity of their directions, and their sudden appearance and disappearance, have been considered as meteors, are found to be a species of planetary bodies. Their long routes are now calculated by astronomers, who can foretell their distant return, determine their place, and account for their irregularities. Many of these bodies at present acknowledge the empire of our Sun, though the orbits they trace round him are so extensive, that ages are necessary for the completion of a revolution.

In a word, it is from modern astronomy we learn that the stars are innumerable, and that the constellations, in which the ancients reckoned but a few, are now known to contain thousands. The heavens of Thales and Hipparchus were very poor, when compared to those of later astrono-

mers, of Tycho Brahe, Flamstead, Halley, and Herschel. The diameter of the great orbit which our Earth describes, is more than 190 millions of miles, yet this vast extent vanishes into nothing, and becomes a mere point, when the astronomer wishes to use it as a measure to ascertain the distance of the fixed stars

How great then must be the real bulk of these luminaries, which are perceptible by us at such an enormous distance. The Sun is about a million times greater than the Earth, and more than 500 times greater than all the planets taken together. If the stars be suns, as we have every reason to suppose, they may either be equal to or exceed it in size

Proud and ignorant mortal ! lift up now thine eyes to heaven, and answer me. If one of those luminaries which adorn the starry heaven, should be taken away, would thy nights become darker ? Say not then that the stars are made for thee : that it is for thee that the firmament glitters with effulgent brightness : feeble mortal ! thou wast not the sole object of the liberal bounties of the Creator, when he appointed Sirius, and encompassed it with worlds !

—BONNET.

THE COMMUNITY OF ANTS.

THEIR habitation is a wonderful building, and consists of numerous balls, chambers, and passages, though outside it appears nothing more than a little heap of earth, of which substance indeed it is formed. The earth they use is moistened with rain or dew, and their mode of building is to

scrape a little grain from the ground, with their teeth, and then to knead and mould it, patting it down with their feet. An ant-hill contains sometimes twenty stories above ground, and as many under-ground; each divided into apartments of different sizes, with arched ceilings, supported by little walls or pillars. When the sun renders the upper part too hot, they carry their young to the bottom of the ant-hill, and in rainy weather, when the ground-floor is unfit to live in, they all remove to the higher stories. One kind, called *wood-ants*, cover their nests with a roof-like thatch; it is made of stems of withered grass and straws. In the morning they take down part of this, so as to make openings to go in and out at, and every night they shut and bar them up, as we do the doors and windows of our houses. Some ants live in trees, where they form rooms and passages, by gnawing out the wood.

Ants of all kinds live in families: and all however that are born in a nest do not remain in it. Vast swarms may be seen in the summer, furnished with wings, and assembling in order to leave their home for ever. They are sometimes so numerous as to look a dark cloud floating in the air, and if many did not perish, they would become very troublesome to us. The greater part of this flying ants are either eaten up by birds, or fall into the water, and become the prey of fish. Those which escape through all these dangers, build themselves each a small house, which is soon filled and enlarged by their offspring, until in time it grows into a populous city. And what do you think becomes of the wings, with which I told you each of these ants was furnished? They were intended by Providence only to serve the purpose we have mentioned, and as soon as they have carried her to a convenient place, in which to found her colony, the ant

pulls them off herself, and thus is secured from all temptation to wander from her home. These ample wings were her chief ornament, but they would be a hindrance in the great work she has to perform, and they are sacrificed without a moment's hesitation.

If you have ever seen an ant-hill disturbed, you must have observed how anxious all the inhabitants seemed about a number of white substances, something like grains of wheat, how they seized them in their mouths, and tried to carry them into a place of safety, instead of providing for their own escape. These little burdens, which they consider so precious, are the young of the nest, nor is their affection confined to them. When one of their companions is hurt, they anoint the wounded part with a drop of fluid from their mouth, if a load is too heavy for one, another ant will soon come, and ease it of part of the weight, and if one is attacked, all will hasten to defend it. They are always ready to promote each other's welfare, and to share with the absent any good thing they may obtain. They even seem to rejoice at meeting, after they have been separated when some ants which had been taken away four months before, were restored to a nest, the others caressed them with their antennæ, or little horns, for so they make one another understand, as the bees do, and admitted them into the family again.

There is one most extraordinary circumstance respecting ants, which I must now tell you. You will smile at the idea of their having cows, yet it is quite true that they keep certain insects, from which they draw a sweet liquid, in the same manner as we obtain milk from the cows, and they even make a property of them. If any stranger-ants attempt to climb the branch of a tree, or the stalk of a plant, where they keep their herds, those who consider themselves the rightful

owners, drive them away, and may be seen running about in a great bustle. Sometimes they build a little wall round the place where these cattle are, and so keep them safe in a kind of pen. Some kinds, choosing to have them still more within reach, carry large herds of these insect-cows to their nest, and let them feed on the grass and stalks round which it is built. They take as much care of these creatures' eggs, as of their own, put them in a place of safety when the nest is attacked, and carry them in the same manner into the sun; that by their being hatched early, there may be a good supply of this nourishing food.

Ants are remarkable for courage. Though so small, they never fear to face any danger, but immediately turn round and prepare to bite, and to shoot their poison into the wound. They sometimes fix themselves so obstinately to the object of their attack that they will sooner be torn limb from limb than let go their hold; and man himself strikes no terror into them.

These tiny nations, so well armed and courageous, are not always at peace with their neighbours. A square foot of earth is to them a kingdom their droves of insect-cattle are as valuable to them as our flocks and herds are to us: and the body of a fly, or a bittle, is a most valuable possession. No wonder then if wars and quarrels arise. Myriads may sometimes be seen pouring forth from two rival cities, and meeting half way between their respective habitations, equalling, in numbers, the armies, of two mighty empires. Though they do not cover a space larger than two or three square feet, yet they present a spectacle exactly like that of a field of battle where men are the combatants. Thousands are to be seen struggling together, shooting poison at one another, which fills the air with a strong odour, and is as

destructive to them as gunpowder is to us. Thousands of the dead and mangled strew the ground, while others are led away as prisoners. and crowds are seen hastening to reinforce the contending armies.

How the ants know those of their own party, it is impossible to say, as they are generally of the same kind, and appear to us to be all alike in make, colour, and scent. They are not distinguished, as human soldiers are, by different-coloured uniforms, yet it very rarely happens that two of one side attack each other : and if, by chance, they do, the mistake is presently found out, and they make friends directly. When night comes on each party returns to its own city, but the next morning the battle is resumed with fresh fury, until at length a rainy season separates them, and the quarrel is forgotten.

Ants not only fight pitched battles, as we have seen above, they also besiege neighbouring cities, and take them by storm. The object they have in view is a most extraordinary one, and could hardly have been believed, if it had not been observed, and related, by so many people. The ants we are now going to speak of are warlike and powerful, but not industrious like most other kinds. In order that they may have slaves to do their work for them, they attack the nest of a dark-coloured kind, called *negroants*, and carry off their young. To these, when they are grown up, all the labour is left ; they build and repair their common dwelling, collect food, attend to the young, and even feed their masters, and carry them about the nest. Every year the light-coloured ants add to the number of their slaves. At the season when there is a proper supply of workers in the negro ant-hills, they send out spies into the neighbourhood and prepare for marching. On the return of these spies

the signal is made, by touching one another with their antennæ, and they then set out to attack the negro city. Their way of marching is singular. eight or ten ants march first, and these continually wheel round and join the rest of the army, while others succeed to their station.

As soon as the guards of the city perceive the enemy coming, they dart upon them with the utmost fury, and crowds pour forth to assist, but the besieging party rush on, and drive them back, until they retreat in the lowest storey. Numbers enter with them at the gates, while others make a breach in the walls, through which the conquerors march in. Presently they all come out, each carrying a young ant, which has been seized in spite of its anxious guardians: and thus they return in triumph with their spoil. It is a curious sight to behold their slaves, coming out of the nest to meet them, conducting the young prisoners in, bringing food to the warriors, and caressing them, as if they rejoiced at their return. These on their parts are much attached to their faithful servants, and when the nest is attacked by other ants, their first care is to carry them into a place of safety. Having been taken when they were quite young, they do not feel the change, and are quite as happy as they would have been among their own nation, where they would have had the same tasks to perform.

[Insects and their habitations.]

STRUCTURE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

THE contrivance of the human frame is made with such proportion and exactness, as conduce the most to its comeliness and service. For instance: we have a system

AFFECTION AND SAGACITY OF ANIMALS.

A REMARKABLE mixture of sagacity and instinct occurred to me one day, as my people were pulling off the lining of a hot-bed, in order to add some fresh dung. From the side of this bed leaped, with great agility, an animal that made a most grotesque figure; nor was it without great difficulty that it could be taken: when it proved to be a large white-bellied field-mouse, with three or four young clinging to her teats by their mouths and feet. It was amazing, that the desultory and rapid motions of the dam should not have obliged her litter to quit then hold, especially when they were so young as to be both naked and blind.

To these instances of tender attachment, many more might be added by those who are observant of nature.

That there is also a wonderful spirit of sociability in the brute creation, the congregating of gregarious birds in the winter is a remarkable instance. Many horses, though quiet in company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves: the strongest fences cannot restrain them. My neighbour's horse will not only stay by himself abroad, but will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his fore feet. He has been known to leap out of a stable window after company, and yet, in other respect, is remarkably quiet. Oxen and cows will not fatten in solitude, but will neglect the finest pasture that is not recommended by society. It would be needless to instance in sheep, which constantly flock together.

But this propensity seems not to be confined to animals of the same species, for I know a doe, still alive, that was brought up from a little fawn, with a dairy of cows, with

them it goes to the field, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the house take no notice of this deer being used to her. but, if strange dogs come by, a chase ensues while the master smiles to see his favourite securely leading her pursuers over hedge, or gate, or stile, till she returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings and menacing horns, drive the assailants quite out of the pasture.

Even great disparity of kind and size does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship. For a very intelligent and observant person has assured me, that in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees, an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself gently his legs, while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each seemed to console the vacant hours of the other.

—GILBERT WHITE.

IV. Historical and Biographical Readings.

ALARIC AT THE GATES OF ROME.

THE last resource of the Romans was in the clemency or at least in the moderation, of the king of the Goths. The senate, who in this emergency assumed the supreme power,

of government, appointed two ambassadors to negotiate with the enemy. This important trust was delegated to Basilus, a senator, of Spanish extraction, and already conspicuous in the administration of provinces and to John, the first tribune of the notaries, who was peculiarly qualified by his dexterity in business as well as by his former intimacy with the Gothic prince. When they were introduced into his presence, they declared, perhaps in a more lofty style than became their abject condition, that the Romans were resolved to maintain their dignity, either in peace or war; and that, if Alaric refused them a fair and honourable capitulation, he might sound his trumpets, and prepare to give battle to an innumerable people, exercised in arms and animated by despair. "The thicker the hay, the easier it is mowed," was the concise reply of the Barbarian, and this rustic metaphor was accompanied by a loud and insulting laugh, expressive of his contempt for the menaces of an unwarlike populace, enervated by luxury before they were emaciated by famine. He then condescended to fix the ransom, which he would accept as the price of his retreat from the walls of Rome, *all* the gold and silver in the city, whether it were the property of the state or of individuals; *all* the rich and precious moveables, and *all* the slaves who could prove their title to the name of *Barbarians*. The ministers of the senate presumed to ask, in a modest and suppliant tone, "If such, O king! are your demands, what do you intend to leave us?" "YOUR LIVES," replied the haughty conqueror: they trembled and retired. Yet, before they retired, a short suspension of arms was granted, which allowed some time for a more temperate negotiation. The stern feature of Alaric were insensibly relaxed; he abated much of the rigour of his terms; and at length consented to

raise the siege, on the immediate payment of five thousand pounds of gold, of thirty thousand pounds of silver, of four thousand robes of silk of three thousand pieces of fine scarlet cloth, and of three thousand pounds weight of pepper. But the public treasury was exhausted, the annual rents of the great estates in Italy and the provinces were intercepted by the calamities of war: the gold and gems had been exchanged during the famine for the vilest sustenance, the hoards of secret wealth were still concealed by the obstinacy of avarice and some remains of consecrated spoils afforded the only resources that could avert the impending ruin of the city

—EDWARD GIBBON.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

THE Alexandrian Library was the most celebrated in the world. It was founded by Ptolemy Soter, in the new city of Alexandria, who assumed the sovereignty of Egypt on the death of Alexander, and augmented by his successors till it contained seven hundred thousand volumes. When Alexandria was besieged by Julius Cæsar, one part of it, with four hundred thousand volumes, was burned to ashes. Cleopatra added to the remainder two hundred thousand volumes from the Pergamean library given her by Mark Antony; and subsequent additions made it more numerous than before. During the revolution in the decline of the Roman empire it was often plundered, and again replenished with books.

When Alexandria was taken by the Mohammedans. Amrou, their commander, found there one Philoponus, a learned man ; and as Amrou was a lover of letters, the conversation of Philoponus highly delighted him. On a certain day when they were together, Philoponus said to Amrou "You have visited all the repositories or public warehouses in Alexandria, and you have sealed up things of every sort that are to be found in them. As to those things that may be useful to you, I presume to say nothing but as to things of no service to you, some of them perhaps may be more suitable to me."

And what is it that you want ? said Amrou.—The philosophical books, replied Philoponus, preserved in the royal libraries.—This, said Amrou, is a request upon which I cannot decide. You desire a thing whereon I dare issue no orders till I have leave from Omar, the commander of the faithful.

Letters were immediately written to Omar by Amrou, informing him of what Philoponus had requested, and an answer was returned by Omar to the following purport "As to the books of which you have made mention, if there be in them what accords with the book of God," meaning the Koran, "there is, with them the book of God all that is sufficient. But if there be any thing in them repugnant to that book, we in no respect want them. I command you, therefore, to order them all to be destroyed."

Amrou, upon this, ordered them to be dispersed through the baths of Alexandria, and to be there burnt in making the baths warm. By this means, in the space of six months they were all consumed.

Thus ended the celebrated Alexandrian library, and thus began, if it did not begin sooner, the age of barbarism and ignorance.

—HARRIS.

THE PRIMITIVE ARYANS

THERE was a time when the fathers of the Aryan race, that noble race to which we ourselves belong, which has since been divided into Greeks and Romans, Celts and slaves on one side, and Indians and Persians on the other, invoked with the same names the gods of the sky, and the air, and the earth, the gods whose real presence was felt in the thunder and the storm and the rain, whose abode was looked for in the clouds on the inaccessible crests of the mountains,—but chiefly the god, who was seen and yet not seen in the sun, who was revealed every morning in the brightness of the dawn, and who himself revealed, far away in the golden East, that infinite Beyond, for which human language has no name, human thought no form, but which the eye of faith perceives, and after fashioning it into endless ideal shapes, and endowing it with all that is most beautiful in poetry, most choice in art, most sublime in philosophy, calls it—God.

The names of these ancient Aryan gods, such as the poor vocabulary of man could supply, were the same among the Saxons whom Charlemagne converted, and among the poets of India, whose sacred songs have been preserved to us, as by a miracle, in the hymns of the Veda

In this panorama, which a comparative study of the ancient religions of mankind has enabled us to construct, we can still see the Aryan worshippers, breaking up from their common centre, and dividing into two branches, the North-Western and the South-Eastern.

The former marched towards the home of the setting sun, till they had reached that small peninsula which we now call Europe, and which became the stage of what we are apt to call the history of the whole world.

The latter, the South-Eastern branch, set out to discover the home of the rising sun, till they reached their earthly paradise in the valleys of the land of the Five Rivers, and, further still, along the shores of the Ganges and the Jamnah. Though these South-Eastern Aryans are seldom mentioned in our Histories of the world, we should bear in mind that India alone has more inhabitants at the present moment than the whole of Europe.

—MAN MULLER.

THE DEVASTATION OF THE CARNATIC

HYDER Ali became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy, and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation, into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountain. Whilst the authors of all these evils idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors


of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered, others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the tramping of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities. But escaping from the sword and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore: and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali, and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed as they did, the Carnatic for hundred of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead uniform silence reigned over the whole region. With the inconsiderable exceptions of the narrow vicinage of some few forts, I wish to be understood as speaking literally. That hurricane of war passed through every part of the central provinces of the Carnatic. Six or seven districts to the north and to the south (and these not wholly untouched) escaped the general ravage.

—BURKE.

BIOGRAPHY

THERE is no kind of writing, which has truth and instruction for its main object, so interesting and popular, on the whole, as biography. History, in its larger sense, has to deal with masses, which, while they divide the attention by the dazzling variety of objects, from their very generality are scarcely capable of touching the heart. The great objects on which it is employed, have little relation to the daily occupation with which the reader is most intimate. A nation, like a corporation, seems to have no soul; and its chequered vicissitudes may be contemplated rather with curiosity for the lessons they convey, than with personal sympathy. How different are the feelings excited by the fortunes of an individual—one of the mighty mass who in the page of history is swept along the current, unnoticed and unknown! Instead of a mere abstraction, at once we see a being like ourselves, "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter" as we are. We place ourselves in his position and see the passing current of events with the same eyes. We become a party to all his little schemes, share in his triumphs, or mourn with him in the disappointment of defeat. His friends become our friends. We learn to take an interest in their characters, from their relation to him. As they pass away from the stage, one after another, and as the clouds of misfortune, perhaps, or of disease, settle around the evening of his own day, we feel the same sadness that steals over us on a retrospect of earlier and happier hours. And when at last we have followed him to



the tomb, we close the volume, and feel that we have turned over another chapter in the history of life.

On the same principles, probably, we are more moved by the exhibition of those characters whose days have been passed in the ordinary routine of domestic and social life, than by those most intimately connected with the great public events of their age. What, indeed, is the history of such men but that of the times? The life of Wellington, or of Bonaparte, is the story of the wars and revolutions of Europe. But that of Cowper gliding away in the seclusion of rural solitude, reflects all those domestic joys, and alas! more, than the sorrows, which gather round every man's fireside and his heart. In this way the story of the humblest individual, faithfully recorded becomes an object of lively interest. How much is that interest increased in the case of a man like Scott who from his own fireside, has sent forth a voice to cheer and delight millions of his fellow men; whose life was passed within the narrow circle of his own village, as it were, but who, nevertheless, has called up more shapes and fantasies within that magic circle, acted more extraordinary parts, and afforded more marvels for the imagination to feed on, than can be furnished by the most nimble-footed, nimble-tongued traveller, from Marco Polo down to Mrs. Trollope, and that literary Sindbad Captain Hall.

—PRESCOTT.

DEATH OF NELSON.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent: for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen-top, which in the then situation of the two vessels was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor Secretary's blood. Hardy who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men, raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied "my backbone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately. Then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England perhaps would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the Battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the Midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was

mortal. This, however was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the Chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself, being certain, from the sensation in his back and gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the Surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful: "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade, to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurraed and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy, and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hand in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy, "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself: "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over

with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no!" he replied; "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the Surgeon ascertain this, said to him. "You know I am gone, I know it. I feel something rising in my breast"—putting his hand on his left side—"which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "So great, that he wished he was dead." "Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes, in the same under-tone, he added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation!" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned: and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly: but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said. "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." Hardy, upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed. "Do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly

he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the King to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy. take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy" said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson, and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the Chaplain, "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner" and after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say "Thank God, I have done my duty." These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words that he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

—ROBERT SOUTHBY.

REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH
OF NELSON.

THE death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity : men started at the intelligence and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us : and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and venerated him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times, was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly indeed had he performed his part that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end : the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed. new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not therefore from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him : the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies and public monuments and posthumous rewards were all that they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature and the nation would have alike delighted to honour : whom every tongue through which would have blessed, whose presence in every village he might have passed would have wakened the church bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and “old men from the chimney corner” to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated indeed with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were

without joy ; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas , and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated. hardly appeared to add to our security or strength , for while Nelson was living, to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening the body, that in the course of nature he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done ; nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honours and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr ; the most awful that of the martyred patriot : the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory ; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a man and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England . a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirit of the great and wise continue to live and to act after them ; verifying in this sense the language of the old mythologist.

—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

CHARACTERS OF FERDINAND AND
ISABELLA.

THE union of the kingdoms of Arragon and Castile, by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, had consolidated the Christian power in the Peninsula and put an end to those internal feuds which had so long distracted the country, and insured the domination of the Moslems. The whole force of united Spain was now exerted in the chivalrous enterprise of the Moorish conquest. The Moors, who had once spread over the whole country like an inundation, were now pent up within the mountain boundaries of the kingdom of Granada. The victorious armies of Ferdinand and Isabella were continually advancing, and pressing this fierce people within narrower limits. Under these sovereigns, the various petty kingdoms of Spain began to feel and act as one nation, and to rise to eminence in arts as well as arms. Ferdinand and Isabella, it has been remarked lived together not like man and wife, whose estates are common, under the orders of the husband, but like two monarchs strictly allied. They had separate claims to sovereignty, in virtue of their respective kingdoms. they had separate councils, and were often distant from each other in different parts of their empire, each exercising the royal authority. Yet they were so happily united by common views, common interests, and a great deference for each other, that this double administration never prevented a unity of purpose and of action. All acts of sovereignty were executed in both their names, all public writings were subscribed with both their signatures; their likenesses were stamped together on the public coin; and the royal seal displayed the united arms of Castile and Arragon.

Ferdinand was of the middle stature, well proportioned, and hardy and active from athletic exercise. His carriage was free, erect, and majestic. He had a clear serene forehead, which appeared more lofty from his head being partly bald. His eyebrows were large and parted, and, like his hair, of a bright chestnut ; his eyes were clear and animated ; his complexion was somewhat ruddy, and scorched by the toils of war , his mouth moderate, well formed, and gracious in its expression , his teeth white, though small and irregular ; his voice sharp ; his speech quick and fluent. His genius was clear and comprehensive ; his judgment grave and certain. He was simple in dress and diet, equable in his temper. devout in his religion, and so indefatigable in business, that it was said he seemed to repose himself by working. He was a great observer and judge of men, and unparalleled in the science of the cabinet. Such is the picture given of him by the Spanish historians of his time. It has been added, however that he had more of bigotry than religion ; that his ambition was craving rather than magnanimous ; that he made war less like a paladin than a prince, less for glory than for mere dominion , and that his policy was cold, selfish, and artful. He was called the wise and prudent in Spain ; in Italy, the pious . in France and England, the ambitious and perfidious. He certainly was one of the most subtle statesmen, but one of the most thorough egotists, that ever sat upon a throne.

While giving his picture, it may not be deemed impertinent to sketch the fortunes of a monarch whose policy has an effect upon the history of Columbus and the destinies of the New World. Success attended all his measures. Though a younger son, he had ascended the throne of Arragon by inheritance ; Castile he obtained by marriage ; Granada

and Naples by conquest ; and he seized upon Navarre as appertaining to any one who could take possession of it, when Pope Julius II. excommunicated its sovereigns, Juan and Catalina, and gave their throne to the first occupant. He sent his forces into Africa, and subjugated, or reduced to vassalage, Tunis, Tripoli, Algiers, and most of the Barbary powers. A new world was also given to him, without cost, by the discoveries of Columbus, for the expense of the enterprise was borne exclusively by his consort Isabella. He had three objects at heart from the commencement of his reign, which he pursued with bigoted and persecuted zeal—the conquest of the Moors, the expulsion of the Jews, and the establishment of the Inquisition in his dominions. He accomplished them all and was rewarded by Pope Innocent VIII. with the appellation of Most Catholic Majesty—a title which his successors have tenaciously retained.

Contemporary writers have been enthusiastic in their descriptions of Isabella, but time has sanctioned their eulogies. She is one of the purest and most beautiful characters in the pages of history. She was well formed, of the middle size, with great dignity and gracefulness of deportment, and a mingled gravity and sweetness of demeanor. Her complexion was fair : her hair auburn, inclining to red ; her eyes were of a clear blue, with a benign expression, and there was a singular modesty in her countenance, gracing, as it did, a wonderful firmness of purpose, and earnestness of spirit. Though strongly attached to her husband, and studious of his fame, yet she always maintained her distinct rights as an allied prince. She exceeded him in beauty, in personal dignity, in acuteness of genius, and in grandeur of soul. Combining the active and resolute qualities of man with the

softer charities of woman, she mingled in the warlike councils of her husband, engaged personally in his enterprises, and in some instances surpassed him in the firmness and intrepidity of her measures ; while, being inspired with a truer idea of glory, she infused a more lofty and generous temper into his subtle and calculating policy.

It is in the civil history of their reign, however, that the character of Isabella shines most illustrious. Her fostering and maternal care was continually directed to reform the laws, and heal the ills engendered by a long course of internal wars. She loved her people, and while diligently seeking their good, she mitigated as much as possible, the harsh measures of her husband, directed to the same end, but inflamed by a mistaken zeal. Thus, though almost bigoted in her piety, and perhaps too much under the influence of ghostly advisers, still she was hostile to every measure calculated to advance religion at the expense of humanity. She strenuously opposed the expulsion of the Jews, and the establishment of the Inquisition, though, unfortunately for Spain, her repugnance was slowly vanquished by her confessors. She was always an advocate for clemency to the Moors, although she was the soul of the war against Granada. She considered that war essential to protect the Christian faith, and to relieve her subjects from fierce and formidable enemies. While all her public thoughts and acts were princely and august, her private habits were simple, frugal, and unostentatious. In the intervals of state-business, she assembled round her the ablest men in literature and science, and directed herself by their counsels, in promoting letters and arts. Through her patronage, Salamanca rose to that height which it assumed among the learned institutions of the age. She

promoted the distribution of honours and rewards for the promulgation of knowledge ; she fostered the art of printing recently invented, and encouraged the establishment of presses in every part of the kingdom ; books were admitted free of all duty, and more, we are told, were printed in Spain, at that early period of the art, than in the present literary age.

It is wonderful how much the destinies of countries depend at times upon the virtues of individuals, and how it is given to great spirits, by combining, exciting, and directing the latent powers of a nation, to stamp it, as it were, with their own greatness. Such beings realize the idea of guardian angels, appointed by Heaven to watch over the destinies of empires. Such had been Prince Henry for the kingdom of Portugal ; and such was now for Spain the illustrious Isabella.

—IRVING.

THE LAST DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE triumph of Mountjoy flung its lustre over the last days of Elizabeth, but no outer triumph could break the gloom which gathered round the dying Queen. Lonely as she had always been, her loneliness deepened as she drew towards the grave. The statesmen and warriors of her earlier days had dropped one by one from her Council board : and their successors were watching her last moments, and intriguing for favour in the coming reign. The old splendour of her Court waned and disappeared. Only officials remained about her, "the other of the Council and nobility estrange themselves by all occasions." As she passed along in her progresses, the people whose applause she courted remained

cold and silent. The temper of the age in fact, was changing and isolating her as it changed. Her own England, the England which had grown up around her, serious, moral, prosaic, shrank coldly from this child of earth and the Renaissance, brilliant, fanciful, unscrupulous, irreligious. She had enjoyed life as the men of her day enjoyed it, and now that they were gone she clung to it with a fierce tenacity. She hunted, she danced, she jested with her young favourites, she coquetted and scolded and frolicked at sixty-seven as she had done at thirty. "The Queen," wrote a courtier a few months before her death, "was never so gallant these many years, nor so set upon jollity." She persisted, in spite of opposition, in her gorgeous progresses from country-house to country-house. She clung to business as of old, and rated in her usual fashion "one who minded not to giving up some matter of account." But death crept on. Her face became haggard, and her frame shrank almost to a skeleton. At last her taste for finery disappeared, and she refused to change her dresses for a week together. A strange melancholy settled down on her. "She held in her hand," says one who saw her in her last days "a golden cup which she often put to her lips, but in truth, her heart seemed too full to need more filling." Gradually her mind gave way. She lost her memory, the violence of her temper became unbearable, her very courage seemed to forsake her. She called for a sword to be constantly beside her, and thrust it from time to time through the arras, as if she heard murderers stirring there. Food and rest became alike distasteful. She sat day and night propped up with pillows on a stool, her finger on her lip, her eyes fixed on the floor, without a word. If she once broke the silence, it was with a flash of her old queenliness. Cecil asserted that she "must" go

to bed, and the word roused her like a trumpet. "Must," she exclaimed, "is *must* a word to be addressed to princes? Little man! thy father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word." Then, as her anger spent itself, she sank into her old dejection. "Thou art so presumptuous," she said, "because thou knowest I shall die." She rallied once more when the ministers beside her bed named Lord Beauchamp, the heir to the Suffolk claim as a possible successor. "I will have no rogue's son," she cried hoarsely, "in my seat." But she gave no sign, save a motion of the head at the mention of the King of Scots. She was in fact fast becoming insensible; and early the next morning the life of Elizabeth, life so great, so strange and lonely in its greatness, passed quietly away.

—JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

JOAN OF ARC.

BISHOP of Beauvais! thy victim died in fire upon a scaffold—thou upon a down bed. But for the departing minutes of life, both are oftentimes alike. At the farewell crisis, when the gates of death are opening, and flesh is resting from its struggles, oftentimes the tortured and the torturer have the same truce from carnal torment, both sink together into sleep: together both sometimes kindle into dreams. When the mortal mists were gathering fast into you two, bishop and shepherd girl—when the pavilions of life were closing up their shadowy curtains about you—let us try, through the gigantic glooms, to decipher the flying features of your separate visions.

The shepherd girl that had delivered France—she, from her dungeon, she, from her baring at the stake. she, from her duel with fire, as she entered her last dream—saw Domrémy, saw the fountain of Domrémy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered. That Easter festival which man had denied to her languishing heart—that resurrection of spring-time, which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from *her*, hungering after the glorious liberty of forests—were by God given back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers. With those perhaps (for the minutes of dreams can stretch into ages), was given back to her by God the bliss of childhood. By special privilege for *her* might be created, in this farewell dream, a second childhood, innocent as the first but not, like *that*, sad with the gloom of a tearful mission in the rear. This mission had now been fulfilled. The storm was weathered, the skirts even of that mighty storm were drawing off. The blood that she was to reckon for had been exacted: the tears that she was to shed in secret had been paid to the last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived. And in her last fight upon the scaffold she had triumphed gloriously: victoriously she had tasted the stings of death. For all, except this comfort from her farewell dream, she had died—died, amidst the tears of ten thousand enemies—died, amidst the drums and trumpets or armies—died, amidst peals redoubling upon peals, volleys upon volleys, from the saluting clarions or martyrs.

Bishop of Beauvais! because the guilt-burdened man is in dreams haunted and waylaid by the most frightful of his crimes, and because upon that fluctuating murror—rising (like the mocking mirrors of mirage in Arabian deserts)

from the fens of death—most of all are reflected the sweet countenances which the man has laid in ruins. therefore I know, bishop, that you also, entering your final dream saw Domrémy That fountain, of which the witnesses spoke so much, showed itself to your eyes in pure morning dews. but neither dews, nor the holy dawn, could cleanse away the bright spots of innocent blood upon its surface. By the fountain, bishop, you saw a woman seated, that hid her face. But, as you draw near, the woman raises her wasted features. Would Domrémy know them, again for the features of her child? Ah, but you know them, bishop, well! Oh, mercy! What a groan was *that* which the servants, waiting outside the bishop's dream at his bedside, heard from his labouring heart, as at this moment he turned away from the fountain and the woman, seeking rest in the forests afar off. Yet not so to escape the woman, whom once again he must behold before he dies. In the forests to which he prays for pity, will he find a respite? What a tumult, what a gathering of feet is there! In the glades where only wild deer should run, armies and nations are assembling, towering in the fluctuating crowd are phantoms that belong to departed hours. There is the great English Prince, Regent of France There is my Lord of Winchester, the princely cardinal, that died and made no sign There is the bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of thickets. What building is that which hands so rapid are raising? Is it a martyr's scaffold? Will they burn the child of Domrémy a second time? No it is a tribunal that rises to the clouds: and two nations stand around it waiting for a trial. Shall my Lord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment-seat, and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah no! he is the prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting:

the mighty audience is gathered, the Court is hurrying to their seats, the witnesses are arrayed, the trumpets are sounding, the judge is taking his place. Oh! but this is sudden. My lord, have you no counsel? "Counsel I have none: in heaven above, or on earth beneath, counsellor there is none now that would take a brief from *me* all are silent." Is it, indeed, come to this? Alas! the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity: but yet I will search in it for somebody to take your brief. I know of somebody that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Domiémy? Who is she in bloody coronation robes from Rheims? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counsellor that had none for herself, whom I choose, bishop, for yours. She it is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, bishop, that would plead for you. yes, bishop, *she*.—when heaven and earth are silent.

—THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

HASTINGS' SCHOOL LIFE.

AT ten he was removed to Westminster School, then flourishing under the care of Dr. Nichols. Vinnv Bourne, as his pupils affectionately called him, was one of the masters. Churchill, Colman, Lloyd, Cumberland, Cowper, were among the students. With Cowper, Hastings formed a friendship which neither the lapse of time, nor a wide dissimilarity of opinions and pursuits, could wholly dissolve. It does not appear that they ever met after they had grown to manhood. But many years later, when the voices of a crowd of great

orators were crying for vengeance on the oppressor of India, the shy and secluded poet could image to himself Hastings the Governor-General only as the Hastings with whom he had rowed on the Thames and played in the cloister, and refused to believe that so good-tempered a fellow could have done anything very wrong. His own life had been spent in praying, musing, and rhyming among the water-lilies of the Ouse. He had preserved in no common measure the innocence of childhood. His spirit had indeed been severely tried, but not by temptations which impelled him to any gross violation of the rules of social morality. He had never been attacked by combinations of powerful and deadly enemies. He had never been compelled to make a choice between innocence and greatness, between crime and ruin. Firmly as he held in theory the doctrine of human depravity, his habits were such that he was unable to conceive how far from the path of right even kind and noble natures may be hurried by the rage of conflict and the lust of dominion.

Hastings had another associate at Westminster, of whom we shall have occasion to make frequent mention—Elijah Impey. We know little about their school-days. But we think we may safely venture to guess that, whenever Hastings wished to play any trick more than usually naughty he hired Impey with a tart or a ball to act as fag in the worst part of the prank.

Warren was distinguished among his comrades as an excellent swimmer, boatman, and scholar. At fourteen he was first in the examination for the foundation. His name in gilded letters on the walls of the dormitory still attests his victory over many older competitors. He stayed two years longer at the school, and was looking forward to a studentship at Christ Church, when an event happened

which changed the whole course of his life. Howard Hastings died, bequeathing his nephew to the care of a friend and distant relation, named Chiswick. This gentleman, though he did not absolutely refuse the charge, was desirous to rid himself of it as soon as possible. Dr Nichols made strong remonstrances against the cruelty of interrupting the studies of a youth who seemed likely to be one of the first scholars of the age. He even offered to bear the expense of sending his favourite pupil to Oxford. But Mr. Chiswick was inflexible. He thought the years which had already been wasted on hexameters and pentameters quite sufficient. He had it in the power to obtain for the lad a writership in the service of the East India Company. Whether the young adventurer when once shipped off, made a fortune, or died of a liver complaint, he equally ceased to be a burden to anybody. Warren was accordingly removed from Westminster School, and placed for a few months at a commercial academy, to study arithmetic and book-keeping. In January, 1750, a few days after he had completed his seventeenth year, he sailed for Bengal, and arrived at his destination in the October following.

—MACAULAY.

THE EVENING OF HASTINGS' LIFE.

THE last twenty-four years of his life were chiefly passed at Daylesford. He amused himself with embellishing his grounds, riding fine Arab horses, fattening prize-cattle, and trying to rear Indian animals and vegetables in England. He sent for seeds of a very fine custardapple, from the garden of what had once been his own villa, among the green hedge-

rows of Allipore. He tried also to naturalize in Worcestershire the delicious leeches, almost only the fruit of Bengal which deserves to be regretted even amidst the plenty of Covent Garden. The Mogul emperors, in the time of their greatness, had in vain attempted to introduce into Hindostan the goat of the table-land of Thibet, whose down supplies the looms of Cashmere with the materials of the finest shawls. Hastings tried, with no better fortune, to rear a breed at Daylesford, nor does he seem to have succeeded better with the cattle of Bootan, whose tails are in high esteem as the best fans for brushing away the mosquitoes.

Literature divided his attention with his conservatories and his managerie. He had always loved books, and they were now necessary to him. Though not a poet, in any high sense of the word, he wrote neat and polished lines with great facility, and was fond of exercising this talent. Indeed, if we must speak out, he seems to have been more of a Trissotin than was to be expected from the powers of his mind, and from the great part which he had played in life. We are assured in these Memoirs that the first thing which he did in the morning was to compose a copy of verses. When the family and guests assembled, the poem made its appearance as regularly as the eggs and rolls; and Mr. Gleig requires us to believe that, if from any accident Hastings came to the breakfast-table without one of his charming performances in his hand, the omission was felt by all as a grievous disappointment. Tastes differ widely. For ourselves, we must say that, however good the breakfasts at Daylesford may have been—and we are assured that the tea was of the most aromatic flavour, and that neither tongue nor version-pasty was wanting—we should have thought the reckoning high if we had been forced to earn our repast

by listening every day to a new madrigal or sonnet composed by our host. We are glad, however, that Mr Gleig has preserved this little feature of character, though we think it by no means a beauty. It is good to be often reminded of the inconsistency of human nature, and to learn to look without wonder or disgust on the weakness which are found in the strongest minds. Dionysius in old times, Frederic in the last century, with capacity and vigour equal to the conduct of the greatest affairs, united all the little vanities and affectations of provincial blue-stockings. These great examples may console the admirers of Hastings for the affliction of seeing him reduced to the level of the Hayleys and Sewards.

When Hastings had passed many years in retirement, and had long outlived the common age of men, he again became for a short time an object of general attention. In 1812 the charter of the East India Company was renewed, and much discussion about Indian affairs took place in Parliament. It was determined to examine witnesses at the bar of the Commons, and Hastings was ordered to attend. He had appeared at that bar once before. It was when he read his answer to the charges which Burke had laid on the table. Since that time twenty-seven years had elapsed; public feeling had undergone a complete change, the nation had now forgotten his faults, and remembered only his services, the reappearance, too, of a man who had been among the most distinguished of a generation that had passed away, who now belonged to history, and who seemed to have risen from the dead, could not but produce a solemn and pathetic effect. The Commons received him with acclamations, ordered a chair to be set for him, and, when he retired, rose and uncovered. There were, indeed, a few who did not

sympathize with the general feeling. One or two of the managers of the impeachment were present. They sat in the same seats which they had occupied when they had been thanked, for the services which they had rendered in Westminster Hall; for, by the courtesy of the House, a member who has been thanked in his place is considered as having a right always to occupy that place. These gentlemen were not disposed to admit that they had employed several of the best years of their lives in persecuting an innocent man. They accordingly kept their seats, and pulled their hats over their brows, but the exceptions only made the prevailing enthusiasm more remarkable. The Lords received the old man with similar tokens of respect. The University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws, and, in the Sheldonian theatre, the undergraduates welcomed him with tumultuous cheering.

—MACAULAY.

V. Anecdotes, Allegories, &c.

GRACE DARLING.

OPPOSITE the northern part of the coast of the country of Northumberland, in England, at a short distance from the shore, is a group of small islands, twenty-five in number at a low tide, called the Farne Islands. Their aspect is wild and desolate in no common degree. Composed of rock, with a slight covering of herbage, and in many places ending in sheer precipices, they are the residence of little else than wild fowl. Between the smaller islets the sea makes with

great force, and many a goodly ship in times past has laid her bones upon the pitiless rocks which every ebbtide exposes to view. Upon Longstone, one of these islands, there stands a light house, which, at the time of the incident about to be related, was kept by William Darling, a worthy and intelligent man, of quiet manners, with resources of mind and character sufficient to turn to profitable use the many lonely hours which his position necessarily entailed upon him.

He had a numerous family of children ; among them a daughter, Grace, who had reached the age of twenty-two years when the incident occurred which has made her name so famous. She had passed most of her life upon the little island of Longstone, and is described as having been of a retiring and somewhat reserved disposition. In personal appearance, she was about the middle size, of a fair complexion and pleasing countenance ; with nothing masculine in her aspect, but gentle and feminine, and, as might be supposed, with a winning expression of benevolence in her face. Her smile was particularly sweet. She had a good understanding, and had been respectably educated.

On Wednesday evening, September 5, 1838, the Forfarshire steamer of about three hundred tons' burden, under the command of Captain John Humble, sailed from Hull on a voyage to Dundee, in Scotland. She had a valuable cargo of bale goods and sheet iron : and her company, including twenty-two cabin and nineteen steerage passengers, comprised sixtythree persons. On the evening of the next day, when in the neighbourhood of the Farne Islands, she encountered a severe storm of wind, attended with heavy rain and a dense fog. She leaked to such a degree that the fires could not be kept burning, and her engines soon ceased to

work. She became wholly unmanageable, and drifting violently, at the mercy of the winds and waves, struck on one of the reefs of Longstone Island, about four o'clock on Friday morning.

As too often happens in such fearful emergencies, the master lost his self-possession, order and discipline ceased and nothing but self-preservation was thought of. A portion of the crew, including the first mate, lowered one of the boats and left the ship. With them was a single cabin passenger, who threw himself into the boat by means of a rope. These men were picked up, after some hours, and carried into the port of Shields. The scene on board was of a most fearful description—men paralyzed by despair—women wringing their hands and shrieking with anguish—and among them the helpless and bewildered master, whose wife, clinging to him, frantically besought the protection he could no longer give. The vessel struck aft the paddle boxes, and not above three minutes after the passengers (most of whom had been below, and many of them in their berths) had rushed upon the deck, a second shock broke her into two pieces. The afterpart with most of the passengers and the captain and his wife, was swept away through a tremendous current, and all upon it were lost. The forepart, on which were five of the crew and four passengers, struck fast to the rock. These few survivors remained in their dreadful situation till daybreak, with a fearful sea running around them, and expecting every moment to be swept into the deep. With what anxious eyes did they wait for the morning light! and yet what could mortal help avail them even then? Craggy and dangerous rocky islets lay between them and the nearest land, and around these rocks a sea was raging in which no boat was likely to live. But through the providence

of God, a deliverance was in store for them—a deliverance wrought by the strong heart of a heroic girl.

As soon as day broke on the morning of the 7th. they were descried from the Longstone light, by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance. None of the family were at home, except Mr. and Mrs. Darling and Grace. Although the wind had somewhat abated the sea—never calm among these jagged rocks—was still fiercely raging, and to have braved its perils would have done the highest honour to the strong muscles and well-tried nerves of the stoutest of the male sex. But what shall be said of the errand of mercy having been undertaken and accomplished mainly through a female heart and arm? Mr. Darling, it is said, was reluctant to expose himself to what seemed certain destruction; but the earnest entreaties of his daughter determined him to make the attempt. At her solicitation the boat was launched, with the mother's assistance; and father and daughter entered it each taking an oar. It is worthy of being noticed that Grace never had occasion to assist in the boat previous to the wreck of the *Fortraishire*, others of the family being always at hand.

It was only by the exertion of great muscular strength, as well as by utmost coolness and resolution, that the father and daughter rowed the boat up to the rock. And when there, a greater danger arose from the difficulty of so managing it as to prevent its being dashed to pieces upon the sharp ridge which had proved fatal to the steamer. With much difficulty and danger the father scrambled upon the rock and the boat was left for a while to the unaided strength and skill of the daughter. However, the nine sufferers were safely rescued. The delight with which the boat was first seen was converted into amazement when they perceived

that it was guided and impelled by an old man and a young woman. Owing to the violence of the storm, the rescued persons were obliged to remain at the lighthouse of the Darlings from Friday morning till Sunday, during which time Grace was most assiduous in her kind attentions to the sufferers, giving up her bed to one of them, a poor woman, who had seen her two children perish in her arms, while on the wreck.

This heroic deed of Grace Darling's shot a thrill of sympathy and admiration through all Great Britain, and indeed through all Christendom. The Humane Society sent her a flattering vote of thanks and a piece of plate, and a considerable sum of money was raised for her from the voluntary contributions of an admiring public. The lonely lighthouse became the centre of attraction to thousands of curious and sympathizing travellers; and Grace was pursued, questioned and stared at to an extent that became a serious annoyance to her gentle and retiring spirit. But in all this hot blaze of admiration, and in her improved fortunes, she preserved unimpaired the simplicity and modesty of her nature. Her head was not in the least turned by the world-wide fame she had earned, or by the flattering caresses of the wealthy, the fashionable, and the distinguished, which were lavished upon her. The meekness with which she bore her honours equalled the courage which had won them. She resumed her former way of life, and her accustomed duties, as quietly as if nothing had happened. Several advantageous offers of marriage were made to her, but she declined them all; usually alleging her determination not to leave her parents while they lived.

But she was not long destined to enjoy the applause she had earned, or the more substantial tokens of regard which had been bestowed upon her. She began to show

symptoms of consumption towards the latter parts of 1841 ; and although all the means of restoration which the most affectionate care and the best medical advice could suggest were restored to, she gradually declined, and breathed her last, in calm submission to the will of God, October 20, 1842. Her funeral was very numerously attended, and a monument has been erected to her memory in Bamborough churchyard, where she was buried.

Such was Grace Darling—one of the heroines of humanity—whose name is destined to live as long as the sympathies and affections of humanity endure. Such calm heroism as hers—so generously exerted for the good of others—is one of the noblest attributes of the soul of men. It had no alloy of blind animal passion, like the bravery of a soldier on the field of battle, but it was spiritual, celestial and we may reverently add godlike. Never does man appear more distinctly in the image of his Maker than when, like the noble-hearted Grace Darling, he deliberately exposes his own life to save the lives of others.

ACCOUNT OF THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

VIRTUE, says Virgil, is better accepted when it comes in a pleasing form. The person of Crichton was eminently beautiful, but his beauty was consistent with such activity and strength, that in fencing he would spring at one bound upon his antagonist, and he used the sword in either hand with such force and dexterity, that scarce any one had courage to engage him.

Having studied at St. Andrews, in Scotland, he went to Paris in his twenty-first year, and affixed on the gate

of the college of Navarre a kind of challenge to the learned of that university, to dispute with them on a certain day ; offering to his opponents the choice of ten languages and of the faculties and sciences. On the day appointed, three thousand auditors assembled, when four doctors of the church and fifty ministers appeared against him, and one of his antagonists confess that the doctors were defeated, that he gave proofs of knowledge beyond the reach of man, and that a hundred years passed without food or sleep would not be sufficient for the attainment of his learning. After a disputation of nine hours, he was presented by the president and professors with a diamond and a purse of gold, and dismissed with repeated acclamations.

From Paris he went to Rome, where he made the same challenge, and had, in the presence of the pope and cardinal, the same success. He then visited Padua, where he engaged in another public disputation, beginning his performance with an extempore poem in praise of the city and the assembly present, and concluding with an oration equally unpremeditated in commendation of ignorance.

These acquisitions of learning, however stupendous were not gained by the omission of any accomplishment in which it becomes a gentleman to excel. He practised, in great perfection, the arts of drawing and painting. he was an eminent performer in both vocal and instrumental music ; he danced with uncommon gracefulness. and on the day after his disputation at Paris, exhibited his skill in horsemanship before the court of France, where, at a public match of tilting, he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together. He excelled likewise in domestic games of less dignity and reputation ; and in the interval between his challenge and disputation at Paris, he spent

so much of his time at cards, dice and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing those who would see this monster of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So extensive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy composed by himself, and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is said to have personated fifteen different characters. His memory was so retentive, that, hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the speaker through all the variety of tone and gesticulation.

Not was his skill in arms less than in learning, or his courage inferior to his skill. There was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who had defeated the most celebrated masters in many parts of Europe and in Mantua had killed three who had appeared against him. Crichton, looking on his sanguinary success with indignation, offered to stake fifteen hundred pistols, and mount the stage against him. The duke of Mantua with some reluctance consented, and on the day fixed the combatants appeared. The prize-fighter advanced with great violence and fierceness, while Crichton contented himself calmly to ward his passes and suffered him to waste his vigour by his own fury. Crichton then pressed upon him with such force and agility, that he thrust him thrice through the body, and saw him expire. He then divided the prize he had won among the widows whose husbands had been killed.

The Duke of Mantua having received such proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his son Vincentio di Gonzaga, a prince of loose manners and a turbulent disposition. But his honour was of short duration, for, as he was one night in the time of carnival, rambling about

the streets with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by six men masked, and opposed them with such vigour and address, that he dispersed them and disarmed their leader, who, throwing off his mask, discovered himself to be the prince his pupil. Crichton, falling on his knees, presented his own sword to the prince, who seized it, and instigated, as some say, by jealousy, according to others, only by drunken fury, thrust him through the heart.

The court of Mantua testified their esteem for the memory of Crichton by a public mourning, and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures, representing him on horse-back with a lance in one hand, and a book in the other.

—HAWKESWORTH.

CLASSICAL MYTHOLOGY.

JUNO was the wife of Jupiter, and was of course the queen of heaven. She is represented as drawn by peacocks in a chariot of gold. Her favourite messenger was Iris, the goddess of the rainbow.—Minerva, a daughter of Jupiter, was the goddess of wisdom and of war. She represented in complete armour bearing a shield (called ægis) with a head on it, so terrible, that every one who looked on it was turned into stone. She was likewise the patroness of spinning needlework, and embroidery. She was called also Pallas and her principal emblem was the owl.—Diana was the twin-sister of Apollo; and as he drove the chariot of the sun, so she presided in that of the moon. She was the goddess of hunting; and is drawn as carrying a bow and arrows, with a half-moon as an ornament on her forehead, and attended by several nymphs as her companions, and by her hounds:

she was likewise the goddess of chastity. She is called also Phoebe . and Cynthia, from having been born on mount Cynthus ; and she had a very famous temple at Ephesus, which is mentioned in the New Testament, in the 19th chapter of the Acts.—Venus was the goddess of beauty and of love ; and the wife of Vulcan, and mother of Cupid : her chariot was drawn by doves, and the myrtle was sacred to her. She was said to have sprung from the sea, near the island of Cythera . and her most celebrated temple was at the city of Paphos, in the island of Cyprus hence she is called also Cytherea . and the Paphian, or the Cyprian, goddess She was famous for her cestus, or girdle . which had the power of giving to any female who wore it irresistible charms in the eyes of whomsoever she wished to please : but young women may still find true girdle of Venus to be good-humour —Vesta was the goddess of the earth and of fire In her temple at Rome, a perpetual fire was maintained, which was kindled from the rays of the sun, and was constantly watched by priestesses chosen from the most noble families . who took a vow of chastity, and were buried alive if they broke it They were called Vestal virgins, and had very great honours and privileges —Ceres was the goddess of corn and of harvest —Cybele was one of the most ancient of the goddesses, being the wife of Saturn . and in some respects represents the Earth. She is displayed as crowned with towers, holding a key in her hand, and drawn in her chariot by lions —Proserpine was the wife of Pluto, and of course the queen of the infernal regions She was the daughter of Ceres Anphitrite was the wife of Neptune. Her sister was Thetis, another sea-goddess : and hence, when the sun sets, he is said to sink into Thetis's lap —The foregoing are the principal goddesses.

Flora was the goddess of flowers, and Pomona was the goddess of fruits. Bellona was an inferior goddess of war. Aurora was the goddess of the morning, or rather of day-break. Themis, the sister of Saturn, was the goddess of righteousness and justice. her daughter Astrea also represents justice, she is sometimes called the Virgin, and in this character has a place among the stars, being denoted by the constellation Virgo (or the virgin). Hygeia was the goddess of health. Hebe was the goddess of youth and was cup-bearer to Jupiter. Ate was the goddess of mischief—The Muses were nine virgin goddesses who presided over every kind of learning, and in that character attended on Apollo. They were sisters. the principal of them were Clio, who was the muse of history, Thalia, of comedy; Melpomene of tragedy; Terpsichore, of dancing, and Urania, of mathematics and astronomy. They are sometimes called merely the Nine, in reference to their number. Parnassus and Helicon were two mountains sacred to Appollo and the Muses, at the feet of which flowed two streams, whose waters were supposed to communicate the inspiration of prophecy or of poetry. Pegasus was a winged horse of the Muses—The Graces were three sisters, likewise Virgins. They were supposed to give its attractive charms to beauty of every kind, and so dispense the gift of pleasing—The Furies were three sisters of a very different character, they were the most deformed and horrible of all the deities. Instead of hair, they had snakes hanging from their heads. They carried chains, and whip with lashes of iron or of scorpions in one hand, and lighted torches in the other. They were the bearers of the vengeance of heaven.—The Destinies or Fates were also three sisters, of whom one was represented as holding a distaff, another drawing from it a thread, signifying

the life of man, and the third with a pair of shears, ready to cut the thread whenever she should choose.—The Divads and Hamadryads were rural goddesses, each having a single tree in her charge. The Nads were goddesses presiding over springs, wells, and fountains each, in the same manner, having one under her care. The Nereids were inferior goddesses of the sea.

—BALDWIN.

BOTH SIDES OF A QUESTION.

IN the days of knight-errantry and paganism, one of our old British princes set up a statue to the goddess of Victory, in a point where four roads met together. In her right hand she held a spear and her left hand rested upon a shield, the outside of this shield was of gold and the inside of silver. On the former was inscribed, in the old British language, "To the goddess ever favourable;" and on the other "For four victories obtained successively over the Picts and other inhabitants of the northern islands."

It happened one day that two knights completely armed, one in black armour, the other in white, arrived from opposite parts of the country at this statue, just about the same time, and as neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to read the inscription, and observed the excellence of its workmanship.

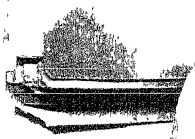
After contemplating it for some time, this golden shield says the black knight—Golden shield! cried the white knight (who was as strictly observing the opposite side), why, if I have my eyes, it is silver.—I know nothing of your eyes, replied the black knight, but if ever I saw a golden shield

in my life, this is one.—Yes, returned the white knight, smiling, it is very probable, indeed, that they should expose a shield of gold in so public a place as this ! for my part, I wonder even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for the devotion of some people who pass this way, and it appears, by the date, that this had been here above three years.

The black knight could not bear the smile with which this was delivered, and grew so warm in the dispute, that it soon ended in a challenge : they both therefore turned their horses, and rode back so far as to have sufficient space for their career, then fixing their spears in their rests, they flew at each other with the greatest fury and impetuosity. Their shock was so rude, and the blow on each side so effectual, that they both fell to the ground, much wounded and bruised ; and lay there for sometime, as in a trance.

A good Druid, who was travelling that way, found them in this condition. The Druids were the physicians of those times, as well as the priests. He had a sovereign balsam about him, which he had composed himself, for he was very skilful in all the plants that grew in the fields or in the forests : he staunched their blood, applied his balsam to their wounds, and brought them, as it were, from death to life again. As soon as they were sufficiently recovered, he began to inquire into the occasion of their quarrel. Why, this man, cried the black knight will have it that yonder shield is silver.—And he will have it, replied the white knight, that it is gold. And then they told him all the particulars of the affair.

Ah, said the Druid, with a sigh, you are both of you, my brethren, in the right, and both of you in the wrong : had either of you given himself time to look at the opposite side of the shield, as well as that which first presented



itself to view, all this passion and bloodshed might have been avoided; however, there is a very good lesson to be learned from the evils that have befallen you on this occasion. Permit me, therefore, to entreat you by all our gods, and by this goddess of Victory in particular, never to enter into any dispute for the future, till you have fairly considered both sides of the question.

— BEAUMONT.

ALNASCHAR.

ALNASCHAR was a very idle fellow that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of a hundred drachmas in Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthenware. These he piled up in a large open basket, and, having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet; and leaned his back upon the wall in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours, as he talked to himself in the following manner: "This basket," says he, "cost me at the wholesale merchant's a hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it by selling it in retail. These two hundred drachmas will in a very little while rise to four hundred, which of course will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by this means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of a glassman, and turn jeweller. I shall

then deal in diamonds, pearl, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I well can desire I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves, eunuchs, and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and make a noise in the world. I will not however stop there, but still continue my traffic, until I have got together a hundred thousand drachmas. When I have thus made myself master of a hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the foot of a prince, and will demand the grand vizier's daughter in marriage, after having represented to that minister the information which I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities which his daughter possesses. I will let him know, at the same time, that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage-night. As soon as I have married the grand vizier's daughter, I will buy her ten black eunuchs, the youngest and the best that can be got for money. I must afterward make my father-in-law a visit, with a great train and equipage. And when I am placed at his right hand, which he will do of course, if it be only to honour his daughter I will give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him, and afterward to his great surprise, will present him another purse of the same value, with some short speech as 'Sir, you see I am a man of my word: I always give more than I promise.'

"When I have brought the princess to my house, I shall take particular care to breed in her a due respect for me before I give the reins to love and dalliance. To this end, I shall confine her to her own apartment, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her women will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by reason of my

unkindness, and beg me with tears to caress her and let her sit down by me; but I shall still remain inexorable, and will turn my back upon her all the first night. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated upon my sofa. The daughter with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet and beg of me to receive her into my favour. Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my legs and spin her from me with my foot, in such a manner that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa."

• Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical vision and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts, so that unluckily striking his basket of brittleware which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into a thousand pieces.

—ADDISON.

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

WHEN Hercules was in that part of his youth in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations.

As he was musing on his present condition and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life which he should choose, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary approaching toward him.

One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and easy, her person clear

and unspotted, her eyes cast toward the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion, and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow.

The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red, and she endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affection in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress, that she thought were the most proper to show her complexion to advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular composed carriage, and, running up to him, accosted him after the following manner :

“ My dear Hercules, I find you are very much divided in your thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to choose. be my friend, and follow me ; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy and to entertain every sense with its proper gratifications. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crowds of beauties, are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to business.”

Hercules hearing the lady talk after this manner desired to know her name : to which she answered, “ My friends,

and those who are well acquainted with me. call me Happiness. but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure."

By this time the other lady was come up, and addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner:—"Hercules," said she, "I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the gods, and give proofs of that descent, by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope that you will gain, both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you and must lay this down as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labour. The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him, if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them, if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it in short, if you would be eminent in war or peace you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can promise happiness."

The Goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her discourse: "You see," said she, "Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasures is long and difficult: whereas that which I propose is short and easy."

"Alas!" said the other lady, whose visage glowed with a mixture of scorn and pity, "What are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirst, sleep before you are tired, to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites

as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of yourself ; or saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of your own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasure : while they are hording up anguish, torment and remorse, for old age "

" As for me, I am the friend of Gods, and of good men ; an agreeable companion of the artisan , a householder-guardian to the fathers of families , a patron and protector of servants : an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly but always delicious : for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirst Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings cheertful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years : and those who are in years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and, after the close of their labours, honoured by posterity."

We know by the life of this memorable hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart . and, I believe, every one who reads this will do him the justice to approve of his choice.

—*From 'TATLER.'*

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

WHEN the plains of India were burnt up by a long drought, Hamet and Raschid, two neighbouring shepherds, faint with thirst, stood at the common boundary of the grounds, with their flocks and herds panting round them,

and in extremity of distress prayed for water. On a sudden the air was becalmed, the birds ceased to chirp, and the flocks to bleat. They turned their eyes every way, and saw a being of mighty stature advancing through the valley, whom they knew, on his nearer approach, to be the genius of distribution. In one hand he held the sheaves of plenty, and in the other the sabre of destruction.

The shepherds stood trembling, and would have retired before him but he called to them with a voice gentle as the breeze that plays in the evening among the spices of Saba, "Flee not from your benefactor, children of the dust! I am come to offer you gifts which only your folly can make vain. You here pray for water, and water I will bestow: let me know with how much you will be satisfied: speak not rashly; consider, that of whatever can be enjoyed by the body, excess is no less dangerous than scarcity. When you remember the pain of thirst, do not forget the danger of suffocation. Now, Hamet, tell me your request."

"O being, kind and beneficent," says Hamet, "Let thine eye pardon my confusion. I entreat a little brook, which in summer shall never be dry, and in winter shall never overflow."

"It is granted," replied the genius: and immediately he opened the ground with his sabre, when a fountain bubbling up under their feet, scattered its rills over the meadows; the flowers renewed their fragrance, the trees spread a greener foliage, and the flocks and herds quenched their thirst.

Then turning to Raschid, the genius invited him likewise to offer his petition. "I request," says Raschid, "that thou wilt turn the Ganges through my grounds, with all his waters, and all their inhabitants."

Hamet was struck with the greatness of his neighbour's

sentiments, and secretly repined in his heart, that he had not made the same petition before him when the genius spoke. "Rash man, be not insatiable? Remember, to thee that is nothing, which thou canst not use: and how are thy wants greater than the wants of Hamet?"

Raschid repeated his desire, and pleased himself with the mean appearance that Hamet would make in the presence of the proprietor of the Ganges. The genius then retired towards the river, and the two shepherds stood waiting the event.

As Raschid was looking with contempt upon his neighbour, on a sudden was heard the roar of torrents, and they found by the mighty stream, that the mounds of the Ganges were broken. The flood rolled forward into the lands of Raschid, his plantations were torn up, his flocks overwhelmed, he was swept away before it and a crocodile devoured him.

—JOHNSON.

SOLON AND CRÆSUS.

THE name of Cræsus, the fifth and last king of Lydia, who reigned 557 years before Christ, has passed into a proverb to describe the possession of immense riches. When Solon, the legislator of Athens, and one of the most celebrated of the ancient sages of Greece, came to Sardis, where Cræsus held his court, he was received in a manner suitable to the reputation of so great a man. The king, attended by his courtiers, appeared in all his regal pomp and splendour, dressed in the most magnificent apparel. Solon, however did not discover surprise or admiration. This coldness and

indifference astonished and displeased the king: who next ordered that all his treasures, his magnificent apartments, and costly furniture, his diamonds, statues, and paintings, should be shown to the philosopher.

When Solon had seen all, he was brought back to the king who asked whether he had ever beheld a happier man than he. "Yes," replied Solon. "one Tellus, a plain but worthy citizen of Athens, who lived all his days above indigence, saw his country in a flourishing condition, had children who were universally esteemed, and, having had the satisfaction of seeing those children's children die gloriously fighting for his country."

Such an answer, in which gold and silver were accounted as nothing, seemed to Croesus to indicate strange ignorance and stupidity. However, as he flattered himself with being ranked in the second degree of happiness, he asked him whether, after Tellus, he knew another happier man? Solon answered, Cleobis and Biton, of Argos, two brothers, perfect patrons of fraternal affection, and of the respect due from children to their parents. Upon a solemn festival their mother, a priestess of Juno, was obliged to go to the temple, and the oxen not being ready for her chariot, they put themselves in the harness, and drew it thither amidst the blessings of the people. Every mother present congratulated the priestess on the piety of her sons. She, in the transport of her joy and thankfulness, earnestly entreated the goddess to reward her children with the best thing that Heaven could give to man. Her prayers were heard; when the sacrifice was over, they fell asleep in the temple, and there died in a soft and peaceful slumber.

"What, then," exclaimed Croesus, "you do not reckon me in the number of the happy!" "King of Lydia," replied

Solon, "true philosophy, considering what an infinite number of vicissitudes and accidents the life of man is hable to, does not allow us to glory in any prosperity we enjoy ourselves, nor to admire happiness in others which, perhaps, may prove only transient or superficial. No man can be esteemed happy, but he whom Heaven blesses with success to the last. As for those who are perpetually exposed to dangers, we account their happiness as uncertain as the crown to a champion before the combat is determined."

It was not long before Cræsus experienced the truth of what Solon had told him. Being defeated by Cyrus, king of Persia, and his capital taken, he was himself taken prisoner; and, by order of the conqueror, laid bound upon a pile to be burnt alive. The unfortunate prince now recollected the admonition of the Athenian sage, and cried aloud, "O Solon, Solon, Solon!"

Cyrus, who, with the chief officers of his court, was present, was curious to know why Cræsus pronounced that name with so much vehemence. Being told the reason, and reflecting upon the uncertainty of all sublunary things, he was touched with commiseration, ordered the monarch to be taken from the pile, and treated him afterwards with honour and respect.

Thus had Solon the glory of saving the life of one king, and giving a wholesome lesson of instruction to another.

—ROBINSON.

THE LEGEND OF BYJNATH.

IN the old time, they say, a band of Brahmans settled on the banks of the beautiful highland lake beside which the Holy City stands. Around them there was nothing but the forest and mountains, in which dwelt the black races. The Brahmans placed the symbol of their god Siva near the lake, and did sacrifice to it, but the black tribes would not sacrifice to it, but came, as before, to the three great stones which their fathers had worshipped and which are to be seen at the western entrance of the Holy City to this day. The Brahmans, moreover, ploughed the land, and brought water from the lake to nourish the soil, but the hill-men hunted and fished as of old, or tended their herds, while their women tilled little patches of Indian corn. But in process of time the Brahmans finding the land good, became slothful, giving themselves up to lust, and seldom calling on their god Siva. This the black tribes, who came to worship the great stones, saw and wondered at more and more, till at last one of them, by name Byju, a man of a mighty arm, and rich in all sorts of cattle, became wroth at the lies and wantonness of the Brahmans, and vowed he would beat the symbol of their God Siva with his club every day before touching food. This he did, but one morning his cows strayed into the forest, and after seeking them all day, he came home hungry and weary, and having hastily bathed in the lake, sat down to his supper. Just as he stretched out his hand to take the food, he called to mind his vow; and, worn out as he was, he got up, limped painfully to the Brahman's idol on the margin of the lake, and beat it with his club. Then suddenly a splendid form, sparkling with jewels, rose from the waters, and said: 'Behold

the man who forgets his hunger and his weariness to beat me, while my priests keep their drunken revels at home, and neither give me to eat nor to drink. Let him ask of me what he will, and it shall be given.' Byju answered, 'I am strong of arm and rich in cattle. I am a leader of my people; what want I more? Thou art called *Nath* (Lord), let me too be called Lord, and let thy temple go by my name.' 'Amen,' replied the deity: 'henceforth thou art not Byju, but Bynath, and my temple shall be called by thy name.'

—HUNTER.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

THOMAS a Becket may have inherited some portion of his romantic disposition from his mother, whose story is a singular one. His father, Gilbert Becket, who was afterwards a flourishing city merchant, was in his youth a soldier in the Crusades, and, having been taken prisoner, became a slave to an Emir or Saracen prince. By degrees he obtained the confidence of his master, and was admitted to his company, where he met a lady who became strongly attached to him. This was the Emir's daughter.

Whether by her means or not, does not appear, but after sometime, he effected his escape. The lady with her loving heart followed him. She knew but two words of the English language—*London* and *Gilbert*. By repeating the first she obtained a passage in a vessel, arrived in England, and found her way to the metropolis. She then took to her other

talisman, and went from street to street, shouting "Gilbert." A crowd collected about her wherever she went asking of course a thousand questions. For all she had but one answer "Gilbert, Gilbert."

Chance brought her at last to the spot in which he, who had won her heart in slavery, was living in a prosperous condition. The crowd drew the family to the window, his servant recognised her, and Gilbert Becket took to his arms and his home his far travelled bride.

—*The Library of Anecdotes.*

VI. Readings from novels and drama literature.

DIARY OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

September 30, 1659.—I, poor miserable Robinson Crusoe, being shipwrecked during a dreadful storm in the offing, came on shore on this dismal unfortunate island, which I called the Island of Despair, all the rest of the ship's company being drowned, and myself almost dead.

All the rest of the day I spent in afflicting myself at the dismal circumstances I was brought to, viz, I had neither house, food, clothes, weapon, or place to fly to, and nothing but death before me, either that I should be devoured by savages, or starved to death for want of food. At the approach of night, I slept in a tree, for fear of wild creatures.

October 1.—In the morning I saw, to my surprise, the

ship had floated with the high tide, and was driven on shore again much nearer the island, which, as it was some comfort on one hand, so, on the other hand, it renewed my grief at the loss of my comrades, who, I imagined, if we had all stayed on board, might have saved the ship, or at least they would not all have been drowned, as they were, and that, had the men been saved, we might, perhaps, have built us a boat out of the ruins of the ship, to have carried us to some other part of the world. Seeing the ship almost dry, I went upon the sand as near as I could, and then swam on board. This day continued rainy, though with no wind at all.

From the 1st of October to the 24th.—All these days entirely spend in making several voyages to get all I could out of the ship, which I brought on shore. Much rain also in these days, though with some intervals of fair weather, but it seems, this was the rainy season.

October 24.—I overset my raft, and all the goods I had got upon it, but being in shoal water, and the things being chiefly heavy, I recovered many of them when the tide was out.

October 25.—It rained all night, and all day with some wind, during which time the ship broke in pieces, and was no more to be seen, except the wreck of her, and that only at low water. I spent this day in covering and securing the goods which I had saved that the rain might not spoil them.

October 26.—I walked about the shore almost all day to find out a place to fix my habitation, greatly concerned to secure myself from any attack in the night, either from beasts or men. Towards night I fixed on a proper place under a rock, and marked out a semicircle for my encampment, which I resolved to strengthen with a fortification,

made of double piles, lined within with cable, and without with turf.

From the 26th to the 30th.—I worked very hard in carrying all my goods to my new habitation, though some part of the time it rained exceedingly hard.

The 31st.—In the morning, I went out into the island with my gun to seek for some food, when I killed a she-goat, and her kid followed me home, which I afterwards killed, because it would not eat.

November 1—I set up my tent under a rock, and lay there for the first night, making it as large as I could with stakes driven in to swing my hammock upon.

November 2.—I set up all my chests and boards, and the pieces of timber which made my rafts, and with them formed a fence around me a little within the place I had marked out for my fortification.

November 3.—I went out with my gun, and killed two fowls like ducks, which were very good food. In the afternoon, went to work to make me a table.

November 4.—This morning I began to order my times of work, of going out with my gun, time of sleep and time of diversion, viz., every morning I walked out with my gun, for two or three hours, if it did not rain: then employed myself at work till about eleven o'clock: then eat what I had to live on, and from twelve to two, I lay down to sleep, the weather being excessively hot, and then in the evening to work again. The working part of this day and the next were wholly employed in making my table, which I did not finish.

November 5.—This day I went abroad with my gun and dog, and killed a wild cat, her skin pretty soft, but her flesh good for nothing. Every creature I killed, I took off the skins and preserved them.

—DE FOE.

THE VICAR'S FAMILY.

OUR family had now made several attempts to be fine ; but some unforeseen disaster demolished each as soon as projected. I endeavoured to take the advantage of every disappointment, to improve their good sense in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition. " You see, my children," cried I, " how little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the world, in coping with our betters. Such as are poor, and will associate with none but the rich, are hated by those they avoid, and despised by those they follow. Unequal combinations are always disadvantageous to the weaker side the rich having the pleasure, and the poor the inconveniences that result from them. But come, Dick, my boy, and repeat the fable that you were reading to-day, for the good of the company "

" Once upon a time," cried the child, " a Giant and a Dwarf were friends, and kept together. They made a bargain that they would never forsake each other, but go to seek adventures. The first battle they fought was with two Saracens and the Dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen very little injury, who, lifting up his sword, fairly struck off the poor Dwarf's arm. He was now in a woeeful plight ; but the Giant coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the Dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of spite. They then travelled on to another adventure. This was against three bloody-minded Satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The Dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before ; but for all that, struck the first blow, which was returned by another, that knocked out his eye ; but the Giant was soon up with

them, and had they not fled, would certainly have killed them every one. They were all very joyful for this victory : and the damsel who was relieved, fell in love with the Giant, and married him. They now travelled far, and farther than I can tell, till they met with a company of robbers. The Giant for the first time, was foremost now, but the Dwarf was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the Giant came, all fell before him, but the Dwarf had like to have been killed more and once. At last the victory declared for the two adventures, but the Dwarf lost his leg. The Dwarf was now without an arm, a leg, and an eye, while the Giant was without a single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little companion, 'My little hero, this is glorious sport, let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honour for ever.' 'No,' cries the Dwarf, who was by this time grown wiser.—'no, I declare off; I'll fight no more, for I find in every battle that you get all the honour and rewards, but all the blows fall upon me.'

I was going to moralize this fable, when our attention was called off to a warm dispute between my wife and Mr. Burchell, upon my daughters' intended expedition to town. My wife very strenuously insisted upon the advantages that would result from it. Mr. Burchell, on the contrary, dissuaded her with great ardour, and I stood neuter. His present dissuasions seemed but the second part of those which were received with so ill a grace in the morning. The dispute grew high, while poor Deborah, instead of reasoning stronger, talked louder, and at last was obliged to take shelter from a defeat in clamour.

—GOLDSMITH.

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THE CHILDHOOD OF PAUL AND
VIRGINIA.

PAUL and Virginia had neither clock nor almanack, or books of chronology, history, or philosophy. The periods of their lives were regulated by those of nature. They knew the hours of the day by the shadows of the trees, the seasons by the times when those trees bore flowers or fruit, and years by the number of their harvests. These soothing images diffused an inexpressible charm over their conversation. "It is time to dine," said Virginia, "the shadows of the plantain-trees are at their roots," or, "night approaches; the tamarinds close their leaves." "When will you come to see us?" inquired some other companions in the neighbourhood. "At the time of the sugar-canes," answered Virginia. "Your visit will be then still more delightful," resumed her young acquaintances. When she was asked what was her own age, and that of Paul, "My brother," said she, "is as old as the great cocoa-tree of the fountain, and I am as old as the little cocoa-tree. The mangoes have borne fruit twelve times and the orange-trees have borne flowers four and twenty times, since I came into the world." Their lives seemed linked to the trees like those of fawns or dryads. They knew no other historical epochs than that of the lives of their mothers, no other chronology than that of their orchards, and no other philosophy than that of doing good, and resigning themselves to the will of Heaven.

Thus grew those children of nature. No care had troubled their peace, no intemperance had corrupted their blood, no misplaced passion had depraved their hearts. Love, innocence, and piety, possessed their souls; and those intellectual graces unfolded themselves in their features, their

attitudes, and their motions. Still in the morning of life, they had all its blooming freshness; and, surely such in the garden of Eden appeared our first parents, when, coming from the hands of God, they first saw, approached, and conversed together, like brother and sister. Virginia was gentle, modest, and confiding as Eve; and Paul, like Adam, united the figure of manhood with the simplicity of a child.

When alone with Virginia, he has a thousand times told me. He used to say to her, at his return from labour. 'When I am wearied, the sight of you refreshes me. If from the summit of the mountain I perceive you below in the valley, you appear to me in the midst of our orchard like a blushing rosebud. If you go towards our mother's house, the partridge, when it runs to meet its young, has a shape less beautiful, and a step less light. When I lose sight of you through the trees, I have no need to see you in order to find you again. Something of you, I know not how, remains for me in the air where you have passed, in the grass where you have been seated. When I come near you, you delight all my senses. The azure of heaven is less charming than the blue of your eyes, and the song of the amadavat-bird less soft than the sound of your voice. If I only touch you with my finger, my whole frame trembles with pleasure. Do you remember the day when we crossed over the great stones of the river of the Three Peaks? I was very much tired before we reached the bank, but as soon as I had taken you in my arms, I seemed to have wings like a bird. Tell me by what charm you have so enchanted me? Is it by your wisdom? Our mothers have more than either of us. Is it by your caresses? They embrace me much oftener than you. I think it must be by your goodness. I shall never forget how you walked bare-footed to the Black

River, to ask pardon for the poor wandering slave. Here, my beloved ! take this flowering orange-branch, which I have culled in the forest , you will place it at night near your bed. Eat this honeycomb, which I have taken for you from the top of a rock. But first lean upon my bosom, and I shall be refreshed ”

Virginia then answered, “ Oh, my dear brother, the rays of the sun in the morning at the top of the rocks give me less joy than the sight of you. I love my mother, I love yours , but when they call you their son, I love them a thousand times more. When they caress you, I feel it more sensibly than when I am caressed myself . You ask me why you love me. Why ? All creatures that are brought up together love one another. Look at our birds reared up in the same nests . they love like us they are always together like us. Hark ! how they call and answer from one tree to another. So when the echoes bring to my ear the airs which you play upon your flute at the top of the mountain- I repeat the words at the bottom of the valley Above all, you are dear to me since the day when you wanted to fight the master of the slave for me. Since that time how often I have said to myself, ‘ Ah, my brother has a good heart , but for him I should have died of terror.’ I pray to God every day for my mother and yours for you, and for our poor servants ; but when I pronounce your name, my devotion seems to increase, I ask so earnestly of God that no harm may befall you ! ‘ Why do you go so far, and climb so high, to seek fruits and flowers for me ? How much you are fatigued ! ’ and with her little white handkerchief she wiped the damps from his brow.

PAUL SEPARATED FROM VIRGINIA.

Soon after, this young man, till now indifferent as a creole with respect to what was passing in the world, desired I would teach him to read and write, that he might carry on a correspondence with Virginia. He then wished to be instructed in geography, in order that he might form a just idea of the country where she had disembarked, and in history, that he might know the manners of the society in which she was placed. The powerful sentiment of love, which directed his present studies, had already taught him the arts of agriculture, and the manner of laying out the most irregular grounds with advantage and beauty. It must be admitted that to the fond dreams of this restlessness and ardent passion, mankind are indebted for a great number of arts and sciences, while its disappointments have given birth to philosophy, which teaches us to bear the evils of life with resignation. Thus, nature having made love the general link which binds all beings, has rendered it the first spring of society, the first incitement to knowledge as well as pleasure.

THE STORM.

At seven in the morning we heard the beat of drums in the woods, and soon after the governor, Monsieur de la Bourdonnais, arrived on horseback, followed by a detachment of soldiers armed with muskets, and a great number of islanders and blacks. He ranged his soldiers upon the beach, and ordered them to make a general discharge,

which was no sooner done than we perceived a glimmering light upon the water, which was instantly succeeded by the sound of a gun. We judged that the ship was at no great distance, and ran towards that part where we had seen the light. We now discerned through the fog the hulk and tackling of a large vessel; and, notwithstanding the noise of the waves, we were near enough to hear the whistle of the boatswain at the helm and the shouts of the mariners. As soon as the *Saint-Geiran* perceived that we were near enough to give her succour she continued to fire guns regularly at the interval of three minutes. Monsieur de la Bourdonnais caused great fires to be lighted at certain distances upon the strand, and sent to all the inhabitants of that neighbourhood, in search of provisions, planks, cables, and empty barrels. A crowd of people soon arrived, accompanied by their negroes, loaded with provisions and rigging. One of the most aged of the planters approaching the governor, said to him, "We have heard all night hoarse noises in the mountain, and in the forests, the leaves of the trees are shaken, although there is no wind; the sea-birds seek refuge upon the land: It is certain that all those signs announce an hurricane." "Well, my friends," answered the governor, "we are prepared for it, and no doubt the vessel is also."

Everything indeed, presaged the near approach of the hurricane. The centre of the clouds in the zenith was of a dismal black, while their skirts were fringed with a copper hue. The air resounded with the cries of the frigate-bird, the cur-water, and a multitude of other sea-birds, who, notwithstanding the obscurity of the atmosphere hastened from all points of the horizon to seek for shelter in the island.

Towards nine in the morning we heard on the side

of the ocean the most terrific noise, as if torrents of water, mingled with thunder, were rolling down the steep slopes of the mountains. A general cry was heard of "There is the hurricane!" and in one moment a frightful whirlwind scattered the fog which had covered the Isle of Amber and its channel. The Saint-Geran then presented itself to our view, her gallery crowded with people, her yards and main-top-mast laid upon the deck, her flag shivered, with four cables at her head and one by which she was held at the stern.

THE SHIPWRECK.

From the violent efforts of the ship, what we dreaded happened. The cables at the head of the vessel were torn away. It was then held by one anchor only, and was instantly dashed upon the rocks, at a distance of half a cable's length from the shore. A general cry of horror issued from the spectators. Paul rushed towards the sea, when, seizing him by the arm, I exclaimed, "Would you perish?" "Let me go to save her," cried he, "or die!" Seeing that despair had deprived him of reason, Domingo and I, in order to preserve him, fastened a long cord round his waist, and seized hold of each end. Paul then precipitated himself towards the ship, now swimming, now walking upon the breakers. Sometimes he had the hope of reaching the vessel, which the sea in its irregular movements had left almost dry, so that you could have made its circuit on foot; but suddenly the waves, advancing with new fury, shrouded it beneath mountains of water, which then lifted it upright upon its keel. The billows at the same moment

threw the unfortunate Paul far upon the beach, his legs bathed in blood, his bosom wounded, and himself half dead. The moment he had recovered his senses he arose, and returned with new ardour towards the vessel, the parts of which now yawned asunder from the violent strokes for the billows. The crew then, despairing of their safety, threw themselves in crowds into the sea, upon yards, planks, hen-coops, tables and barrels. At this moment we beheld an object fitted to excite eternal sympathy. a young lady, in the gallery of the stern of the *Saint-Geran*, stretching out her arms towards him who made so many efforts to join her. It was Virginia. She had discovered her lover by his intrepidity. The sight of this amiable young woman, exposed to such horrible danger, filled us with unutterable despair. As for Virginia, with a firm and dignified mien, she waved her hand, as if bidding us an eternal farewell. All the sailors had flung themselves into the sea, except one, who still remained upon the deck, and who was naked, and strong as Hercules. This man approached Virginia with respect, and kneeling at her feet, attempted to force her to throw off her clothes, but she repulsed him with modesty, and turned away her head. Then was heard redoubled cries from the spectators, "Save her!—save her! Do not leave her!" But at that moment a mountain billow, of enormous magnitude, engulfed itself between the Isle of Amber and the coast, and menaced the shattered vessel, towards which it rolled, bellowing, with its black sides and foaming head. At this terrible sight the sailor flung himself into the sea: and Virginia, seeing death inevitable, placed one hand upon her clothes, the other on her heart, and lifting up her lovely eyes, seemed an angel prepared to take her flight to heaven.

Oh, day of horror ! Alas ! everything was swallowed up by the relentless billows. The surge threw some of the spectators far upon the beach, whom an impulse of humanity prompted to advance towards Virginia, and also the sailor who had endeavoured to save her life. This man who had escaped from almost certain death, kneeling on the sand, exclaimed, " Oh, my God ! thou hast saved my life, but I would have given it willingly for that poor young woman ! "

" THE LAST OF EARTH. "

WHAT I expected took place. Paul died two months after the death of his Virginia, whose name dwelt upon his lips even in his expiring moments. Eight days after the death of her son, Margaret saw her last hour approach with that serenity which virtue only can feel. She bade Madame de la Tour the most tender farewell, " in the hope " she said, " of a sweet and eternal reunion. " " Death is the most precious good, " added she ; " and we ought to desire it. If life be a punishment, we should wish for its termination, if it be a trial, we should be thankful that it is short. "

The governor took care of Domingo and Mary, who were no longer able to labour, and who survived their mistresses but a short time. As for poor Fidele, he pined to death, at the period he lost his master.

I conducted Madame de la Tour to my dwelling, and she bore her calamities with elevated fortitude. She had endeavoured to comfort Paul and Margaret till their last moments, as if she herself had no agonies to bear. When

they were no more, she used to talk of them as of beloved friends from whom she was not distant. She survived them but one month. Far from reproaching her aunt for those afflictions she had caused, her benign spirit prayed to God to pardon her, and to appease that remorse which the consequences of her cruelty would probably awaken in her breast.

ST. PIERRE.

STORY OF LA ROCHE.

THE Church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were not lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half-closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs. The music ceased. La Roche sat for a moment and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr—was not less affected than they. La Roche arose — ‘Father of mercies,’ said he, forgive these tears: assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people. My friends, it is good so to do, at all seasons it is good, but in the days of our distress what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred book, ‘Trust in the Lord; at all times trust in the Lord.’ When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne

of God. 'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use, for in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represents feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I will not bid you be insensible, my friends—I cannot. I cannot if I would (his tears flowed afresh)—I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings, but therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you, to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation, but from experience. that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.

You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child too! It becomes not me to speak of her virtues, yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself. Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy; ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then—ye will judge of my affection now. But I look towards him who struck me. I see the hand of a father amidst the chastenings of my God. Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence to him, in whose hands are life and death, on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict. For we are not as those who die without hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth—that we shall live with him, with our friends his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect. Go, then, mourn not for me, I have not lost my child: but

a little while and we shall meet again, never to be separated. But ye are also my children : would ye that I should not grieve without comfort ? So live as she lived ; that when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his "

Such was the exhortation of La Roche , his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord : his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope. Mr.—followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past , at sight of him the scene they had last met in rushed again on his mind ; La Roche threw his arms round his neck and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected they went together in silence into the parlour where the evening service was wont to be performed. The curtains of the organ were open , La Roche started back at the sight. ' Oh ! my friend,' said he and his tears burst forth again. Mr.—had now recollected himself , he stepped forward and drew the curtains close ; the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand, ' you see my weakness,' said he ; ' 'tis the weakness of humanity , but my comfort is not therefore lost.' ' I heard you,' said the other, ' in the pulpit : I rejoice that such consolation is yours !' ' It is, my friend,' said he, ' and I trust I shall ever hold it fast. If there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force ; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction !'

Mr.—'s heart was smitten ; and I have heard him long after confess that there were moments when the remembrance overcome him even to weakness ; when, amidst

all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted.

MACKENZIE

THE TRIAL BY COMBAT

“THERE is yet one chance of life to me,” said Rebecca, “even by your own fierce laws. Life has been miserable—miserable, at least, of late—but I will not cast away the gift of God, while he affords me the means of defending it. I deny this charge—I maintain my innocence, and I declare the falsehood of this accusation—I challenge the privilege of trial by combat, and will appear by my champion.”

“And who, Rebecca,” replied the Grand Master, “will lay lance in rest for a sorceress? Who will be the champion of a Jewess?”

“God will raise me up a champion,” said Rebecca: “it cannot be that in merry England, the hospitable, the generous, the free, where so many are ready to peril their lives for honour, there will not be found one to fight for justice. But it is enough that I challenge the trial by combat—there lies my gage.”

She took her embroidered glove from her hand, and flung it down before the Grand Master, with an air of mingled simplicity and dignity, which excited universal surprise and admiration.

“It is well,” said the Grand Master—“Rebecca, in

those lists shalt thou produce thy champion ; and if thou failest to do so. or if thy champion shall be discomfited by the judgment of God, thou shalt then die the death of a sorceress, according to doom.—Let this our judgment be recorded, and the record read aloud. that no one may pretend ignorance.”

Rebecca spoke not, but she looked up to heaven, and folding her hands, remained for a minute without change of attitude. She then modestly reminded the Grand Master that she ought to be permitted some opportunity of free communication with her friends, for the purpose of making her condition known to them. and procuring, if possible, some champion to fight in her behalf.

“ It is just and lawful,” said the Grand Master . “ choose what messenger thou shalt trust, and he shall have free communication with thee in thy prison-chamber.”

“ Is there,” said Rebecca, “ any one here, who either for love of a good cause, or for ample hire, will do the errand of a distressed being ?”

All were silent : for none thought it safe, in the presence of the Grand Master. to avow any interest in the calumniated prisoner. least he should be suspected of leaning towards Judaism. Not even the prospect of reward, far less any feelings of compassion alone. could surmount this apprehension

Higg. the son of Snell, at length replied, “ I am but a maimed man, but that I can at all stir or move was owing to her charitable assistance—I will do thine errand,” he added, addressing Rebecca, “ as well as a crippled object can, and happy were my limbs fleet enough to repair the mischief done by my tongue. Alas ! when I boasted of thy charity, I little thought I was leading thee into danger !”

"God," said Rebecca, "is the disposer of all. He can turn back the captivity of Judah even by the weakest instrument. To execute his message the snail is as sure a messenger as the falcon. Seek out Isaac of York—here is that will pay for horse and man—let him have this scroll. I know not if it be of Heaven the spirit which inspires me, but most truly do I judge that I am not to die this death, and that a champion will be raised up for me. Farewell!—Life and death are in thy haste."

But as it fortune'd, he had no occasion to go so far: for, within a quarter of a mile from the gate of the Preceptory he met with two riders, whom by their dress and huge yellow caps, he knew to be Jews, and, on approaching more nearly, discovered that one of them was his ancient employer, Isaac of York. The other was the Rabbi Ben Samuel, and both had approached as near to the Preceptory as they dared, on hearing that the Grand Master had summoned a chapter for the trial of a sorceress.

"How now, brother?" said Ben Samuel, interrupting his harangue to look towards Isaac, who had but glanced at the scroll which Higg offered, when uttering a deep groan, he fell from his mule like a diving man, and lay for a minute insensible.

The physician read, but in their native language, the following words:—

"To Isaac the son of Adonikam, whom the Gentiles call Isaac of York, peace and the blessing of the promise be multiplied unto thee!—My father, I am as one doomed to die for that which my soul knoweth not—even for the crime of witchcraft. My father, if a strong man can be found to do battle for my cause with sword and spear, according to the custom of the Nazarenes, and that within the

lists of Templestowe, on the third day from this time, peradventure our fathers' God will give him strength to defend the innocent, and her who hath none to help her. But if this may not be, let the virgins of our people mourn for me as for one cast off, and for the hart that is sticken by the hunter, and for the flower which is cut down by the scythe of the mower. Wherefore, look now what thou doest, and whether there be any rescue. One Nazarene warrior might, indeed, bear arms in my behalf, even Wilfred, son of Cedric, whom the Gentiles call Ivanhoe. But he may not yet endure the weight of his armour. Nevertheless, send the tidings unto him, my father, for he hath favour among the strong men of his people, and so he was our companion in the house of bondage, he may find some one to do battle for my sake. And say unto him, even unto him, even unto Wilfred, the son of Cedric, that if Rebecca live, or if Rebecca die, she liveth or dieth wholly free of the guilt she is charged withal. And if it be the will of God that thou shalt be deprived of thy daughter, do not thou tarry, old man, in this land of bloodshed and cruelty; but betake thyself to Cordova, where thy brother liveth in safety, under the shadow of the throne, even of the throne of Boabdil the Saracen, for less cruel are the cruelties of the Moors unto the race of Jacob than the cruelties of the Nazarenes of England."

Isaac listened with tolerable composure while Ben Samuel read the letter and then again resumed the gestures and exclamations of oriental sorrow, tearing his garments, besprinkling his head with dust, and ejaculating, "My daughter! my daughter!"

"I will seek him out," said Isaac, "for he is a good youth, and hath compassion for the exile of Jacob. But he cannot

bear his armour, and what other Christian shall do battle for the oppressed of Zion ?”

Our scene now returns to the exterior of the Castle, or Preceptory, of Templestowe, about the hour when the bloody die was to be cast for the life or death of Rebecca. It was a scene of bustle and life, as if the whole vicinity had poured fourth its inhabitants to a village wake, or rural feast

At the opposite end of the lists was a pile of faggots, so arranged around a stake, deeply fixed in the ground as to leave a space for the victim whom they were destined to consume to enter within the fatal circle in order to be chained to the stake by the fetters which hung ready for the purpose

The unfortunate Rebecca was conducted to the black chain placed near the pile. On her first glance at the terrible spot where preparations were making for a death alike dismaying to the mind and painful to the body, she was observed to shudder and shut her eyes. —praying internally, doubtless for her lips moved though no speech was heard. In the space of a minute she opened her eyes, looked fixedly on the pile as if to familiarize her mind with the object, and then slowly and naturally turned away her head.

The Grand Master at once commanded the herald to stand forth and do his devoir. The trumpets then again flourished, and a herald, stepping forward, proclaimed aloud —“Oyez, oyez, oyez.—Here standeth the good Knight Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, ready to do battle with any knight of free blood who will sustain the quarrel allowed and allotted to the Jewess, Rebecca : and to such champion the Reverend and Valorous Grand Master, here present, allows a fair field, and equal partition of sun and wind,

and whatever else appertains to fair combat." The trumpets again sounded, and there was a dead pause of many minutes.

"No champion appears for the appellant," said the Grand Master. "Go, herald and ask her whether she expects any one to do battle for her in this her cause." The herald went to the chair in which Rebecca was seated, and spoke to her in these terms — "Damsel, the Honourable and Reverend the Grand Master demands of thee if thou art prepared with a champion to do battle this day in thy behalf, or if thou dost yield thee as one justly condemned to a deserved doom?"

"Say to the Grand Master," replied Rebecca, "that I maintain my innocence, and do not yield me as justly condemned, lest I become guilty of mine own blood. Say to him that I challenge such delay as his forms will permit to see if God, whose opportunity is in man's extremity, will raise me up a deliverer; and when such uttermost space is passed, may His holy will be done! The herald retired to carry this answer to the Grand Master.

"God forbid" said Lucas Beaumanoir, "that Jew or Pagan should impeach us of injustice!—Until the shadows be cast from the west to the eastward will we wait to see if a champion shall appear for this unfortunate woman. When the day is so far past, let her prepare for death."

It was the general belief that no one could or would appear for a Jewess accused of sorcery, and the knights, instigated by Malvoisin, whispered to each other that it was time to declare the pledge of Rebecca forfeited. At this instant a knight urging his horse to speed, appeared on the plain advancing towards the lists. A hundred voices exclaimed, "A champion! a champion!" And despite the prepossessions and prejudices of the multitude, they

shouted unanimously as the knight rode into the tiltyard. The second glance, however, served to destroy the hope that his timely arrival had excited. His horse urged for many miles to its utmost speed, appeared to reel from fatigue, and the rider, however undauntedly he presented himself in the lists, either from weakness or weariness, or both, seemed scarce able to support himself in the saddle.

To the summons of the herald, who demanded his rank, his name, and purpose, the stranger knight answered readily and boldly. "I am a good knight and noble, come hither, to sustain with lance and sword the just and lawful quarrel of this damsel, Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York; to uphold the doom pronounced against her to be false and truthless, and to defy Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as a traitor, murderer, and liar, as I will prove in this field with my body against his, by the aid of God or Our Lady, and of Monseigneur Saint George the good knight."

"The stranger must first show," said Malvoisin, "that he is a good knight, and of honourable lineage. The Temple sendeth not forth her champions against nameless men."

"My name," said the knight, raising his helmet, "is better known, my lineage more pure Malvoisin, than thine own. I am Wilfred of Ivanhoe."

"Does the Grand Master allow me the combat?" said Ivanhoe.

"I may not deny what thou hast challenged," said the Grand Master, "provided the maiden accepts thee as her champion. Yet I would thou wert in better plight to do battle. An enemy of our Order hast thou ever been, yet would I have thee honourably met with."

"Thus—thus as I am, and not otherwise," said Ivanhoe; "it is the judgment of God—to his keeping I commend

myself—Rebecca," said he, riding up to the fatal chair, "dost thou accept of me for thy champion?"

"I do," she said, "I do,"—fluttered by an emotion which the fear of death had been unable to produce—"I do accept thee as the champion whom Heaven hath sent me. Yet, no—no—thy wounds are uncured. Meet not that proud man—why shouldest thou perish also?"

But Ivanhoe was already at his post, and had closed his visor and assumed his lance. Bois-Guilbert did the same; and his esquire remarked, as he clasped his visor, that his face, which had, notwithstanding the variety of emotions by which he had been agitated, continued during the whole morning of an ashy paleness, was now become suddenly very much flushed.

The herald, then, seeing each champion in his place, uplifted his voice, repeating thrice—"Faites vos devoirs, preux chevaliers!" After the third cry, he withdrew to one side of the lists, and again proclaimed that none, on peril of instant death, should dare, by word, cry, or action, to interfere with or disturb this fair field of combat. The Grand Master, who held in his hand the gage of battle, Rebecca's glove, now threw it into the lists, and pronounced the fatal words, "*Laissez aller.*"

The trumpets sounded, and the knights charged each other in full career. The wearied horse of Ivanhoe and its no less exhausted rider, went down, as all had expected, before the well-aimed lance and vigorous steed of the Templar. This issue of the combat all had foreseen; but although the spear of Ivanhoe did but, in comparison, touch the shield of Bois-Guilbert, that champion, to the astonishment of all who behold it, reeled in his saddle, lost his stirrups, and fell in the lists.

Ivanhoe, extricating himself from his fallen horse, was soon on foot, hastening to mend his fortune with his sword; but his antagonist arose not. Wilfred, placing his foot on his breast, and the sword's point to his throat commanded him to yield him, or die on the spot. Bois-Guilbert returned no answer.

"Slay him not Sir Knight," cried the Grand Master, "unshriven and unabsolved—kill not body and soul! We allow him vanquished."

He descended into the lists, and commanded them to unhelm the (concurrent) champion. His eyes were closed—the dark red flush was still on his brow. As they looked on him in astonishment, the eyes opened—but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the (pallid) hue of death. Unscathed by the lance of his enemy, he had died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions.

"Thus is indeed the judgment of God," said the Grand Master, looking upwards—*For relates true!*

When the first moments of surprise were over, Wilfred or Ivanhoe demanded of the Grand Master, as judge of the field, if he had manfully and rightfully done his duty in the combat?

"Manfully and rightfully both it been done," said the Grand Master; "I pronounce the maiden free and gallant. The arms and the body of the deceased knight are at the will of the victor."

SCOTT.

PAUL FLEMMING'S RESOLVE.

A LITTLE chapel, whose door stood open, seemed to invite Flemming to enter and enjoy the grateful coolness. He went in. There was no one there. The walls were covered with paintings and sculpture of the rudest kind, and with a few funeral tablets. There was nothing there to move the hearts to devotion, but in that hour the heart of Flemming was weak—weak as a child's. He bowed his stubborn knees and wept. And O, how many disappointed hopes, how many bitter recollections, how much of wounded pride and unrequited love were in those tears through which he read, on a marble tablet in the chapel wall opposite, this singular inscription —

“Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart.”

It seemed to him as if the unknown tenant of that grave had opened his lips of dust, and spoken to him the words of consolation which his soul needed, and which no friend had yet spoken. In a moment the anguish of his thoughts was still. The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart. death was no longer there, but an angel clothed in white. He stood up, and his eyes were no more bleared with tears, and looking into the bright morning heaven, he said, “I will be strong.”

Men some times go into tombs, with painful longings to behold once more the faces of their departed friends, and as they gaze upon them, lying there so peacefully with the semblance that they were on earth, the sweet breath of heaven touches them, and the features crumble and fall

together . and are but dust So did his soul then descend for the last time into the great tomb of the past with painful longings to behold once more the dear faces of those he had loved : and the sweet breath of heaven touched them, and they would not stay, but crumbled away and perished as he gazed. They too were dust. And thus far sounding he heard the great gate of the past shut behind him, as the divine poet did the gate of paradise when the angel pointed him the way up the holy mountain and to him likewise was it forbidden to look back.

In the life of every man there are sudden transitions of feeling, which seem almost miraculous At once as if some magician had touched the heavens and the earth, the dark clouds melt into air, the wind falls, the serenity succeeds the storms The causes which produce these sudden changes may have been long at work within us ; but the changes themselves are instantaneous and apparently without sufficient cause. It was so with Flemming ; and from that hour forth he resolved that he would no longer veer with every shifting wind of circumstances : no longer be a child's plaything in the hands of Fate, which we ourselves do make or mar. He resolved henceforward not to lean on others, but to walk self-confident and self-possessed ; no longer to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait the fulfilment of boundless hopes and indiscreet desires, but to live in the present wisely, alike forgetful of the past, and careless of what the mysterious future might bring And from that moment he was calm and strong : he was reconciled with himself. His thoughts turned to his distant home beyond the sea. An indescribably sweet feeling rose within him.

" Thither will I turn my wandering footsteps," said he
 " and be a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among

shadows Henceforth be mine a life of action and reality.
I will work in my own sphere, nor wish it other than it is.
This alone is health and happiness. This alone is life

Life that shall send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes, Welcome friend."

LONGFELLOW.

"BEYOND THE REACH OF CURE."

By little and little, the old man had drawn back towards the inner chamber, while these words were spoken. He pointed there, as he replied, with trembling lips

"You plot among you to wean my heart from her. You never will do that—never while I have life. I have no relative or friend but her—I never had—I never will have. She is all in all to me. It is too late to part us now."

Waving them off with his hand, and calling softly to her as he went, he stole into the room. They who were left behind, drew close together, and after a few whispered words—not unbroken by emotion, or easily uttered—followed him. They moved so gently, that their footsteps made no noise; but there were sobs from among the group, and a word or two of grief and mourning.

For she was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life, not one who had lived and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favour. 'When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always.' Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing, the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was scolding nimbly in its cage, and the strong heart of its child mistress was mute and motionless for ever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born, imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face, it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care, at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tight folded to his breast, for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on, through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips, then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while

her own was waning fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour—the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday—could know her never more

“It is not,” said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent. “it is not on earth that Heaven’s justice ends. Think what earth is, compared with the World to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate with expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it.”

DICKENS.

SCENES FROM UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

“Eva, dear, you are better now-a-days, are you not?”

“Papa,” said Eva, with sudden firmness. “I’ve had things I wanted to say to you a great while. I want to say them now, before I get weaker.”

St. Clare trembled as Eva seated herself in his lap. She laid her hand on his bosom, and said,—

“It’s all no use, papa, to keep it to myself any longer. The time is coming that I am going to leave you. I am going, and never to come back!” and Eva sobbed.

“Oh, now, my dear little Eva!” said St. Clare, trembling as he spoke, but speaking cheerfully, “you’ve got nervous and low-spirited: you mustn’t indulge such gloomy thoughts. See, here, I have bought a statuette for you!”

“No, papa,” said Eva, putting it gently away, “don’t deceive yourself! I am *not* any better—I know it perfectly

well, and I am going before long. I am not nervous—I am not low-spirited. If it were not for you, papa, and my friends, I should be perfectly happy. I want to go—I long to go!”

“Why, dear child, what has made your poor little heart so sad? You have had everything to make you happy that could be given you?”

“I had rather be in heaven, though—only for my friend’s sake I would be willing to live. There are a great many things here that make me sad, that seem dreadful to me. I had rather be there but I don’t want to leave you—it almost breaks my heart!”

“What makes you sad, and seems dreadful, Eva?”

“Oh, things that are done, and done all the time. I feel sad for our poor people, they love me dearly, and they are all good and kind to me. I wish, papa, they were all”

“Why, Eva, child, don’t you think that they are well enough off now?”

“Oh, but, papa, if any thing should happen to you, what would become of them? There are very few men like you, papa. Uncle Alfred isn’t like you, and mamma isn’t, and then think of poor old Prue’s owners! What horrid things people do, and can do;” and Eva shuddered.

“My dear child, you are too sensitive. I’m sorry I ever let you hear such stories.”

“Oh, that’s what troubles me, papa. You want me to live so happy, and never to have any pain, never suffer anything, not even hear a sad story, when other poor creatures have nothing but pain and sorrow to feel about them. Such things always sunk into my heart, they went down deep; I have thought and thought about them. Papa, isn’t there any way to have all slaves made free?”

"That's a difficult question, dearest. There's no doubt that this way is a very bad one—a great many people think so, I do myself. I heartily wish that there were not a slave in the land: but then I don't know what is to be done about it."

"Papa, you are such a good man, and so noble and kind, and you always have a way of saying things that is so pleasant: couldn't you go all round and try to persuade people to do right about this? When I am dead, papa, then you will think of me, and do it for my sake. I would do it if I could."

"When you are dead, Eva," said St. Clare, passionately, "Oh, child, don't talk to me so! You are all I have on earth."

"Poor old Prue's child was all that she had, and yet she had to hear it crying, and she couldn't help it! Papa, these poor creatures love their children as much as you do me. Oh, do something for them! There's poor Mammy loves her children: I've seen her cry when she talked about them. And Tom loves his children: and it's dreadful, papa, that such things are happening all the time!"

"There, there, darling," said St. Clare, soothingly, "only don't distress yourself, and don't talk of dying, and I will do anything you wish."

"And promise me, dear father, that Tom shall have his freedom as soon as—" she stopped, and said, in a hesitating tone,—"I am gone!"

"Yes, dear, I will do any thing in the world—anything you could ask me to."

"Dear papa," said the child, laying her burning cheek against his, "how I wish we could go together!"

"Where, dearest?" said St. Clare.

"To our Saviour's home it is so sweet and peaceful there—it is all so loving there!"

The child spoke unconsciously, as of a place where she had often been. "Don't you want to go papa?" she said.

St. Clare drew her closer to him, but was silent.

"You will come to me" said the child, speaking in voice of calm certainty, which she often used unconsciously.

"I shall come after you. I shall not forget you."

The shadows of the solemn evening closed round them deeper and deeper, as St. Clare sat silently holding the frail form to his bosom. He saw no more the deep eyes, but the voice came over him as a spirit-voice, and as in a sort of judgment vision, his whole past life rose in a moment before his eyes—his mother's prayers and hymns—his own early yearnings and aspirations for good, and, between them and this hour, years of worldliness and scepticism and what man calls respectable living. We can think *much* very much, in a moment. St. Clare saw and felt many things, but spoke nothing, as it grew darker, he took his child to her bed-room; and when she was prepared for rest, he sent away the attendants, and rocked her in his arms, and sung to her till she was asleep.

"What's Eva going about, now?" said St. Clare, "I mean to see."

And, advancing on tiptoe, he lifted up a curtain that covered the glass-door, and looked in. In a moment, laying his finger on his lips, he made a silent gesture to Miss Ophelia to come and look. There sat the two children on the floor, with their side faces towards them—Topsy with her usual air of careless drollery and unconcern, but, opposite to her, Eva, her whole face fervent with feeling and tears in her large eyes.

"What does make you so bad. Topsy ? Why won't you try and be good ? Don't you love *anybody*, Topsy ? "

"Dun no nothing 'bout love ; I love calmly and sich, that's all," said Topsy.

"But you love your father and mother ? "

"Never had none, ye know, I telled ye that. Miss Eva."

"Oh, I know," said Eva, sadly "but hadn't you any brother, or sister, or aunt, or—"

"No, none on'em—never had nothing nor nobody."

"But, Topsy, if you'd only try to be good, you might—"

"Couldn't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I was ever so good," said Topsy. "If I could be skinned, and come white, I'd try then."

"But people can love you, if you are black. Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you if you were good."

Topsy gave the short, blunt laugh that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

"Don't you think so ? " said Eva.

"No ; she can't b'ar me, 'cause I'm a nigger—she'd's ! soon have a toad touch her. There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'. I don't care," said Topsy, beginning to whistle.

"Oh Topsy, poor child. I love you ! " said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and laying her little thin, white hand on Topsy's shoulder. "I love you, because you haven't had any father, or mother, or friends—because you've been a poor, abused child ! I love you, and I want you to be good. I am very unwell. Topsy, and I think I shan't live a great while : and it really grieves me to have you be so naughty. I wish you would try to be good for my sake, it's only a little while I shall be with you."

The round, keen eyes of the black child were overcast

with tears . large, bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that moment a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love, had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul ! She laid her head down between her knees, and wept and sobbed , while the beautiful child, bending over her, looked like the picture of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.

“ Poor Topsy ! ” said Eva, “ don't you know that Jesus loves all alike ? He is just as willing to love you as me. He loves you just as I do, only more, because He is better. He will help you to be good, and you can go to heaven at last, and be an angel for ever just as much as if you were white. Only think of it, Topsy, *you* can be one of those spirits bught Uncle Tom sings about.”

“ Oh, dear Mrs Eva ! dear Miss Eva ! ” said the child, “ I will try ! I will try ! I never did care nothin' about it before.”

DEATH.

“ PAPA, my strength fades away every day, and I know I must go. There are some things I want to say and do, —that I ought to do . and you are so unwilling to have me speak a word on this subject. But it must come , there's no putting it off. Do be willing I should speak now ! ”

“ My child, I *am* willing ! ” said St Clare, covering his eyes with one hand, and holding up Eva's hand with the other.

“ Then I want to see all our people together. I have some things I *must* say to them,” said Eva.

"Well," said St. Clare, in a tone of dry endurance

Miss Ophelia despatched a messenger, and soon the whole of the servants were convened in the room.

Eva lay back on her pillows, her hair hanging loosely about her face, her crimson cheeks contrasting painfully with the intense whiteness of her complexion, and the thin contour of her limbs and features, and her large, soul-like eyes fixed earnestly on every one.

The servants were struck with a sudden emotion. The spiritual face, the long locks of hair cut off and lying by her, her father's averted face, and Marie's sobs, struck at once upon the feelings of a sensitive and impressible race, and, as they came in, they looked one on another, sighed, and shook their heads. There was a deep silence, like that of a funeral.

Eva raised herself, and looked long and earnestly round at every one. All looked sad and apprehensive. Many of the women hid their faces in their aprons.

"I sent for you all, my dear friends," said Eva, "because I love you. I love you all, and I have something to say to you, which I want you always to remember. . . . I am going to leave you. In a few more weeks, you will see me no more—"

Here the child was interrupted with bursts of groans, sobs and lamentations, which broke from all present, and in which her slender voice was lost entirely. She waited a moment, and then, speaking in a tone that checked the sobs of all, she said,—

"If you love me, you must not interrupt me so. Listen to what I say. I want to speak to you about your souls.

. . . . Many of you, I am afraid, are very careless. You are thinking only this world. I want you to remember

that there is beautiful world, where Jesus is. I am going there, and you can go there. It is for you, as much as me. But if you want to go there, you must not live idle, careless, thoughtless lives. You must be Christians. You must remember that each one of you can become angels, and be angels for ever. . . . If you want to be Christians, Jesus will help you. You must pray to Him. you must read—"

The child checked herself, looked pitiously at them, and said sorrowfully,—

"Oh dear! you *can't* read,—poor souls!" and she hid her face in the pillow and sobbed, while many a smothered sob from those she was addressing, who were kneeling on the floor, aroused her.

"Never mind," she said, raising her face and smiling brightly through her tears. "I have prayed for you, and I know Jesus will help you, even if you can't read. Try all to do the best you can, pray every day, ask Him to help you, and get the Bible read to you whenever you can, and I think I shall see you all in heaven."

"Amen," was the murmured response from the lips of Tom and Mammy, and some of the elder ones, who belonged to the Methodist church. The younger and more thoughtless ones, for the time completely overcome, were sobbing, with their heads bowed upon their knees.

"I know," said Eva, "you all love me."

"Yes, oh, yes! indeed we do! Lord bless her!" was the involuntary answer of all.

"Yes, I know you do! There isn't one of that hasn't always been very kind to me; and I want to give you something that, when you look at you shall always remember me. I'm going to give all of you a curl of my hair; and,

when you look at it, think that I loved you and am gone to heaven and that I want to see you all there."

It is impossible to describe the scene, as, with tears and sobs, they gathered round the little creature, and took from her hands what seemed to them a last mark of her love. They fell on their knees; they sobbed, and prayed, and kissed the hem of her garment; and the elder ones poured forth words of endearment, mingled in prayers and blessings, after the manner of their susceptible race.

As each one took their gift, Miss Ophelia, who was apprehensive for the effect of all this excitement on her little patient, signed to each one to pass out of the apartment.

At last, all were gone but Tom and Mammy.

"Here, Uncle Tom," said Eva, "is a beautiful one for you. Oh, I am so happy, Uncle Tom, to think I shall see you in heaven,—for I'm sure I shall; and Mammy,—dear, good, kind Mammy!" she said, fondly throwing her arms round her old nurse,—“I know you'll be there too.”

“Oh, Miss Eva, don't see how I can live without ye, no how!” said the faithful creature. “Pears like it's just taking everything of the place to once!” and Mammy gave way to a passion of grief.

Miss Ophelia pushed her and Tom gently from the apartment, and thought they were all gone, but, as she turned, Topsy was standing there.

“Where did you start up from?” she said, suddenly.

“I was here,” said Topsy, wiping the tears from her eyes. “Oh, Miss Eva, I've been a bad girl, but won't you give *me* one, too?”

“Yes, poor Topsy! to be sure I will. There—every time you look at that, think that I love you, and wanted you to be a good girl!”

" Oh, Miss Eva, I *is* tryin' ! " said Topsy, earnestly ;
 " but, Lor, it's so hard to be good ! " Pears like I an't used
 to it, no ways ! "

" Jesus knows it, Topsy . He *is* sorry for you , He will
 help you "

Topsy, with her eyes hid in her apron, was silently
 passed from the apartment by Miss Ophelia ; but, as she
 went, she hid the precious curl in her bosom

Eva, after this, declined rapidly . there was no more
 any doubt of the event , the fondest hope could not be
 blinded Her beautiful room was avowedly a sick-room ;
 and Miss Ophelia day and night performed the duties of
 a nurse,—and never did her friends appreciate her value
 more than in that capacity With so well-trained a hand
 and eye, such perfect adroitness and practice in every art
 that could promote neatness and comfort, and keep
 out of sight every disagreeable incident of sickness —with
 such a perfect sense of times, such a clear, untroubled
 head, such exact accuracy in remembering every prescrip-
 tion and direction of the doctors,—she was everything
 to her. They who had shrugged their shoulders at her
 little peculiarities and setnesses, so unlike the careless free-
 dom of southern manners, acknowledged that now she was
 the exact person that was wanted

The friend who knew most of Eva's own imaginings
 and foreshadowings was her faithful bearer, Tom To him
 she said what she would not disturb her father by saying.
 To him she imparted those mysterious intimations which
 the soul feels as the cords begin to unbind, ere it leaves its
 clay for ever.

Tom, at last, would not sleep in his room, but lay all
 night in the outer verandah, ready to rouse at every call.

"Uncle Tom, what alive have you taken to sleeping anywhere and everywhere, like a dog, for?" said Miss Ophelia. "I thought you were one of the orderly sort, that liked to lie in bed in a Christian way."

"I do, Miss Feely," said Tom, mysteriously. "I do but now—"

"Well, what now?"

"We mustn't speak loud: Mas'r St. Clare won't hear on't: but Miss Feely, you know there must be somebody watching for the bridegroom."

"What do you mean, Tom?"

"You know it says in Scripture, 'At midnight there was a great cry made. Behold, the bridegroom cometh.' That's what I'm 'spectin' now, every night, Miss Feely,—and I couldn't sleep out o'hearn', no ways."

"Why, Uncle Tom, what makes you think so?"

Miss Eva, she talks to me. The Lord, He sends his messenger in the soul! I must be thar, Miss Feely, for when that are blessed child goes into the kingdom, they'll open the door so wide, we'll all get a look in at the glory, Miss Feely."

"Uncle Tom, did Miss Eva say she felt more unwell than usual to-night?"

"No. But she telle me, this morning, she was coming, never,—thar's them that tells it to the child, Miss Feely. It's the angels,—it's the trumpet sound afore the break of day," said Tom, quoting from a favourite hymn.

This dialogue passed between Miss Ophelia and Tom, between ten and eleven one evening after her arrangements had all been made for the night, when, on going to bolt her outer door, she found Tom stretched along by it in the outer verandah.

She was not nervous or impressible. but the solemn, heartfelt manner struck her. Eva had been unusually bright and cheerful, that afternoon, and had sat raised in her bed, and looked over all her little trinkets and precious things, and designated the friends to whom she would have them given; and her manner was animated, and her voice natural, than they had known it for weeks. Her father had been in, in the evening, and had said that Eva appeared more like her former self than ever she had done since her sickness; and when he kissed her for the night, he said to Miss Ophelia—"Cousin, we may keep her with us, after all; she is certainly better," and he had retired with a lighter heart in his bosom than he had there for weeks.

But at midnight,—strange, mystic hour!—when the veil between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin,—then came the messenger!

There was a sound in that chamber, first of one who stepped quickly. It was Miss Ophelia, who had resolved to sit up all night with her little charge, and who, at the turn of the night, had discerned what experienced nurses significantly call "a change." The outer door was quickly opened, and Tom, who was watching outside, was on the alert, in a moment

"Go for the doctor, Tom! lose not a moment," said Miss Ophelia; and, stepping across the room, she rapped at St Clare's door.

"Cousin," she said, "I wish you would come."

Those words fell upon his heart like clods upon a coffin. Why did they? He was up and in the room in an instant, and bending over Eva, who still slept.

What was it he saw that made his heart stand still? Why was no word spoken between the two? Thou canst

say, who hast seen that same expression on the face dearest to thee,—that look indescribable, hopeless, unmistakeable, that says to thee that thy beloved is no longer thine

On the face of the child, however, there was no ghastly imprint,—only a high and almost sublime expression,—the overshadowing presence of spiritual natures, the dawning of immortal life in that childish soul

They stood there so still, gazing upon her, that even the ticking of the watch seemed too loud. In a few moments, Tom returned, with the doctor. He entered, gave one look, and stood silent as the rest.

“When did this change take place?” said he, in a low whisper, to Miss Ophelia.

“About the turn of the night” she replied.

Mame, roused by the entrance of the doctor, appeared hurriedly from the next room.

“Augustine! Cousin!—Oh!—what!” she hurriedly began

“Hush!” said St. Clare, hoarsely. “*she is dying!*”

Mammy heard the words, and flew to awaken the servants. The house was soon roused,—lights were seen, footsteps heard, anxious faces thronged the verandah, and looked tearfully through the glass doors, but St. Clare heard and said nothing,—he saw *only that look* on the face of the little sleeper.

“Oh, if she would only wake, and speak once more!” he said; and, stooping over her, spoke in her ear,—“Eva, darling!”

The large blue eyes unclosed,—a smile passed over her face,—she tried to raise her head, and to speak

“Do you know me, Eva?”

“Dear papa,” said the child, with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck. In a moment they dropped

again, and, as St. Clare raised his head, he saw a spasm of mortal agony pass over the face,—she struggled for breath, and threw up her little hands.

“Oh, God, this is dreadful!” he said, turning away in agony and winging Tom’s hand, scarce conscious what he was doing. “Oh, Tom, my boy, it is killing me!”

Tom had his master’s hands between his own, and, with tears streaming down his dark cheeks, looked up for help where he had always been used to look.

“Pray that this may be cut short!” said St. Clare.—“this wings my heart.”

“Oh bless the Lord! it’s over,—it’s over, dear master!” said Tom. “look at her.”

The child lay panting on her pillows, as one exhausted,—the large clear eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah, what said those eyes, that spoke so much of Heaven? Earth was passed, and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious, was the triumphant brightness of that face, that it checked even the sobs of sorrow. They pressed around her, in breathless stillness.

“Eva!” said St. Clare, gently.

She did not hear.

“Oh, Eva, tell us what you see! What is it?” said her father.

A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said, brokenly—“Oh! love—joy—peace!” gave one sigh, and passed from death unto life!

Farewell, beloved child! the bright, eternal doors have closed after thee, we shall see thy sweet face no more. Oh, woe for them who watched thy entrance into heaven, when they shall wake and find only the cold gray sky of daily life, and thou gone for ever!

A SLAVE WAREHOUSE.

A Slave warehouse ! Perhaps some of my readers conjure up horrible visions of such a place. They fancy some foul, obscure den, some horrible *Tartarus "informis, ingens, cui lumen ademptum"* But no, innocent friend ! in these days men have learned the art of sinning expertly and genteely, so as not to shock the eyes and senses of respectable society. Human property is high in the market : and it is therefore well fed, well cleaned, tended, and looked after, that it may come to sale sleek, and strong and shining. A slave warehouse in New Orleans is a house externally not much unlike many others, kept in neatness : and where every day you may see arranged, under a sort of shed along the outside, rows of men and women, who stand there as a sign of the property sold within.

Then you shall be courteously entreated to call and examine, and shall find an abundance of husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, and young children, to be "sold separately or in lots, to suit the convenience of the purchaser : " and that soul immortal, once bought with blood and anguish by the Son of God, when the earth shook, and the rocks rent, and the graves were opened, can be sold, leased, mortgaged, exchanged for groceries or dry goods, to suit the phases of trade or the fancy of the purchaser

It was a day or two after the conversation between Marie and Miss Ophelia, that Tom, Adolph, and half a dozen others of the St. Clare estate, were turned over to the loving-kindness of Mr. Skeggs, the keeper of a depot in--street, to await the auction, next day.

Tom had with him quite a sizable trunk full of clothing as had most others of them. They were ushered for the night

into a long room, where many other men of all ages, sizes, and shades of complexion were assembled, and from which roars of laughter and unthinking merriment were proceeding.

"Ah, ah ! that's right. Go it, boys—go it !" says Mr. Skeggs, the keeper. "My people are always so merry ! Sambo I see !" he said, speaking approvingly to a burly negro who was performing tricks of low buffoonery, which occasioned the shouts which Tom had heard.

As might be imagined, Tom was in no humour to join these proceedings ; and therefore, setting his trunk as far as possible from the noisy group, he sat down on it and leaned his face against the wall.

The dealers in the human article make scrupulous and systematic efforts to promote noisy mirth among them, as a means of drowning reflection and rendering them insensible to their condition. The whole object of the training to which the negro is put, from the time he is sold in the northern market till he arrives south, is systematically directed towards making him callous, unthinking, and brutal. The slave-dealer collects his gang in Virginia or Kentucky, and drives them to some convenient, healthy place—often a watering-place—to be fattened. Here they are fed full, daily, and, because some incline to pine, a fiddle is kept commonly going among them, and they are made to dance daily : and he who refuses to be merry—in whose soul thoughts of wife, or child, or home, are too strong for him to be gay—is marked as sullen and dangerous, and subjected to all the evils which ill-will of an utterly irresponsible and hardened man can inflict upon him. Briskness, alertness, and cheerfulness of appearance, especially before observers, are constantly enforced upon them, both by the hope of thereby

getting a good master, and the fear of all that the driver may bring upon them if they prove unsaleable

‘What dat ar nigger dom’ here?’ said Sambo coming up to Tom, after Mr. Skeggs had left the room. Sambo was full black, of great size, very lively, voluble, and full of trick and grimace.

‘What you dom’ here?’ said Sambo, coming up to Tom, and poking him facetiously in the side ‘Meditatin,’ eh?’

‘I am to be sold at the auction to-morrow?’ said Tom quietly.

‘Sold at auction—haw! haw! boys, an’t this yer fun? But how is it—dis yer whole lot gwine to-morrow?’ said Sambo, laying his hand freely on Adolph’s shoulder

‘Please to let me alone!’ said Adolph, fiercely, straightening himself up with extreme disgust

The rest laughed and shouted, and the uproar brought the keeper to the door.

‘What now, boys? Order, order!’ he said, coming in and flourishing a large whip.

All fled in different directions, except Sambo, who, presuming on the favour which the keeper had to him as a licensed wag, stood his ground, ducking his head with a facetious grin whenever his master made a dive at him

‘Lor, mas’i, ‘tan’t us—we’s reglar stiddy—it’s these yer new hands they’s real aggravatin’—kinder pickin’ at us, all time!’

The keeper at this turned upon Tom and Adolph, and distributed a few kicks and cuffs without much inquiry; and leaving general orders for all to be good boys and go to sleep, left the apartment.

While this scene was going on in the men’s sleeping-room, the reader may be curious to take a peep at the corres-

ponding apartment allotted to the women. Stretched out in various attitudes over the floor, he may see numberless sleeping forms of every shade of complexion, from the purest ebony to white, and of all years, from childhood to old age, lying now asleep. Here is a fine bright girl, of ten years, whose mother was sold out yesterday, and who to-night curled herself to sleep when nobody was looking at her. Here, a worn old negress, whose thin arms and callous fingers tell of hard toil, waiting to be sold to-morrow as a cast-off article for what can be got for her, and some forty or fifty others, with heads variously enveloped in blankets or articles of clothing, lie stretched around them. But, in a corner, sitting apart from the rest, are two females of a more interesting appearance than common. One of these is a respectably-dressed mullatto woman between forty and fifty, with soft eyes and a gentle and pleasing physiognomy. She has on her head a high-raised turban, made of a gayer Madras handkerchief of the first quality and her dress is neatly fitted, and of good material showing that she has been provided for with a careful hand. By her side, and nestling closely to her, is a young girl of fifteen—her daughter. She is a quadroon, as may be seen from her fairer complexion, though her likeness to her mother is quite discernible. She has the same soft, dark eye, with longer lashes, and her curling hair is of a luxuriant brown. She also is dressed with great neatness, and her white, delicate hands betray very little acquaintance with servile toil. These two are to be sold to-morrow, in the same lot with the St. Clare servants, and the gentleman to whom they belong and to whom the money for their sale is to be transmitted, is a member of a Christian Church in New York, who will receive the money and go thereafter to the

sacrament of his Lord and theirs, and think no more of it.

These two, whom we shall call Susan and Emmeline, had been the personal attendants of an amiable and pious lady of New Orleans, by whom they had been carefully and piously instructed and trained. They had been taught to read and write, diligently instructed in the truths of religion, and their lot had been as happy a one as in their condition it was possible to be. But the only son of their protectress had the management of her property : and, by carelessness and extravagance, involved it to a large amount and at last failed. One of the largest creditors was the respectable firm of B. and Co., in New York. B. and Co. wrote to their lawyer in New Orleans, who attached the real estate (these two articles and a lot of plantation hands formed the most valuable part of it,) and wrote word to that effect to New York. Brother B. being, as we have said, a Christian man, and a resident in a free State, felt some uneasiness on the subject. He didn't like trading in slaves and souls of men—of course he didn't ; but then there were thirty thousand dollars in the case, and that was rather too much money to be lost for a principle ; and so after much considering, and asking advice from those that he knew would advise to suit him, Brother B. wrote to his lawyer to dispose of the business in the way that seemed to him the most suitable, and remit the proceeds.

The day after the letter arrived in New Orleans. Susan and Emmeline were attached, and sent to the depot to await a general auction on the following morning. and as they glimmer faintly upon us in the moonlight which steals through the grated window, we may listen to their conversation. Both are weeping, but each quietly, that the other may not hear.

"Mother, just lay your head on my lap, and see if you can't sleep a little," says the girl trying to appear calm.

"I haven't any heart to sleep, Em! I can't. It's the last night we may be together!"

"Oh, mother, don't say so! Perhaps we shall get sold together—who knows?"

"If 'twas anybody's else case I should say so too, Em," said the woman, "but I'm so feared of losin' you that I don't see anything but the danger."

"Why, mother? The man said we were both likely, and would sell well."

Susan remembered the man's looks and words. With a deadly sickness at her heart, she remembered how he had looked at Emmeline's hands and lifted up her curly hair, and pronounced her a first-rate article. Susan had been trained as a Christian, brought up in the daily reading of the Bible, and had the same horror of her child's being sold to a life of shame that any other Christian might have; but she had no hope—no protection.

"Mother, I think we might do first-rate, if you could get a place as cook, and I as chambermaid, or seamstress, in some family. I daresay we shall. Let's both look as bright and lively as we can, and tell all we can do, and perhaps we shall," said Emmeline.

"I want you to brush your hair all black straight to-morrow," said Susan.

"What for, mother? I don't look near so well that way."

"Yes, but you'll sell better so."

"I don't see why!" said the child.

"Respectable families would be more apt to buy you if they saw you looked plain and decent, as if you wasn't

trying to look handsome. I know their ways better'n you do," said Susan

"Well, mother, then I will."

"And, Emmeline, if we shouldn't never see each other again after to-morrow—if I'm sold way up on a plantation somewhere, and you somewhere else—always remember how you've been brought up, and all missis has told you. Take your Bible with you, and your hymnbook, and if you're faithful to the Lord, He'll be faithful to you."

So speaks the poor soul, in sore discouragement, for she knows that to-morrow any man, however vile and brutal, however godless and merciless, if he has only money to pay for her, may become owner of her daughter, body and soul, and then how is the child to be faithful? She thinks of all this as she holds her daughter in her arms, and wishes that she were not so handsome and attractive. It seems almost an aggravation to her to remember how purely and piously how much above the ordinary lot, she has been brought up. But she has no resort but to *pray*: and many such prayers to God have gone up from those same trim, neatly-arranged, respectable slave-pisuns—prayers which God has not forgotten, as a coming day shall show, for it is written, "Whoso causeth one of these little ones to offend, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea."

Mr Skeggs, with his palmetto on and his cigar in his mouth, walks around to put farewell touches on his wares

"How's this?" he said, stepping in front of Susan and Emmeline. "Where's your curls, gal?"

The girl looked timidly at her mother, who, with the smooth adroitness common among her class, answers—

"I was telling her last night to put up her hair smooth

and neat. and not havin' it flyin' about in curls—looks more respectable so "

" Brother ! " said the man, peremptorily, turning to the girl. " You go right along, and curl yourself real smart ; " he added, giving a crack to a rattan he held in his hand ; " and be back in quick time, too. You go and help her " he added to the mother " Then curls may make a hundred dollars' difference in the sale of her "

Beneath a splendid dome were men of all nations, moving to and fro over the marble pave. On every side of the circular area were little tribunes, or stations, for the use of speakers and auctioneers. Two of these, on opposite sides of the area, were now occupied by brilliant and talented gentlemen, enthusiastically forcing up, in English and French commingled, the bids of connoisseurs in their various wares. A third on the other side, still unoccupied, was surrounded by a group waiting the moment of sale to begin. And here we may recognize the St. Clare servants.—Tom, Adolph, and others, and there too, Susan and Emmeline, awaiting their turn with anxious and dejected faces. Various spectators, intending to purchase or not intending, as the case might be, gathered around the group, handling, examining, and commenting on their various points and faces with the same freedom that a set of jockeys discuss the merits of a horse.

" Hulloo, Alf ! what brings you here ? " said a young exquisite, slapping the shoulder of a sprucely-dressed young man, who was examining Adolph through an eve-glass.

" Well, I was wanting a valet, and I heard that St. Clare's lot was going. I thought that I'd just look at his—"

" Catch me ever buying any of St. Clare's people ! Spoilt niggers, every one ! Impudent as the devil ! " said the other.

"Never fear that" said the first. "If I get'em I'll soon have their airs out of them; they'll soon find that they've another kind of master to deal with than Monsieur St. Clare. Pon my word, I'll buy that fellow, I like the shape of him."

"You'll find it'll take all you've got to keep him. He's deucedly extravagant!"

"Yes, but my lord will find that he *can't* be extravagant with *me*. Just let him be sent to the calaboose a few times, and thoroughly dressed down! I'll tell you if it don't bring him to a sense of his ways! Oh, I'll reform him, up hill and down—you'll see. I buy him—that's flat."

Tom had been standing wistfully examining the multitude of faces thronging around him for one whom he would wish to call master and, if you should ever be under the necessity, sir, of selecting out of two hundred men one who was to become your absolute owner and disposer, you would perhaps realize, just as Tom did, how few there were that you would feel at all comfortable in being made over to. Tom saw abundance of men, great, burly, gruff men; little, chirping, dried men: long-favoured, land, hard men: and every variety of stubbed-looking, commonplace men, who pick up their fellow-men as one picks up chips, putting them into the fire or a basket with equal unconcern, according to their convenience; but he saw no St. Clare.

A little before the sale commenced, a short, broad, muscular man, in a checked shirt considerably open at the bosom, and pantaloons much the worse for dirt and wear, elbowed his way through the crowd, like one who is going actively into a business: and coming up to the group, began to examine them systematically. From the moment that

Tom saw him approaching. he felt an immediate and revolting horror of him, that increased as he came near. He was evidently, though short, of gigantic strength. His round bullet head, large, light-gray eyes, with their shaggy, sandy eyebrows, and stiff, wiry, sun-burned air, were rather unprepossessing items, it is to be confessed. his large, coarse mouth was distended with tobacco, the juice of which, from time to time, he ejected from him with great decision and explosive force: his hands were immensely large, hairy, sun-burned, freckled, and very dirty, and garnished with long nails, in a very foul condition. This man proceeded to a very free personal examination of the lot. He seized Tom by the jaw, and pulled open his mouth to inspect his teeth, made him strip up his sleeve, to show his muscle; turned him round, made him jump and spring to show his paces.

"Where was you raised?" he added, briefly, to these investigations.

"In Kintuck, mas'r." said Tom, looking about as if for deliverance.

"What have you done?"

"Had care of mas'r's farm," said Tom.

"Likely story!" said the other, shortly, as he passed on. He paused a moment before Dolph: then spitting a discharge of tobacco juice on his well-blackened boots, and giving a contemptuous umph, he walked on. Again he stopped before Susan and Emmeline. He put out his heavy, dirty hand, and drew the girl towards him. passed it over her neck and bust, felt her arms, looked at her teeth, and then pushed her back against her mother, whose patient face showed the sufferings she had been going through at every motion of the hideous stranger.

The girl was frightened and began to cry.

"Stop that, you minx!" said the salesman: "no whimpering here: the sale is going to begin." And accordingly the sale began.

Adolph was knocked off at a good sum, to the young gentleman who had previously stated his intention of buying him; and the other servants of the St. Clare lot went to various bidders.

"Now, up with you, boy! d'ye hear?" said the auctioneer to Tom.

Tom stepped upon the block, gave a few anxious looks around: all seemed mingled in a common, indistinct noise—the clatter of the salesman crying off his qualifications in French and English, the quick fire of French and English bids, and almost in a moment came the final thump of the hammer, and the clear ring on the last syllable of the word "*dollars*," as the auctioneer announced his price, and Tom was made over.—He had a master!

He was pushed from the block, the short, bullet-headed man seizing him roughly by the shoulder, pushed him to one side, saying, in a harsh voice, "Stand there, *you*!"

Tom hardly realized anything: but still the bidding went on—rattling, clattering, now French, now English. Down goes the hammer again,—Susan is sold. she goes down from the block, stops, looks wistfully. her daughter stretches her hands towards her. She looks with agony in the face of the man who has bought her—a respectable middle-aged man of benevolent countenance.

"Oh, mas'r, please do buy my daughter!"

"I'd like to, but I'm afraid I can't afford it!" said the gentleman, looking with painful interest as the young

girl mounted the block and looked around her with a frightened and timid glance.

The blood flushes painfully in her otherwise colourless cheek, her eye has a feverish fire, and her mother groans to see that she looks more beautiful than she ever saw her before. The auctioneer sees his advantage and expatiates volubly in mingled French and English, and bids rise in rapid succession.

"I'll do anything in reason," said the benevolent-looking gentleman, pressing in and joining in the bids. In a few moments they have run beyond his purse. He is silent, the auctioneer grows warmer, but bids gradually drop off. It lies now between an aristocratic old citizen and our bullet-headed acquaintance. The citizen bids for a few turns, contemptuously measuring his opponent: but the bullet-head has the advantage over him, both in obstinacy and concealed length of purse, and the controversy lasts but a moment—the hammer falls—he has got the girl, body and soul, unless God help her!

Her master is Mr. Legree, who owns a cotton plantation on the Red River. She is pushed along in the same lot with Tom and two other men, and goes off, weeping as she goes.

The benevolent gentleman is sorry, but then the thing happens every day! One sees girls and mothers crying at these sales *always*! it can't be helped, &c. . and he walks off with his acquisition in another direction.

VII. Letters.

INSTRUCTION FOR WRITING LETTERS.

I OBSERVE that in your letter to me. you spell *induce*, *enduce*; and *grandeur*, you spell *grandure*; two faults, of which of my house-maids would have been guilty. I must tell you, that orthography, in the true sense of the word, is so absolutely necessary for a man of letters, or a gentleman, that one false spelling may fix a ridicule upon him for the rest of his life, and I know a man of quality who never recovered the ridicule of having spelled *wholesome* without the *w*.

Reading with care will secure every body from false spelling: for books are always well spelled, according to the orthography of the times. Some words are indeed doubtful, being spelled differently by different authors of equal authority, but these are few: and in such cases every man has his option, because he may plead his authority either way: but where there is only one right way, as in the two words above-mentioned, it is unpardonable and ridiculous to miss it.

Our pronouns and relatives often create obscurity or ambiguity, be therefore extremely attentive to them, and take care to mark out with precision their particular relations. For example: Mr Johnson acquainted me that he had seen Mr. Smith, who had promised him to speak to Mr. Clarke, to return *him* (Mr. Johnson) those papers which *he* (Mr. Smith) had left some time ago with *him* (Mr. Clarke). It is better to repeat a name, though unnecessarily ten times, than to have the person mistaken once. *Who*, you know, is only relative to persons, and cannot be applied to things; *which* and

that, are chiefly relative to things, but not absolutely exclusive of persons. for one may say, the man *that* robbed or killed such-a-one; but it is much better to say, the man *who* robbed or killed. One never says, the man or the woman *which*. *Which* and *that*, though chiefly relative to things, cannot be always used indifferently as to things, and a consideration of what is most agreeable in the sound must sometimes determine their place. For instance—The letter *which* I received from you, *which* you referred to in your last, *which* came by Lord Albemarle's messenger, and *which* I showed to such-a-one. I would change it thus—The letter *that* I received from you, *which* you referred to in your last, *that* came by Lord Albemarle's messenger, and *which* I showed to such-a-one.

I wish too that your hand-writing was much better; and I cannot conceive why it is not, since every man certainly may write whatever hand he pleases. Neatness in folding up, sealing, and directing your letters, is by no means to be neglected, though, I dare say, you think it is. But there is something in the exterior, even of a letter, that may please or displease, and is consequently worth some attention.

FROM A CHINAMAN TO HIS FRIENDS IN THE EAST.

THE English seem as silent as the Japanese, yet vainer than the inhabitants of Siam. Upon my arrival I attributed that reserve to modesty, which I now find has its origin in pride. Condescend to address them first, and you are sure of their acquaintance; stoop to flattery, and you conciliate

their friendship esteem. They bear hunger, cold, fatigue, and all the miseries of life, without shrinking, danger only calls forth their fortitude, they even exult in calamity: but contempt is what they cannot bear. An Englishman fears contempt more than death: he often flies to death as a refuge from its pressure, and dies when he fancies the world has ceased to esteem him.

Pride seems the source not only of their national vices, but of their national virtues also. An Englishman is taught to love his king as his friend, but to acknowledge no other master than the laws which himself has contributed to enact. He despises those nations, who, that one may be free, are all content to be slaves; who first lift a tyrant into terror, and then shrink under his power as if delegated from heaven. Liberty is echoed in all their assemblies; and thousands might be found ready to offer up their lives for the sound, though perhaps not one of all the number understands its meaning. The lowest mechanic, however, looks upon it as his duty to be a watchful guardian of his country's freedom, and often uses a language that might seem haughty, even in the mouth of the great emperor, who traces his ancestry to the moon.

A few days ago, passing by one of their prisons I could not avoid stopping, in order to listen to a dialogue, which I thought might afford me some entertainment. The conversation was carried on between a debtor through the grate of his prison, a porter who had stopped to rest his burden, and a soldier at the window. The subject was upon a threatened invasion from France, and each seemed extremely anxious to rescue his country from the impending danger. "For my part," cries the prisoner, "the greatest of my apprehensions is for our freedom; if the French should

conquer, what would become of English liberty? My dear friends, liberty is the Englishman's prerogative; we must preserve that at the expense of our lives; of that the French shall never deprive us. it is not to be expected that men who are slaves themselves would preserve our freedom should they happen to conquer"—"Ay, slaves," cries the porter, they are all slaves, fit only to carry burdens, every one of them. "Before would stoop to slavery, may this be my poison" (and he held the goblet in his hand),—"may this be my poison—but I would sooner list for a soldier."

The soldier, taking the goblet from his friend, with much awe, fervently cried out. "It is not so much our liberties as our religion that would suffer by such a change, ay, our religion, my lads. May the devil sink me into flames" (such was the solemnity of his adjuration), "if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone." So saying, instead of a libation, he applied the goblet to his lips, and confirmed his sentiments with a ceremony of the most persevering devotion.

In short, every man here pretends to be a politician: even the fair sex are sometimes found to mix the severity of national altercation with the blandishments of love, and often become conquerors by more weapons of destruction than their eyes.

This universal passion for politics is gratified by "Daily Gazettes," as with us at China. But, as in ours, the Emperor endeavours to instruct his people; in theirs, the people endeavour to instruct the Administration. You must not, however, imagine, that they who compile these papers have any actual knowledge of the politics or the government of a state. they only collect their materials from the oracle of some coffee-house. which oracle has himself gathered them

the night before from a beau at a gaming-table who has pillaged his knowledge from a great man's porter—who has had his information from the great man's gentleman—who has invented the whole story for his own amusement the night preceding

The English, in general, seem fonder of gaining the esteem than the love of those they converse with—this gives a formality to their amusements ; their gayest conversations have something too wise for innocent relaxation . though, in company, you are seldom disgusted with the absurdity of a fool, you are seldom lifted into rapture by those strokes of vivacity which give instant, though not permanent, pleasure.

What they want however, in gaiety, they make up in politeness. You smile at hearing me praise the English for their politeness . you who have heard very different accounts from the missionaries at Pekin, who have seen such a different behaviour in their merchants and seamen at home. But I must still repeat it. the English seem more polite than any of their neighbours ; their great art, in this respect, lies in endeavouring, while they oblige, to lessen the force of the favour. Other countries are fond of obliging a stranger. but seem desirous that he should be sensible of the obligation The English confer their kindness with an appearance of indifference, and give away benefits with an air as if they despised them

Walking a few days ago between an English and a Frenchman into the suburbs of the city, we were overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. I was unprepared but they had each large coats, which defended them from what seemed to be a perfect inundation. The Englishman, seeing me shrink from the weather, accosted me thus . "Pshaw, man, what dost shrink at ? Here, take this coat , I don't want it , I find it no

was useful to me, I had as lief be without it." The Frenchman began to show his politeness in turn. "My dear friend," cries he, 'why won't you oblige me by making use of my coat? you see how well it defends me from the rain. I should not choose to part with it to others, but, to such a friend as you, I could even part with my skin to do him service."

From such minute instances as these, most reverend Fum Hoam, I am sensible your sagacity will collect instruction. The volume of nature is the book of knowledge, and he becomes most wise who makes the most judicious selection. Farewell.

SIR ROGER AT THE ABBEY.

As we went up the body of the church the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, 'A brave man I warrant him!' Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudsly Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, "Sir Cloudsly Shovel! a very gallant man!" As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner, "Dr. Busby, a great man! he whipped my grandfather, a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead, a very great man!"

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees, and, concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr

to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us, that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family, and after having regarded her finger for sometime, "I wonder, (says he,) that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle"

We were then conveyed to the two coronation-chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's Pillow, sat himself down in the chair; and looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him, that he hoped his Honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned, but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t' other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us, that he was the first that touched for the Evil; and afterwards Henry the Fourth's, upon which he shook his head and told us, there was fine reading of the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where

there is the figure of one of our English kings without a head ; and upon giving us to know, that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since : "Some Whig, I'll warrant you, (says Sir Roger) ; you ought to lock up your kings better , they will carry off the body too, if you do not take care."

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shaming, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man ; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk-buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

ADDISON.

SOCIALITY IN THE BRUTE CREATURE.

DEAR SIR,—There is a wonderful spirit of sociality in the brute creation, independent of sexual attachment : the congregation of gregarious birds in the winter is a remarkable instance.

Many horses, though quiet with company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves : the strongest fences cannot restrain them. My neighbour's horse will not only stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable, without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger, with his fore feet. He had been known to leap out at a stable-window, through which dung was thrown, after company : and yet, in other respect, is remarkably quiet. Oxen and cows will not fatten by themselves, but will neglect the finest pasture that is not recommended by society. It would be needless to instance in sheep, which constantly flock together.

But this propensity seems not to be confined to animals of the same species : for we know a doe, still alive, that was brought up from a little fawn with a dairy of cows, with them it goes a-field, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the house take no notice of this deer, being used to her : but, if strange dogs come by, a chase ensues ; while the master smiles to see his favourite securely leading her pursuers over hedge, or gate, or stile, till she returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings, and menacing horns, drive the assailants quite out of the pasture.

Even great disparity of kind and size does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship. For a very intelligent and observant person has assured me, that in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also on a time to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together, in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees, an apparent regard began to take between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would

approach the quadruped with notes of complacency rubbing herself gently against his legs . while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each seemed to console the vacant hours of the other : so that Milton, when he puts the following sentiment in the mouth of Adam, seems to be somewhat mistaken :—

“Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape ”

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

May, 3, 1780.

DEAR SIR,—You indulge me in such a variety of subjects, and allow me such a latitude of excursion in this scribbling employment. that I have no excuse for silence. I am much obliged to you for swallowing such boluses as I send you, for the sake of my gilding, and verily believe I am the only man alive from whom they would be welcome to a palate like yours. I wish I could make them more splendid than they are, more alluring to the eye, at least, if not more pleasing to the taste : but my leaf gold is tarnished, and has received such a tinge from the vapours that are ever brooding over my mind, that I think it no small proof of your partiality to me that you will read my letters. I am not fond of long-winded metaphors ; I have always observe that they halt at the latter end of their progress, and so

does mine. I deal much in ink, indeed, but not such ink as is employed by poets and writers of essays. Mine is a harmless fluid, and guilty of no deceptions but such as may prevail without the least injury to the person imposed on. I draw mountains, valleys, woods, and streams, and ducks, and dab-chicks. I admire them myself, and Mrs. Unwin admires them ; and her praise, and my praise put together, are fame enough for me. Oh ! I could spend whole days and moonlight nights in feeding upon a lovely prospect ! My eyes drink the rivers as they flow. If every human being upon earth could think for one quarter an hour as I have done for many years, there might perhaps be many miserable men among them, but not an unawakened one would be found from the Arctic to the Antarctic circle. At present, the difference between them and me is greatly to their advantage. I delight in baubles, and know them to be so ; forested in, and viewed without a reference to their Author, what is the earth, what are the planets, what is the sun itself but a bauble ? Better for a man never to have seen them, or to see them with the eyes of a brute, stupid and unconscious of what he beholds than not to be able to say, " The Maker of all these wonders is my friend ! " Their eyes have never been opened to see that they are trifles ; mine have been, and will be till they are closed for ever. They think a fine estate, a large conservatory, a hot-house rich as a West Indian garden, things of consequence, visit them with pleasure, and muse upon them with ten times more. I am pleased with a frame of four lights doubtful whether the few pines it contains will ever be worth a farthing ; amuse myself with a greenhouse which Lord Bute's gardener could take upon his back, and walk away with ; and when I have paid it the accustomed visit, and watered it, and given it air, I say to

myself—"This is not mine. 'tis a plaything lent me for the present, I must leave it soon"

W C.

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

August 21, 1780.

THE following occurrence ought not to be passed over in silence, in a place where so few notable ones are to be met with. Last Wednesday night, while we were at supper, between the hours of eight and nine I heard an unusual noise in the back parlour, as if one of the hares was entangled, and endeavouring to disengage herself. I was just going to rise from table when it ceased. In about five minutes, a voice on the outside of the parlour door inquired if one of my hares had got away. I immediately rushed into the next room, and found that my poor favourite Puss had made her escape. She had gnawed in sunder the strings of the lattice work, with which I thought I had sufficiently secured the window, and which I preferred to any other sort of blind, because it admitted plenty of air. From thence I hastened to the kitchen, where I saw the redoubtable Thomas Freeman, who told me that having seen her, just after she dropped into the street, he attempted to cover her with his hat, but she screamed out, and leaped directly over his head. I then desired him to pursue as fast as possible, and added Richard Coleman to the chase, as being nimbler, and carrying less weight than Thomas, not expecting to see her again, but desirous to learn, if possible, what became of her. In something less than an hour Richard returned, almost breath-

less, with the following account That soon after he began to run he left Tom behind, and came in sight of a most numerous hunt of men, women, children and dogs, that he did his best to keep back the dogs, and presently outstripped the crowd, so that the race was at last disputed between himself and Puss—she ran right through the town, and down the lane that leads to Dropshort—a little before she came to the house, he got the start and turned her. she pushed for the town again, and soon after she entered it sought shelter in Mr. Wagstaff's tanyard, adjoining to old Mr. Drake's—Sturge's harvest men were at supper, and saw her from the opposite side of the way. There she encountered the tan-pits full of water : and while she was struggling out of one pit, and plunging into another and almost drowned, one of the men drew her out by the ears and secured her. She was then well washed in a bucket, to get the line out of her coat, and brought home in a sack at ten o'clock.

This frolic cost us four shillings, but you may believe we did not grudge a farthing of it. The poor creature received only a little hurt in one of her claws, and in one of her ears, and is now almost as well as ever

I do not call this an answer to your letter, but such as it is I send it, presuming upon that interest which I know you take in my minutest concerns which I cannot express better than in the words of Terence a little varied,—*Nihil mei a te alienum putus*.—Yours, my dear friend.

W C.

TO LADY HESKETH.

OLNEY, *April 24, 1786.*

Your letters are so much my comfort, that I often tremble lest by any accident I should be disappointed; and the more because you have been, more than once, so engaged in company on the writing day, that I have had a narrow escape. Let me give you a piece of good counsel, my cousin: follow my laudable example, write when you can, take Time's forelock in one hand and a pen in the other, and so make sure of your opportunity. It is well for me that you write faster than anybody, and more in an hour than other people in two, else I know not what would become of me. When I read your letters I hear you talk, and I love talking letters dearly, especially from you. Well! the middle of June will not be always a thousand years off, and when it comes I shall hear you, and see you too, and shall not care a farthing then if you do not touch a pen in a month. By the way, you must either send me, or bring me some more paper, for before the moon shall have performed a few more revolutions I shall not have a scrap left, and tedious revolutions they are just now, that is certain.

I give you leave to be as peremptory as you please, especially at a distance. but, when you say that you are a Cowper (and the better it is for the Cowpers that such you are, and I give them joy of you, with all my heart) you must not forget that I boast myself a Cowper too, and have my humours, and fancies, and purposes, and determinations, as well as others of my name, and hold them as fast as they can. *You* indeed tell *me* how often I shall see you when you come. A pretty story truly. I am a *he* Cowper, my dear, and claim the privileges that belong to my noble sex.

But these matters shall be settled, as my cousin Agamemnon used to say, at a more convenient time

I shall rejoice to see the letter you promise me, for though I met with a morsel of praise last week I do not know that the week current is likely to produce me any, and having lately been pretty much pampered with that diet, I expect to find myself rather hungry by the time when your next letter shall arrive. It will therefore be very opportune. The morsel, above alluded to, came from—whom do you think? From———, but she desires that her authoiship may be a secret. And in my answer I promised not to divulge it, except to you. It is a pretty copy of verses, neatly written, and well turned, and when you come you shall see them. I intend to keep all pretty things to myself till then, that they may serve me as a bait to lure you hither more effectually. The last letter that I had from———I received so many years since, that it seems as if it had reached me a good while before I was born.

I was grieved at the heart that the General could not come and that illness was in part the cause that hindered him. I have sent him, by his express desire, a new edition of the first book, and half the second. He would not suffer me to send it to you, my dear, lest you should post it away to Maty at once. He did not give that reason, but, being shrewd, I found it.

The grass begins to grow, and the leaves to bud, and every thing is preparing to be beautiful against you come—Adieu,

W. C.

You inquire of our walks, I perceive, as well as our rides. They are beautiful. You inquire also concerning a cellar. You have two cellars. Oh! what years have

passed since we took the same walks, and drank out of the same bottle !—but a few more weeks. and then !

TO LADY HESKETH.

THE LODGE, *November 10, 1787.*

THE Parliament, my dearest cousin, prorogued continually, is a meteor dancing before my eyes, promising me and wish only to disappoint me, and none but the king and his ministers can tell when you and I shall come together. I hope, however, that the period though so often postponed is not far distant. and that once more I shall behold you, and experience your power to make winter gay and sprightly.

I have a kitten, the drollest of all creatures that ever wore a cat's skin. Her gambols are not to be described, and would be incredible, if they could. In point of size she is likely to be a kitten always, being extremely small of her age, but time I suppose, that spoils every thing, will make her also a cat. You will see her I hope before that melancholy period shall arrive, for no wisdom that she may gain by experience and reflection hereafter will compensate the loss of her present hilarity. She is dressed in a tortoise-shell suit, and I know that you will delight in her.

Mrs. Throckmorton carries us to-morrow in her chaise to Chicheley. The event, however, must be supposed to depend on elements, at least on the state of the atmosphere, which is turbulent beyond measure. Yesterday it thundered, last night it lightened, and at three this morning I saw the sky as red as a city in flames could have made it.

I have a leech in a bottle that foretells all those prodigies and convulsions of Nature. No, not, as you will naturally conjecture, by articulate utterance of oracular notices, but by a variety of gesticulations, which here I have not room to give an account of. Suffice it to say, that no change of weather surprises him, and that in point of the earliest and most accurate intelligence, he is worth all the barometers in the world. None of them all, indeed, can make the least pretence to foretell thunder,—a species of capacity of which he has given the most unequivocal evidence. I gave but sixpence for him, which is a great more than the market price, though he is in fact, or rather would be, if leeches were not found in every ditch, an invaluable acquisition.

W. C.

ON LEAVING INDIA.

MY DEAR LORD NORTHBROOK,—

I CANNOT leave India without expressing to you, as the Queen's representative of this vast Empire, the sincere pleasure and the deep interest with which I have visited this great and wonderful country. As you are aware, it has been my hope and intention for some years past to see India, with a view to become more intimately acquainted with the Queen's subjects in this distant part of her Empire, and to examine for myself those objects of interest which have always had so great an attraction for travellers. I may candidly say that my expectations have been more than realised by what I have witnessed, so that I return to my native country most deeply impressed with all I have

seen and heard. The information I have gained will, I am confident, be of the greatest value to me, and will form a useful foundation for much that I hope hereafter to acquire. The reception I have met with from the princes and chiefs, and from the native population at large, is most gratifying to me, as the evidence of loyalty thus manifested shows an attachment to the Queen and to the Throne, which, I trust, will be made every year more and more lasting. It is my earnest hope that the many millions of the Queen's Indian subjects may daily become more convinced of the advantages of British rule and that they may realise more fully that the Sovereign and the Government of England have the interests and well-being of India very sincerely at heart. I have had frequent opportunities of seeing native troops of all branches of the service, and I cannot withhold my opinion that they constitute an army of which we may feel justly proud. The "march-past" at Delhi of so many distinguished officers and of such highly-disciplined troops was a most impressive sight, and one which I shall not easily forget. I wish also to state my high appreciation of the Civil Service; and I feel assured that the manner in which their arduous duties are performed tends greatly to the prosperity and the contentment of all classes of the community. I cannot conclude without thanking you, and all those in authority, for the facilities which have enabled me to traverse so rapidly so large an extent of country; and rest assured I shall ever retain a grateful memory of the hospitality tendered by yourself and by others who have so kindly received me.

Believe me, my dear Lord Northbrook.

Yours very sincerely,
ALBERT EDWARD.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE PANZA.

"SIR," answered Sancho, "I see, indeed, that all the things you have told me are good, pious, and profitable, but of what use will they all be if I don't remember one of them? Very likely all that you said about not letting my nails grow too long, and marrying again if I get a chance, I shall not forget, but for all the rest of that stew, and gallimaufry, and medley, I shan't remember any more about it than about last year's clouds. So you must give it to me written down for supposing I can't read or write, I can give it to my confessor, and he may pack it into me and remind me of it whenever I need it."

"Ah, sinner that I am," answered Don Quixote, "what a sorry look it has in governors, not to be able to read and write! For you must know, Sancho, that for a man not to know how to read, or to be left-handed, argues one of two things, either that he was born of very low and vulgar parents or else that he himself was so ill conditioned and perverse that he could neither be taught good manners nor good learning. This indeed is a great deficiency in you, and I wish you could at least learn to sign your name."

"But I do know how to sign my name, for when I was head of a brotherhood in my village, I learned to make letters, such as they put on bundles, and this they said was my name, and besides, I will pretend that my right hand is lame, and make somebody else sign for me, for there is a remedy for every thing but death, and now I have the rule and the rod in my own hands, I will do as I like, for he whose father is a judge needn't be afraid of a trial, and since I am governor,—which is more than being a judge,—let

them look to it—They may fight and backbite. but if they come for wool, they shall go back shorn. When Heaven means well with a man, all the house knows it, and a rich man's follies go for wisdom in this world. and as I am rich, being a governor, and generous too, as I mean to be, nobody will see any faults in me. Cover yourself with honey, and you will have plenty of flies. A man is worth just as much as he has got, my grandmother used to say, and you'll never be avenged of a man of substance "

" Confound you and your proverbs ! " said Don Quixote interrupting him. " Here you have been stringing them together for an hour, and putting me to the torture with every one of them. These proverbs, I assure you, will some day bring you to the gallows. Your subjects will depose you, or at least rebel, and tell me, blockhead, where do you find such proverbs, or how in your stupidity you apply them, for I work as if I were digging to find only one, and apply it properly."

" Why, "fore Heaven, master mine," quoth Sancho " your worship is offended with a very small matter this time. No body can be the worse for my using my own estate, and I have no other, nor any goods either, except proverbs, and more proverbs. Why, now this minute four have popped up to my lips, as pat to the purpose as pears to a pannier. But they shan't come out, not they ; I'll be silent, and be called Gravity "

" No you won't, Sancho," said Don Quixote. " you can't hold your tongue—you're always talking amiss and getting into scrapes. However, I should just like to know what these four mighty pat proverbs are, that you have thought of, for I have a good memory myself, and cannot remember a single one "

"Why, what better could there be?" said Sancho—"Never trust your thumb between another man's grinders; and when a man says, 'Get out of my house, what's my wife to you?' there is no answering that man and whether the jug hits the stone, or the stone the jug, it's a bad thing for the jug. Now, all these fit like a glove. For no one should take it upon himself to be free with his governor, or with any body above him, for if he does he'll suffer for it, as he will who puts his finger between two grinders, and even if they ain't grinders, if they are double teeth it's all the same. Then again, there is no use in answering the governor, whatever he may say, any more than a man who says, 'Get out of my house, what's my wife to you?' And then as to the stone hitting the jug, a blind man can see through that. And so I say, he that spies a mote in his neighbour's eye had better look to the beam in his own, so that no body may say, the dead body was frightened at the man without a head. Then, too, your worship won't deny that the fool knows more in his own house than a wise man does in a stranger's."

"Yes I will, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "for a fool knows nothing in his own house, nor in any body's else. No safe building of knowledge can rest on the foundations of folly. But let us say no more about the matter, Sancho; for, after all, if you govern badly, the fault will be yours, but the disgrace will be mine. However, I console myself with the thought that I have truly done my duty by you, and counselled you to the best of my judgment: and so I acquit myself of my obligation and promise. God guide you Sancho, and govern you in your government, and relieve me from the scruple of conscience that sticks to me, that you will turn your whole island upside down—a thing which I

could prevent by explaining to the duke what you are, and telling him plainly that this little, round, fat body of yours is nothing but a sack full of proverbs and mischief."

"Nay, sir," quoth Sancho, "if your worship does not think me the man for this government, I give it up at once; for I am sure the paring of one of my soul's nails is dearer to me than my whole body. I hope I can live plain, dry Sancho, on bread and onions, as well as Governor Sancho on partridges and capons, for when we are asleep we are all alike, high and low, poor and rich. Then, if your worship will only recollect, you will remember that it was all your worship that put me upon this notion of a government, for I know no more about governing islands than a buzzard. And if it is really likely that the evil one will get me if I am a governor, why, there is an end of the matter; for I'd much rather be plain Sancho, and go to heaven, than be governor, and go the other place."

"Thank Heaven, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "your last words show in my opinion, that you deserve to be governor of a thousand islands. You have a good heart without which all the knowledge in the worlds is nothing worth. Commend yourself to God, hold fast your integrity, strive always—I mean with intent and firm effort—to do the best you can, whatever happens; for Heaven always favours good purposes. And now let us to dinner, for their graces must be waiting for us."

THE PRICE OF PLEASURE.

"I think I will take a ride," said the little Lord Linger, after breakfast. "Bring me my boots, and let my horse be brought to the door."

The horse was saddled, and his lordship's spurs were putting on—

"No," said he. "I'll have my low chair and the ponies, and take a drive round the park."

The horse was led back, and the ponies were almost harnessed. When his lordship sent his valet to countermand them. He would walk into the corn-field, and see how the new hunter pointed.

After all, says he, "I think I will stay at home and play a game or two at billiards."

He played half a game, but could not make a stroke to please himself. His tutor, who was present, now thought it a good opportunity to ask his lordship if he would read a little.

"Why, I think I will, for I am tired of doing nothing. What shall we have?"

"Your lordship left off last time in one of the finest passages in the *Aeneid*. Suppose we finish it."

Well—Aye—but no—I had rather go on with Hume's History. Or suppose we do some geography?"

"With all my heart." The globes are upon the study-table.

They went to the study: and the little lord, leaning upon his elbows, looked at the globe, then whirled it round two or three times, and listened patiently while the tutor explained some of its parts and uses. But while he was in the midst of a problem. "Come," said his lordship, "now for a little Virgil."

The book was brought and the pupil with a good deal of help got through twenty lines.

"Well," said he, ringing the bell. "I think we have done a good deal. Tom! bring my bow and arrows."

The fine bow in its green case with all its appurtenances, was brought, and his lordship went down to the place where the shooting-butts were erected. He aimed a few shafts at the target, but not coming near it, he shot the remainder at random, and then ordered out his horse.

He sauntered with a servant at his heels for a mile or two through the lanes; and came just as the clock struck twelve, to a village green, close by which a school was kept. A door flew open, and out burst a shoal of boys, who, spreading over the green, with immoderate vociferation, instantly began a variety of sports. Some fell to marbles: some to trap-ball, some to leap-frog. In short, not one of the whole crew but was eagerly employed. Every thing was noise, motion, and pleasure. Lord Linger, riding slowly up, espied one of his tenant's sons, who had been formerly admitted as a play-fellow of his, and called him from the throng.

"Jack," said he, "how do you like school?"

"O, pretty well, my Lord."

"What, have you a good deal of play?"

"O no. We have only from twelve to two for playing and eating our dinners, and then an hour before supper."

"That is very little indeed."

"*But we play heartily when we do play, and work heartily when we work.*" Good bye, my Lord. It is my turn to go in at trap."

So saying, Jack ran off to his playmates.

"I wish I were a school-boy!" cried the little lord to himself.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN WILLIAM PENN AND LORD PETERBOROUGH

PETERBOROUGH. The worst objection I mayself could ever find against the theatre is, that I lose in it my original idea of such men as Cæsar and Coriolanus, and, where the loss affects me more deeply, or Juliet and Desdemona Alexander was a fool to wish for a second world to conquer but no man is a fool who wishes for the enjoyment of two, the real and the ideal : nor is it anything short of a misfortune, I had almost said of a calamity, to confound them. This is done by the stage : it is likewise done by engravings in books, which have a great effect in weakening the imagination, and are serviceable only to those who have none, and who read negligently and idly. I should be sorry if the most ingenious print in the world were to cover the first impression left on my mind of such characters as Don Quixote and Sancho : yet probably a very indifferent one might do it ; for we cannot master our fancies, nor give them at will a greater or less tenacity, a greater or less promptitude in coming and recurring.

You Friends are no less adverse to representation by painting than by acting

Penn. We do not educate our youth to such professions and practices. Thou, I conceive, art unconcerned and disinterested in this matter.

Peterborough. Nearly, but not quite. I am ignorant of the art, and prefer that branch of it which to many seems the lowest ; I mean portraiture. I can find flowers in my garden, landscapes in my rides, the works of saints in the Bible, of great statesmen and captains in the historians, and of those who with equal advantages had been the same,

in the Newgate Calendar The best representation of them can only give me a high opinion of the painter's abilities fixed on a point of time But when I look on a family picture by Vandvke when I contemplate the elegant and happy father in the midst of his blooming progeny, and the partner of his fortunes and his joy beside him I am affected very differently, and much more He who there stands meditating for them some delightful scheme of pleasure or aggrandisement has bowed his head to calamity, perhaps even to the block. Those roses gathered from the parterre behind, those taper fingers negligently holding them, that hair the softness of which seems unable to support the riot of its ringlets are moved away from earth amid the tears and aching hearts of the very boys and girls who again are looking at me with such unconcern

Faithfullest recorder of domestic bliss, perpetuator of youth and beauty, vanquisher of time, leading in triumph the Hours and Seasons, the painter here bestows on me the richest treasures of his enchanting art.

SECTARIANISM.

It is with nations as with individuals, those who know the least of others, think the highest of themselves: for the whole family of pride and ignorance are incestuous, and mutually beget each other The Chinese affect to despise European ingenuity, but they cannot mend a common watch, when it is out of order, they say it is dead, and barter it away for a living one. The Persians think that all foreign merchants come to them from a small island in the northern

waters, barren and desolate, which produces nothing good or beautiful, for why else, say they, do the Europeans fetch such things from us, if they are to be had at home? The Turk will not permit the sacred cities of Mecca, or Medina to be polluted by the residence or even footsteps of a single Christian, and as to the grand Dairo of Japan, he is so holy, that the sun is not permitted to have the honour of shining on his illustrious head. As to the King of Malacca he styles himself lord of the winds, and the Mogul, to be equal with him, titles himself conqueror of the world, and his grandees are denominated rulers of the thunderstorm, and steersmen of the whirlwind. Even the pride of Xerxes, who fettered the sea, and wrote his commands to Mount Athos, or of Caligula, who boasted of an intrigue with the moon, are both surpassed by the petty sovereign of an insignificant tribe in North America, who every morning stalks out of his hovel, bids the sun good morrow, and points out to him with his finger the course he is to take for the day: and, to complete this climax of pride and ignorance, it is well known that the Khan of Tartary, who does not possess a single house under the canopy of heaven, has no sooner finished his repast of mare's milk and horse-flesh, than he causes a herald to proclaim from his seat, that all the princes and potentates of the earth have his permission to go to dinner. "The Arab," says Zimmermann, "in the conviction that his Caliph is infallible, laughs at the stupid credulity of the Tartar, who holds his Lama to be immortal." Those who inhabit Mount Bata, believe that whoever eats a roasted cuckoo before his death is a saint: and, firmly persuaded of the infallibility of this mode of sanctification, deride the Indians, who drag a cow to the bed of a dying person, and pinching her tail, are sure that, if by that method they can make the creature

send a salute into the face of the patient, he is immediately translated into the third heaven. They scoff at the superstition of the Tartarian Ponces, who think that their beatification is secure, provided they can eat of the holy excrements of the Lama : and the Tartars in their turn, ridicule the Brahmms, who, for the better purification of their countrymen, require them to eat cow-dung for the space of six months. while, these would, one and all, if they were told of the cuckoo method of salvation, as heartily despise and laugh at it. I have cited these ridiculous extravagances to show that there are things in which all sects agree,—the hatred with which they pursue the errors of others, and the love with which they cling to their own.

SOCIETY.

SOCIETY, like a shaded silk, must be viewed in all situations, or its colours will deceive us. Goldsmith observed, that one man who travels through Europe on foot and who, like Scriblerus, makes his legs his compasses, and another who is whisked through it in a chaise and four, will form very different conclusions at the end of their journey. The philosopher, therefore, will draw his estimate of human nature, by varying as much as possible his own situation. to multiply the points of view under which he observes her. Uncircumscribed by lines of latitude or of longitude, he will examine her "buttoned up and laced in the forms and ceremonies of civilization, and at her ease and unrestrained in the light and feathered costume of the savage." He will also associate with the highest, without servility, and with the

lowest, without vulgarity. In short, in the grand theatre of human life, he will visit the pit and the gallery, as well as the boxes, but he will not inform the boxes that he comes amongst them from the pit, nor the pit that he visits them from the gallery.

SPEAKING, READING, AND WRITING.

"SPEAKING." says Lord Bacon, "makes a ready man, reading a full man, and writing a correct man." The first position perhaps is true : for those are often the most *ready* to speak who have least to say. But reading will not always make a full man, for the memories of some men are like the buckets of the daughters of Danae, and retain nothing : others have recollections like the bolters of a mill that retain the chaff and let the flour escape : these men will have fulness, but it will be with the drawback of dulness. Neither will writing always accomplish what his Lordship has declared ; otherwise, some of our most voluminous writers would put in their claim for correctness, to whom their readers would more justly award correction. But if we may be allowed to compare intellectual wealth to current, we may say that from a man's speaking, we may guess how much ready money he has : from his reading, what legacies have been left him ; and from his writing, how much he can sit down and draw for, on his banker.

WISE AND REMARKABLE SAYINGS OF EMINENT MEN.

AGESILAUS, king of Sparta, being asked what things he thought most proper for boys to learn, answered, "Those things which they ought to practise when they come to be men." A wiser than Agesilaus has inculcated the same sentiment. "Train up a child," said Solomon "in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, that time was his estate and estate indeed which will produce nothing without cultivation, but which will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to be waste by negligence, to be overrun with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than use.

When Aristotle was asked what a man could gain by telling a falsehood? he replied "Never to be believed when he speaks the truth."

Sully, the great statesman and minister to Henry IV king of France, always retained at his table, in his most prosperous days the same frugality to which he had been accustomed in early life. He was frequently reproached by the courtiers for his simplicity: but he used to reply to them in words of an ancient Philosopher. "If the guests be men of sense, there is sufficient for them if they be not. I can very well dispense with their company."

Titus, the Roman emperor, recollecting at supper that he had not done any act of public utility during the day, said to those who were with him. "My friends, I have lost a day."

Antoninus Pius, the Roman emperor, was an amiable

man and a good prince. When some of his courtiers attempted to influence him with a passion for military glory, he answered that he more desired the preservation of one subject than the destruction of a thousand enemies.

Men are too often ingenuous in making themselves miserable, by aggravating, to their own fancy, beyond bounds, all the evils which they endure. They compare themselves with none but those whom they imagine to be more happy : and complain that upon them alone has fallen the whole load of human sorrows. "I will restore thy daughter again to life," said an Eastern sage to a prince, who grieved immoderately for the loss of a beloved child, "provided thou art able to engrave on her tomb the names of three persons who have never mourned." The prince made inquiry after such persons, but found the inquiry vain, and was silent.

[*A Collection.*]

PLEA FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

WE, Sir, have long since emerged from barbarism—we have almost forgotten that we were once barbarians—we are now raised to a situation which exhibits a striking contrast to every circumstance by which a Roman might have characterized us, and by which we now characterize Africa. There is indeed one thing wanting to complete the contrast, and to clear us altogether from the imputation of acting even to this hour as barbarians ; for we continue

to this hour a barbarous traffic in slaves ; we continue it even yet in spite of all our great and undeniable pretensions to civilization. We were once as obscure among the nations of the earth, as savage in our manners, as debased in our morals, as degraded in our understandings as these unhappy Africans are at present. But in the lapse of a long series of years, by a progression slow, and for a time almost imperceptible we have become rich in a variety of acquirements, favoured above measure in the gifts of Providence, unrivalled in commerce, pre-eminent in arts, foremost in the pursuits of philosophy and science and established in all the blessings of civil society. We are in the possession of peace, of happiness, and of liberty. we are under the guidance of a mild and beneficent religion and we are protected by impartial laws, and the purest administration of justice. We are living under a system of government, which our own happy experience leads us to pronounce the best and wisest which has ever yet been framed, a system which has become the admiration of the world. From all these blessings we must for ever have been shut out, had there been any truth in those principles which some gentlemen have not hesitated to lay down as applicable to the case of Africa. Had those principles been true, we ourselves had languished to this hour in that miserable state of ignorance, brutality and degradation, in which history proves our ancestors to have been immersed. Had other nations adopted these principles in their conduct towards us, had other nations applied to Great Britain the reasoning which some of the senators of this very island now apply to Africa : ages might have passed without our emerging from barbarism ; and we, who are enjoying the blessings of British civilization, of British laws, and British liberty, might at this hour have been little

superior. either in morals, in knowledge, or refinement, to the rude inhabitants of the coast of Guinea. I trust we shall no longer continue this commerce, to the destruction of every improvement on that wide continent, and shall not consider ourselves as conferring too great a boon, in restoring its inhabitants to the rank of human beings. I trust we shall not think ourselves too liberal, if, by abolishing the slave-trade, we give them the same common chance of civilization with other parts of the world, and that we shall now allow to Africa the opportunity—the hope—the prospect of attaining to the same blessing which we ourselves, through the favourable dispensations of Divine Providence, have been permitted, at a much more early period, to enjoy. If we listen to the voice of reason and duty, and pursue this right the line of conduct which they prescribed, some of us may live to see a reverse of that picture, from which we now turn our eyes with shame and regret. We may live to behold the natives of Africa engaged in the calm occupations of industry, in the pursuits of a just and legitimate commerce. We may behold the beams of science and philosophy breaking in upon their land, which at some happy period in still later times, may blaze with full lustre; and joining their influence to that of pure religion, may illuminate and invigorate the most distant extremities of that immense continent. Then may we hope that even Africa, though last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length, in the evening of her days, those blessings which have descended so plentifully upon us in a much earlier period of the world. Then also will Europe, participating in her improvement and prosperity, receive an ample recompense for the tardy kindness (if kindness it can be called), of no longer hindering that continent from extricating herself out of

the darkness which, in other more fortunate regions, has been so much more speedily dispelled.

WILLIAM PITT THE YOUNGER.

THE DECAY OF CHIVALRY.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on his orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what an heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom. Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men,—in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.

But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit

of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nation, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone ! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which enabled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness

This mixed system of opinion and sentiment had its origin in the ancient chivalry, and the principle, though varied in its appearance by varying state of human affairs, subsisted and influenced through a long succession of generations, even to the time we live in. If it should ever be totally extinguished, the loss I fear will be great. It is this which has given its character to modern Europe. It is this which has distinguished it under all its forms of government, and distinguished it to its advantage from the states of Asia, and possibly from those states which flourished in the most brilliant periods of the antique world. It was this which, without confounding ranks, had produced a noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations of social life. It was this opinion which mitigated kings into companions, and raised private men to be fellows with kings. Without force, or opposition, it subdued the fierceness of pride and power : it obliged sovereigns to submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a domination vanquisher of laws, to be subdued by manners.

But now all is to be changed. All the pleasing illusions, which made power gentle, and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, and which by a bland assimilation incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by



this new conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off. All the super-added ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the heart owns, and the understanding ratifies, as necessary to cover the defects of our naked shivering nature and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation, are to be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion.

On this scheme of things, a king is but a man, a queen is but a woman, a woman is but an animal, and an animal not of the highest order. All homage paid to the sex in general as such, and without distinct views, is to be regarded as romance and folly. Regicide, and parricide, and sacrilege, are but fictions of superstition, corrupting jurisprudence by destroying its simplicity. The murder of a king, or a queen, or a bishop, or a father, is only common homicide, and if the people are by any change, or in any way, gainers by it, a sort of homicide much the most pardonable, and into which we ought not to make too severe a scrutiny.

On the scheme of this barbarous philosophy, which is the offspring of cold hearts and muddy understandings, and which is as void of solid wisdom as it is destitute of all taste and elegance, laws are to be supported only by their own terrors, and by the concern which each individual may find in them from his own private speculations, or, can spare to them from his own private interest. In the grooves of *their* academy, at the end of every vista, you see nothing but the gallows. Nothing is left which engages the affections on the part of the commonwealth. On the principles of this mechanic philosophy, our institutions can never be embodied, if I may use the expression, in persons, so as to create in us love, veneration, admiration,

or attachment. But that sort of reason which banishes the affections is incapable of filling their place. These public affections, combined with manners, are required sometimes as supplements, sometimes as correctives, always as aids to law. The precept given by a wise man as well as a critic, for the construction of poems, is equally true as to states.—*Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia suntu*. There ought to be a system of manners in every nation which a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish. To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely.

But power of some kind or other will survive the shock in which manners and opinions perish; and it will find other and worse means for its support. The usurpation which in order to subvert ancient institutions, has destroyed ancient principles, will hold power by acts similar to those by which it has acquired it. When the old feudal and chivalrous spirit of *fidelity*, which, by freeing kings from fear freed both kings and subjects from the precautions of tyranny, shall be extinct in the minds of men, plots and assassinations will be anticipated by preventive murder and preventive confiscation, and that long roll of grim and bloody maxims, which form the political code of all power, not standing on its own honour, and the honour of those who are to obey it. Kings will be tyrants from policy when subjects are rebels from principle.

When ancient opinions and rules of life are taken away, the loss cannot possibly be estimated. From that moment we have no compass to govern us nor can we know distinctly to what port we steer. Europe undoubtedly, taken in a mass, was in a flourishing condition the day on which your Revolution was completed. How much of that prosperous state was owing to the spirit of our old manners and opinions is

not easy to say, but as such causes cannot be indifferent in their operation, we must presume that, on the whole, their operation was beneficial.

We are but too apt to consider things in the state in which we find them, without sufficiently adverting to the causes by which they have been produced and possibly may be upheld. Nothing is more certain than that our manners, our civilization, and all the good things which are connected with manners and with civilization, have in this European world of ours, depended for ages upon two principles and were indeed the result of both combined. I mean the spirit of a gentleman, and the spirit of religion. The nobility and the clergy, the one by profession, the other by patronage, kept learning in existence, even in the midst of arms and confusions, and whilst governments were rather in their causes than formed. Learning paid back what it received to nobility and to priesthood: and paid it with usury, by enlarging their ideas, and by furnishing their minds. Happy if they had all continued to know their indissoluble union and their proper place! Happy if learning, not debauched by ambition had been satisfied to continue the instructor and not aspired to be the master! Along with its natural protectors and guardians, learning will be cast into the mire, and trodden down under the hoots of a swinish multitude.

If, as I suspect, modern letters owe more than they are always willing to own to ancient manners, so do other interests which we value full as much as they are worth. Even commerce, and trade, and manufacture, the gods of our economical politicians, are themselves perhaps but creatures, are themselves but effects, which, as first causes, we choose to worship. They certainly grew under the same shade in which learning flourished. They, too, may decay with their natural protect-

ing principles. With you, for the present at least, they all threaten to disappear together. Where trade and manufactures are wanting to a people, and the spirit of nobility and religion remains, sentiment supplies, and not always ill supplies, their place, but if commerce and the arts should be lost in an experiment to try how well a state may stand without these old fundamental principles, what sort of a thing must be a nation of gross, stupid, ferocious, and, at the same time, poor and sordid barbarians, destitute of religion, honour, or manly pride, possessing nothing at present, and hoping for nothing hereafter ?

EDMUND BURKE.

CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England ? Do you imagine, then, that it is the land tax act which raises your revenue ? that it is the annual vote in the committee of supply which gives you your army ? or that it is the mutiny bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline ? No ! surely no ! It is the love of the people ; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience, without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians who have no place among us ; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material ;

and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles, which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are in truth everything, and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our place as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the Church, *Sursum corda*! We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors, have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire, and have made the most extensive and the only honourable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race. Let us get an American revenue as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all it can be.

ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

I FEEL that there is not time for me to make all the remarks which the subject deserves, and I refrain from attempting to enumerate half the dreadful consequences of this system. Do you think nothing of the ruin and the miseries in which so many other individuals, still remaining in Africa, are involved, in consequence of carrying off

so many myriads of people? Do you think nothing of their families which are left behind? of the connexions which are broken? of the friendships attachments, and relationships that are burst asunder? Do you think nothing of the miseries in consequence, that are felt from generation to generation? of the privation of that happiness which might be communicated to them by the introduction of civilization, and of mental and moral improvement? A happiness which you withhold from them so long as you permit the slave-trade to continue. What do you know of the internal state of Africa? You have carried on a trade to that quarter of the globe from this civilized and enlightened country: but such a trade, that, instead of diffusing either knowledge or wealth, it has been the check to every laudable pursuit. Instead of any fair interchange of commodities: instead of conveying to them, from this highly favoured land, any means of improvement; you carry with you that noxious plant by which everything is withered and blasted, under whose shade nothing that is useful or profitable to Africa will ever flourish or take root. Long as that continent has been known to navigators, the extreme line and boundaries of its coasts is all with which Europe is yet become acquainted: while other countries in the same parallel of latitude, through a happier system of intercourse, have reaped the blessings of a mutually beneficial commerce. But as to the whole interior of that continent you are, by your own principles of commerce, as yet entirely shut out. Africa is known to you only in its skirts. Yet even there you are able to infuse a poison that spreads its contagious effects from one end of it to the other, which penetrates to its very centre, corrupting every part to which it reaches. You are subverting the whole order of nature; you aggravate every natural barbarity, and furnish

to every man living on that continent motives for committing under the name and pretext of commerce, acts of perpetual violence and perfidy against his neighbour.

Thus *sin*, has the perversion of British commerce carried misery instead of happiness to one whole quarter of the globe False to the very principles of trade, misguided in our policy, and unmindful of our duty, what astonishing—I had almost said, what *irreparable* mischief, have we brought upon that continent! I would apply this thought to the present question. How shall we ever repair this mischief? How shall we hope to obtain, if it be possible, forgiveness from heaven for those enormous evils we have committed, if we refuse to make use of those means which the mercy of Providence hath still reserved to us for wiping away the guilt and shame with which we are now covered? If we refuse even this degree of compensation, it, knowing the miseries we have caused, we refuse even now to put a stop to them, how greatly aggravated will be the guilt of Great Britain! and what a blot will the history of these transactions for ever be in the history of this country! Shall we then DELAY to repair these injuries, and to begin rendering this justice to Africa? Shall we not count the days and hours that are suffered to intervene and to delay the accomplishment of such a work? Reflect, what an immense object is before you—what an object for a nation to have in view, and to have a prospect, under the favour of Providence, of being now permitted to attain! I think the House will agree with me in cherishing the ardent wish to enter without delay upon the measures necessary for these great ends: and I am sure that the immediate abolition of the slave-trade is the first, the principal, the most indispensable act of policy, of duty, and of justice, that the legislature of this country

has to take, if it is indeed their wishes to secure those important objects, to which I have alluded, and which we are bound to pursue by the most solemn obligations.

THE WAR WITH NAPOLEON.

THE inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here : and we are most exactly, most critically placed, in the only aperture where it can be successfullv repelled—in the Thermopylæ of the universe. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned,—the most important by far of sublunary interests,—you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race ; for with you it is to determine (under God) in what conditions the latest posterity shall be born, their fortunes are intrusted to your care, and on your conduct at this moment depends the colour and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the Continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it ? It remains with you, then, to decide whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in everything great and good, the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God ; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry and the flame of eloquence : the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders ; it is for you to decide whether

this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapt in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go, then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen, advance with alacrity into the field, where God Himself masters the hosts to war. Religion is too much interested in your success not to lend you her aid, she will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet, many to the sanctuary: the faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God, the feeble hands which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit, and from myriads of humble, contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven with the shouts of battle and the shock of arms. While you have everything to fear from the success of the enemy, you have every means of preventing that success, so that it is next to impossible for victory not to crown your exertions. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall, you will have the satisfaction (the purest allotted to man) of having performed your part, your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead, while posterity, to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period (and they will incessantly revolve them), will turn to you with a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulchre. I cannot but imagine the

virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots, of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable till it be brought to a favourable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals. Your mantle fell when you ascended, and thousands, inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps are ready "to swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth for ever," they will protect Freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labours, and cemented with your blood. And Thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, "gird on Thy sword, thou Most Mighty," go forth with our hosts in the day of battle! Impart, in addition to their hereditary valour, that confidence of success which springs from Thy presence! Pour into their hearts the spirit of departed heroes! Inspire them with Thine own, and, while led by Thine hand, and fighting under Thy banners, open Thou their eyes to behold in every valley, and in every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire, and horses of fire! "Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark, and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them."

ON SLAVERY.

I TRUST that at length the time is come when Parliament will no longer bear to be told that slave owners are the best lawgivers on slavery, no longer suffer her voice to roll across the Atlantic in empty warnings, and fruitless

orders. Tell me not of rights—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny the right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of laws that sanction such a claim! There is a law above all the enactments of human codes—the same throughout the world, the same in all times,—such as it were before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the sources of power, wealth, and knowledge, to another, all unutterable woes,—such it is at this day. it is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man, and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they shall reject with indignation the wild and guilty fantasy, than man can hold property in man! In vain your appeal to treaties, to covenants between nations: the covenants of the Almighty, whether the old covenant or the new denounce such unholy pretensions. To those laws did they of old refer, who maintained the African trade. Such treaties did they cite, and not untruly: for by one shameful compact you bartered the glories of Blenheim for the traffic in blood. Yet, in despite of law and treaty, that infernal traffic is now destroyed, and its votaries put to death like other pirates. How came this change to pass? Not assuredly by parliament leading the way, but the country at length awoke: the indignation of the people was kindled: it descended in thunder, and smote the traffic, and scattered its guilty profits to the winds. Now, then, let the planters beware,—let their assemblies beware,—let the government at home beware,—let the parliament beware! The same country is once more awake

—awake to the condition of negro slavery, the same indignation kindles in the bosom of the same people: the same cloud is gathering that annihilated the slave trade, and, if it shall descend again, they on whom its crash may fall will not be destroyed before I have warned them but I pray that their destruction may turn away from us the more terrible judgments of God

THE DUTY AND INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.

It is by the promulgation of sound morals in the community, and more specially by the training and instruction of the young, that woman performs her part towards the preservation of a free government. It is generally admitted that public liberty and the perpetuity of a free constitution rest on the virtue and intelligence of the community which enjoys it. How is that virtue to be inspired, and how is that intelligence to be communicated? Bonaparte once asked Madame de Stael in what manner he could best promote the happiness of France. Her reply is full of political wisdom. She said, "Instruct the mothers of the French people." Mothers are indeed the affectionate and effective teachers of the human race. The mother begins her process of training with the infant in her arms. It is she who directs, so to speak its first mental and spiritual pulsations. She conducts it along the impressible years of childhood and youth and hopes to deliver it to the stern conflicts and tumultuous scenes of life, armed by those good principles which her child has received from maternal care and love.

If we draw within the circle of our contemplation the

mothers of a civilized nation, what do we see ? We behold so many artificers working, not on frail, perishable matter, but on the immortal mind, moulding and fashioning beings who are to exist for ever. We applaud the artist whose skill and genius present the mimic man upon the canvas, we admire and celebrate the sculptor who works out that same image in enduring marble, but how insignificant are these achievements though the highest and the fairest in all the departments of art, in comparison with the great vocation of human mothers ! They work not upon the canvas that shall perish, or the marble that shall crumble into dust, but upon mind, upon spirit, which is to last for ever, and which is to bear for good or evil, throughout its duration the impress of a mother's plastic hand.

I have already expressed the opinion, which all allow to be correct, that our security for the duration of the free institutions which bless our country depends upon habits of virtue, and the prevalence of knowledge and of education. The attainment of knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the larger term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined : the passions are to be restrained : true and worthy motives are to be inspired : a profound religious feeling is to be instilled : and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. Mothers who are faithful to this great duty will tell their children, that neither in political nor in any other concerns of life can man ever withdraw himself from the perpetual obligations of conscience and of duty, that in every act, whether public or private, he incurs a just responsibility : and that in no condition is he warranted in trifling with important rights and obligations. They will impress upon their children the truth, that the exercise of the elective franchise is a social duty, of as solemn a nature

as man can be called to perform ; that a man may not innocently trifle with his vote . that every free elector is a trustee, as well for others as for himself . and that every man and every measure he supports have an important bearing on the interests of others, as well as on his own. It is in the inculcation of high and pure morals such as these, that in a free republic woman performs her sacred duty, and fulfils her destiny.

THE PLEASURES OF READING.

BELIEVE me, ladies and gentlemen, the pleasures of reading deserve most careful cultivation. Other objects which we have in this world, other pleasures which we seek to pursue, depend materially on other circumstances, on the opinion or caprice of others, on the flourishing or depressed state of an interest or a profession, on connections, on friends. on opportunities, on the prevalence of one party or the other in the State. Thus, then, it happens that without any fault of ours, with regard to objects dear to us, we may be constantly doomed to disappointment. In the pleasure of reading, on the other hand, see how much is at all times within your own power, how little you depend upon any one but yourselves. . . . see how little the man who can rely on the pleasures of reading is dependent on the caprice or the will of his fellow-men. See how much there is within his own power and control,—how by reading, if his circumstances have been thwarted by any of the fortuitous events to which I have just referred, how often it is in his power, by these very studies, to better his condition ;

or, failing in that, how many hours he has in which to obtain oblivion from it, when communing with the great and good of other days. Surely, then, all those who feel—and who does not?—the variety and the vicissitudes of human life, ought, on that very account, if they be wise, to cultivate in themselves, and also to promote in others, an enlightened taste for reading. Of the pleasures of reading I will say, that there is no man so high as to be enabled to dispense with them, and no man so humble who should be compelled to forego them. Rely upon it, that in the highest fortune and the highest station, hours of lassitude and weariness will intrude, unless they be cheered by intellectual occupation. Rely on it, also, that there is no life so toilsome, so devoted to the cares of this world, and to the necessity of providing the daily bread, but what it will afford intervals (if they be only sought out) in which intellectual pleasures may be cultivated and oblivion of other cares enjoyed. Depend upon it that these are pleasures, which he who condemns, will find himself a miserable loser in the end.

THE STORY OF DUKULA AND PILIYUK.

“ONCE upon a time, when Piliyuk was king of Baranes, Gotama was born unto a hermit, named Dukula, and was named Sama. After the son had grown up, Dukula and his wife Parika went one day into the jungle in quest of roots and fruits. There they encountered a storm, and being much wet, were obliged to take shelter under a tree close to a hole inhabited by a malignant serpent. Whilst the venerable pair were standing there, dipping from

their garments, a cobra issued a venomous blast, whereby they were instantly struck blind. In this helpless condition their son discovered and conducted them home, and began to nourish and maintain them with the affection of a dutiful son. Some time afterwards the king went upon a hunting expedition, and rested on the banks of the Migasammata, not far from the hermitage. He had not, however, been long there before he saw the foot-steps of deer that came down to the river to drink, and, thinking that he could kill them, lay in ambush. Immediately a remarkably handsome person with a pitcher came down to the river surrounded by a flock of deer. Amazed at the sight and wishing to ascertain whether it was a nymph of the forest whom he thus beheld, he issued a dart, which, alas ! severely wounded him. In the agonies of death the wretched man put his pitcher by him and falling on the ground, began to exclaim : Who can be the enemy of a person that was devoted to the religious duties of the eight *silas* and ten *kasabs* ? Who, indeed, could desire the flesh of an innocent person like myself ? Hearing these cries, the king approached his victim, proclaimed that he was Pihyuk, king of Baranes, explained the motive with which he had shot him, and desired to know who or what he was. Whereupon Sami replied, I was born in this forest, I am the only prop and support of two parents, both aged and blind. Little do they know of the mishap that has happened to me. They will indeed be much grieved and distressed when they find me thus delaying. I alone gave them what they desired. Twice daily have I washed them, and thrice have I fed them. Who indeed will give them a drop of water even after asking ten times ? They will be parched like fishes out of water. Who, alas ! will succour and help those, who, probably, at

thus were moment, are anxiously waiting my return, and are watching for the first sounds of my footsteps ?" Thus lamenting, he began to weep, not for himself, but for the destitution in which he would leave his feeble parents. Horror seized the king at the reflection that his conduct was calculated to deprive of life three persons who had exercised the duties of Brahmacharya, and that he could not escape the torments of hell if they all died : and, touched by the lamentations of the youth, he promised to succour and help his parents until his death. Sama, relying upon his faithful promises, blessed the king, and, desiring him to convey his respects and the sad tidings of his death to his blind parents, closed both his eyes and dropped down as if he had expired.

"The king, sorely afflicted with grief, picked up the pitcher which had been filled up by Sama and, taking the path which had been directed, reached the humble cottage of the blind pair, who sat anxiously watching the return of their son. They now heard the sound of advancing footsteps, but, knowing that they were not those of their son, inquired, 'who approached the door ?' The stranger announced that he was Piliyuk the king of Baranes : and entered with them into a conversation, in the course of which he delicately disclosed their son's fate and the particulars connected with it, offering at the same time to succour them through life. Unbounded was now the grief of the hapless parents, to which they gave utterance in the language of despair, falling down, and each bitterly crying, 'Oh son Sama, from the day I have lost my sight, have I, by thy unceasing attentions felt that I have acquired divine eyes. Where hast thou now gone ? How shall I henceforth live ? Son, thou hast never done nor conceived any evil towards

us, or any other being. Thou hast never uttered a falsehood. Thou hast never committed life-slaughter, ever hast thou maintained the observance of the *pancha sila*.'

"The king tried his utmost to console them, but without success. Afterwards, turning to the king, the blind parents addressed him, saying, that they had no faith in his proffered protection, and that all the favour they desired was to be led to the place where Sama lay. The king complied by leading the point of a stick which the blind ones held in their hands. When they reached their destination, the bereaved parents again gave vent to their feelings by much weeping, and praying to their titular god. The mother, on examination, finding that all signs of life had vanished, gave utterance to the following *Satya Kiriya* — 'If it be true that my son Sama unceasingly devoted himself to the duties of Brahmachariya, and that he has ever maintained the ordinances of the *Attha sila*; and if it be also true that I have entertained no other faith except Buddhism, and that I have ever performed *tilakunni Bhavana*, may, by the power of those truths, my son receive life.' By the influence of this *Satya Kiriya*, and by the might of the gods, Sama moved from one side to another. When the father had also uttered a similar *Satya Kiriya*, Sama again moved to a side, and by the power of the gods he revived and the parents received their lost sight. Instantly the morning sun arose, and Sama dismissed the astonished king, after preaching to him on the merits of nourishing one's parents and, above all, of leading a religious life, as they were testified to by his miraculous restoration to life."

THE AFFRAY.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago there was hardly an indigo planter or zamundar in Bengal who had not a regular establishment of *lathials* or club-men. The keeping up of such an establishment was considered a necessary item of expense, as it was deemed impossible in those days to manage either an indigo factory or a zamindari without an armed force. Mr. Murray had the reputation such as it was, of being the owner of one of the finest bands of *lathials* in the country. They were usually fifty in number, which was his peace establishment, but the number could be considerably increased on the occasion of an affray conducted on a large scale. These club-men were, for the most part, natives of Phauldpur (Furriddpore) and Pabna— the two districts in Bengal noted for their excellent *lathials*. there was a sprinkling also of *goalis* (milk-men) of Santipur, who were said to be amongst the most stalwart and spirited peasants in the country, and there were besides a few upcountry-men, who were, however, used as a sort of reserve force for times of emergency. The last had been initiated into the mysteries of firing muskets, which were seldom used in ordinary village frays. The majority of the club-men, were furnished with clubs made of bamboo. The *lathials* were also called *sarkis* *walas*, that is, wielders of *sarkis*, which are bamboo clubs having at end an iron spear-head. These *sarkis* are used not only for striking the enemy at close quarters, but thrown at him from a distance. Hence in a fray a club-man is furnished with about half a dozen *sarkis*, one of which he keeps in his right hand, ready for use either at close quarters or at a distance; and the others he carries in his left hand successively to supply the place of the one in the right hand.

Besides these *sarkis* the *lathial* is furnished with a shield, which he carries in his left hand along with the *sarkis*. The shields are usually made of rattan, the Indian cane, covered with cow-hide, though a better class of shields are covered with the more valuable and less penetrable hide of rhinoceros.

Early one morning, long before sunrise, about forty or fifty of Mr. Murray's *sarkiwalas*, suddenly emerging from a mango-grove beside a tank with lofty embankments, raised a loud shout, and approached the peasant huts of Durganagar. Scarcely had the husbandmen washed their eyes after getting up from their beds, when the club-men fell upon them with fury. The zamundar's people were scarcely ready, but even if they had been quite ready they would have been no match for the practised club-men of Mari Saheb. Not that Bengali zamundars have smaller establishments of club-men than European indigo planters, but the fact is that the father of Nava Krishna Banerjea, having been prudent enough never to pick a quarrel with Mr. Murray or his predecessors, his club-men, for want of exercise, had become rusty, and had almost forgotten their vocation: and Nava Krishna himself was too enlightened and humane a zamundar to pay much attention to the improvement of his military resources. The peasants, who had no *sarkis*, could not offer determined opposition, and the club-men of the zamundar, unaware of the exact time of attack were not in readiness. The villagers, however, soon assembled in large numbers, and pelted the foe with brickbats and pieces of broken *handis*. They also came out with their hoes, their axes, and their sickles. The veteran *sarkiwalas* of Mr. Murray, who was himself on the scene, riding on a milk-white Arab, and fortified with fire-arms, soon became masters of the field.

About this time, however, the *lathials* of the zamindar appeared on the scene of the action, and rushed into the fight with great impetuosity. Both parties threw *sarks* against each other the combatants drew nearer and nearer till they came to close quarters. For a moment the zamindar's party seemed to be gaining ground, when Mr Murray fired of two pistol shots, to the infinite consternation of his opponents. These latter now took to their heels. The factory people pursued them and the villagers to some distance, captured some of the *raivats*, entered into the huts of the peasants and plundered them. Several on both sides were wounded, but not seriously. The only person who had received a bad wound was our friend Madhava. As the first fury of the assailants had been directed against his huts, he had defended himself with some spirit, and had in consequence been pierced by a *sarka*. Smarting with the wound, he had concealed himself in a thicket near his house. The *sarkawals* of the factory, on their return from the pursuit of the zamindar's men, found Madhava in the bush. They caught hold of him and took him away, especially considering that he might die of his wound, which would greatly embarrass the planter. The prisoners, about twelve in number, including Madhava and the *Mandal*—the same who had spoken with vehemence against the planter—were handcuffed and taken away by the *sarkawals* who rent the air with shouts of exultation, Mr Murray himself bringing up the rear. On reaching the factory grounds the *mandal* and the other captives were confined in a large go-down, but Madhava alone was taken, by the planter's orders, towards the river side.

It is but doing simple justice to Mr Murray to state that he had not the least desire to kill or even severely to

wound any of the rayats of Durganagar, his object was merely to intimidate them into submission. Nor did he wish that their property should be plundered, but as he could not be present at the same time in every part of the scene of the conflict his men plundered, without his knowledge, whatever valuable things came in their way. What became of the prisoners, and why Madhava was separated from the rest, will be told in the next chapter.

THE GHATAK OR MATCHMAKER.

BUT what is a *ghatak* ? the English reader asks. Though this gentleman bears a name extremely guttural in sound, his occupation is about the pleasantest in the world. To spinsters and bachelors the sound of his name is more musical than Apollo's lute. He is the professional matchmaker, and therefore an under-servant of Kamadeva, the Indian Cupid. As in India, young men and young women do not themselves choose their partners in life, they have to depend on the good offices of this happy functionary, who, however, bears his commission not from the parties themselves, but from their parents and guardians. We have said that this occupation is one of the pleasantest in the world, and what occupation can be more pleasant than to be daily conversant with amiable bridegrooms, and blooming brides, to tie the knot of holy matrimony, and to be thus instrumental in the promotion of human happiness ? This worthy functionary's character is as amiable as his occupation is pleasant. He possesses the highest Christian virtue in perfection, inasmuch

as he possesses an unlimited measure of that charity which covers a multitude of sins. He has never been known to find any fault with any young man or young woman of marriageable age. The spinster may be as ugly as one of Shakespeare's witches, and the young man may be as deformed as deformity itself, the *ghatak* sees no defect in either. The one, in his eye, or at any rate in his mouth, is as beautiful and gentle as Lakshmi, and the other as handsome and accomplished as Kartikeya. The reader must not suppose that the gentleman now smoking in Badan's house is a *ghatak*, in the proper sense of the term. A *ghatak*, properly speaking, is a Brahman of a very high order and confines his services only to the priestly class. A Brahman *ghatak* is often a man of learning, and invariably a man of persuasive eloquence: and he has the whole of the Indian "Burke's Peerage" and "Baronetage," at his fingers' ends. But every caste has its own *ghataks*: and the worthy individual now before us is a *ghatak* of the ugra-kshatriya, or Agni caste. He had been commissioned by Badan and Alanga to seek out a nice young husband for Malati, he had had, before this time, several interviews with them, and with the parents of the young man of his choice, and he had now come to make the final arrangements. What those arrangements were, and who the happy young man was that was to obtain the hand of Malati, the reader will know from the conversation, a translation of which we give below.

Badan "Well, *ghatak*, what's the news? I hope everything is *paka* (ripe)."

Ghatak. "All *paka*, by the blessing of Prajapati. Your daughter Malati must have been born in an auspicious hour to get such a handsome, able-bodied, and accomplished husband as Madhava Chandra Sen, the son of Kesava Chandra

Sen. of Durganagar, the highest ugra-kshatriya *kulin* in all Radh.

Badan " You *ghataks* always praise everybody. But tell me truly whether the young man has any bodily defect."

Ghatak " Rama! Rama! do you think I am joking with you? Madhava is a second Kartikeva, the handsomest young man in all Durganagar. As for his property, his father old Kesava, have two *marais* (granaries of paddy); of his brass vessels there is no reckoning. Besides the lands for which he pays rent, he has ten *bighas* of *lakhiya* (rent-free) land."

Alanga. " What ornaments have they agreed to give to Malati?"

Ghatak. " Old Kesava will cover his daughter-in-law's body with ornaments from head to foot. He has ordered one *chondrahar*, a pair of *mals*, a pair of *panchhas*, one *banti*, a pair of *pulakantis*, one *tabij*, a pair of *jhumkas* and *pasas*, a pair of *bilas*, and one *nath*. Did you, old lady, get so many ornaments at your wedding?"

Alanga " Why, when I got married, *ghatak*, people were not so fond of ornaments as they are now. Those days were days of simplicity, of thick clothes and coarse rice, but the present days are days of luxury."

Badan. " What is Madhava's exact age?"

Ghatak. " He is nineteen years, ten months, and five days old, I saw his horoscope."

Badan. " I hope his *gotra* (the name of his tribe), is different from ours."

Ghatak " Well done! Do you, Badan, take me for a fool? I have become grey in *ghatakahi*, (that is, the profession of a *ghatak*), and you teach me my trade!"

Alanga " We have no objection to the marriage.

Let measures be immediately taken. Malati has evidently put use in the *hand* of Madhava. It seems to be the tving of Prajapati. Who can prevent the union ? ”

The *ghatak*, delighted with the result of the conversation, took some refreshment laid himself down on a mat on the verandah of the big room, and, as he had become tired by the day's walk, soon fell asleep

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Is there not something in the riches of Divine mercy which is sufficient to melt the most obdurate and stony heart ? Do we not feel that God is really a loving Father—that He every day of our life asks us to come and accept him ? Let me read this most beautiful and touching parable of the Prodigal Son

A certain man had two sons, and the younger of them said to his father, 'Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.' And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land : and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat, and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself, he said, 'How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger ! I will arise and go to my father

and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son : make me as one of thy hired servants ' And he arose and came to his father But when he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him And the son said unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son ' But the father said to his servants, 'Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet, and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat and be merry : for this my son was dead, and is alive again, he was lost and is found And they began to be merry. Now his elder son was in the field and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called one of the servants and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, 'Thy brother is come, and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound ' And he was angry, and would not go in : therefore came his father out, and entreated him And he, answering, said to his father, 'Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends : but as soon as thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf ' And he said unto him, 'Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad, for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again ; and was lost, and is found.'

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

"ASK and it shall be given you seek, and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you,"—this is a spiritual law of great interest and importance to us all. Let there not be the slightest doubt about this. Let it be believed by us all that this applies to all mankind in all circumstances, for we are assured that every one that asketh receiveth, whoever seeketh findeth, whoever knocketh, to him it shall be opened. This makes no distinction of person or clime, but we are assured, in language at once emphatic and consoling, that God does always respond to the sincere and earnest prayers of His children. If we pray in a truly humble spirit, if we kneel down and open up the depths of our hearts, our longings, our sorrows, our afflictions unto the One Living God, He who is plenteous in mercy will hear us, and grant our prayers. Let us take comfort from this lesson, and let us accept it without any doubt or questioning.

But what is this prayer—what is it to pray? Prayer does not mean the words which are generally accepted as prayer but the spirit in which those words are used. Prayer simply means a longing of the heart, it is the wish felt,—it may be expressed or not expressed. It may take the form of human language, or it may never be uttered at all; still, it is prayer, if God only hears it in the secret recesses of the heart. It is for God to hear our prayers, not for man. When we sit together in chapels and in one harmonious chorus offer up our prayers and thanks-givings unto the Lord, do we believe that He takes into consideration the words we use our posture, the external manner in which we offer up our prayers?

No. He looks into the depths of the heart, He sees the spirit in which we offer our prayers. Whether expressed or unexpressed, a prayer is alike real and sincere if God hears it and accepts it, and responds to it.

HOW THE HINDU TRAVELS.

IN consideration of flurry and fear our mild Hindu reformer wends his way to the P. and O. Company's office in Calcutta, and submits to the ominous process of securing his passage. A cold trepidation seizes him at the bottom of the dingy stair-case, where mysterious packing cases and labels swim before his wandering eyes. He musters courage to approach the half-screened office door, on pushing which he suddenly stands revealed to a solemn heavy-visaged official, who looks doubly formidable for having cropped his non-grey beard, as if for this particular emergency. But that cannot be. The reforming Hindu is scanned from head to foot. He ventures to suggest that he is going to England, and would like to secure his passage. "*You* go to England?" asks the impenetrable official, concentrating such an amount of emphasis on the personal pronoun, second person, that our friend finds a strong flavor of the Criminal Procedure Amendment Bill agitation infused involuntarily into his system. "Yes," he replies apparently unconcerned. "I am going to England." "What is your name?" At this moment a somewhat under-sized English gentleman walks into the room, and takes a chair unbidden. The mild Hindu who remained standing all this time, is left to his own thoughts and resources, and the obliging official devotes

his time, attention, and powers of persuasion to the person just arrived, offering him information about the voyage, showing him plans of the vessel about to leave, and giving him an option of cabins he might find most convenient. All this took a long while during which our friend had opportunity, if he had the wish, to indulge in unlimited meditation on the advantages of travelling, and the social amenities of the Criminal Procedure Amendment Bill. When the European cut to her had gone, the heavy-visaged official once more turned his cropped beard towards our mild friend, and asked, "Well have you made up your mind?" He answered, "Yes, will you kindly give me a good berth?" "I will give you a forward cabin, or one of the hurricane deck." "Yes, but will that be comfortable?" "Ah comfortable? I dare say it will be Mr Justice—, the Hon'ble Mrs—do not object to take cabins on that deck, and I suppose what is good for them, will be good enough for you!" To an argument so overpowering what could our mild Aryan say? If there was any deficiency in the manners and sentiments of the benevolent official to carry absolute conviction to the tardy intellectual powers of the degenerate Hindu, the mention of the names of Justice-----and Hon'ble Mrs.-----more than made up for it. He produced his 680 Rs., secured his passage and had his berth assigned to him. Only as he returned home he very much wondered where the hurricane deck was and what he would have to do with the great personages whose names had been mentioned to overthrow his contumacy. He soon discovered to his cost that to be on the same *deck* with people meant very much as to be on the same *ship* with them. The honorables and others had been allotted airy little one-berth or two-berth cabins on the right side of the ship, while our

mild Hindu friend, perhaps in deference to his national prejudice, had been placed in a hole with the cow-house on one side, and the slaughterhouse on the other. Then it was that our friend put hand to his head, and reflected how in the case of all his countrymen who had gone to Europe before him, they had either been berthed before the furnace of the engine, or put away to next the W. C. or, as in his own case, placed between the cattle-stall and the meat-stall. The money was all good Government money, no fault in that. The fault lay in the fact that Europeans did not like to associate with Hindus on board the ship. And no place was too much out of the way for them.

Now let us suppose our friend has embarked. The ship is one of the largest owned by the Company. One formidable difficulty the Hindu traveller has to deal with lies in the diet supplied on board. It is said in America that the American eats to live, and the Englishman lives to eat. Be that as it may, the Hindu travelling to England finds that there is more eating both in quantity and in frequency amongst his fellow-passengers than his nature can stand. There are six meals on board beginning from half-past six in the morning, and lasting till about nine in the evening. Before you are fully awake the steward shakes you out of your slumbers, and in stentorian notes announces "Your tea Sir," and hands over to you a red-hot mixture of the color and taste of new-made bricks, and crumbs of biscuits as hard as German polysyllables. The real breakfast comes at half-past 8 o'clock. And on entering the saloon you find laid out before you a feast of carcasses in which bipeds and quadrupeds of every kind he mingled in bewildering array. Like Simon Peter the mild Hindu exclaims "nothing unclean hath passed my mouth"—how shall I

eat all this ? But hunger knows no law. And he has to obey the apostolic law of eating what is laid before him. At one o'clock the bell strikes again. And before the lowing herd has stopped its bleating in his digestive regions, the poor Hindu has to go down and swallow other herds again. Thus from meal, to meal and tea to tea the days go their round.

THE FALLS OF NIAGRA.

THE tremendous torrent over the edge of the black precipice convinces you at once that it is a phenomenon which has its parallel nowhere. But the scene completes itself as you cross the bridge over to the Canadian shore, and approach the Horse-Shoe Falls. This is Niagara by eminence. It is an immense elemental semicircle constructed by the descending floods. The great arc will be about quarter of a mile in circumference. But the rocks, rapids, streams, seem to give many times greater magnitude to the falling waters. The millions of tons of the seething liquid poured into the unsounded caverns of the rocky cauldron below, suffer a violent rebound upwards. They jump aloft in unspeakable fury, white and foamy, a boiling concussion, a chaos of motion, force, speed, violence. The mists and vapours rise, damp, dusky, unsubstantial apparitions, the rainbows glisten, the thunders break, those perpetual thunders drown all other sound. roll for ages, having strange resemblance to the majesty of eternal silence. The breathless solitudes, without the sound of a bird, without the hum of a bee, the white expanses above and around,

remind one of the spheres of untrodden snow over the Himalayas. There is a marvellous unity in the depths and designs of nature. Like unto the rush of the measureless centuries into the abyss of infinite time are those wonderful irrevocable deeps of water hurling below—like unto the endless precipitation of men, dynasties, and races into the depths of destiny, sudden and unknowable. It is like the resistless course of success, sorrow, care, every thing. These endless waters admonish human meanness. You stand face to face with the tremendous world-forming all-regulating energies of Providence symbolized. Rushing, roaming, roaring for ever, before your generation, and after you are gone, these torrents intimate the wisdoms, purposes, dispensations which flow for ever. Vain frivolous thoughts be hushed, let the spirit be profound, know its own depth, and flow into the bosom of the hidden Infinite.

THE AMERICAN WOMEN.

IN a land of freedom woman always enjoys light and honor. Here America is consistent. Woman enjoys a social security, a breadth of privilege, a perfection of culture not to be met with in any other part of the world. Perhaps I must specialize here the woman of New England, but every where in America woman is free. I was invited to visit and address an institution near Boston where nearly six hundred young ladies of the best American families are educated and boarded. No girl under sixteen years is admitted into Wellesley College. And they remain under instruction for full five years, with the option of an additional

residence of three years for what is called post graduate education. They receive their preliminary training in one of the minor schools of the country, come provided with certificates of proficiency, health, and character, and are then received in the college. They have to learn Greek, Latin, English, French, German, Italian, mathematics, mental and moral philosophy, and the exact sciences. Music, vocal and instrumental, forms a large part of the program, and domestic economy is effectually taught by assigning to each of the students the several duties of managing the enormous institution. Only a few servants are kept, and the young ladies do the rest of the work. The course of studies is a most complicated and scholarly affair, and I do not venture to deal with its details. But with all their lectures, essays, calculations, recitations, and experiments, the young ladies have to spend some of their time in the gymnasium where there are trapezes, and horizontal bars. They have boating parties of which one of them is a captain, all arrayed in long serge rowing costumes, and square university caps. The college has grounds covering more than 300 acres with a splendid lake in the middle, and gardens, woods, and shrubberies which remind one of Versailles, or some other imperial establishment. The buildings are detached, each being a palatial structure on its own basis, overlooking the grandeur of the surrounding scenery. It is entirely an undenominational institution, where every sect is equally welcomed. Divine services are regularly held, religious lectures occasionally given, and an interval of time daily set apart for private devotions in the rooms of the fair students. They are every one of them refined, elegant, lady-looking without the slightest taint of the proverbial slovenliness and awkwardness of the school girl.

There are sixty-six regular teachers and professors in the College, giving instruction in every branch of learning. Of these no more than seven are male teachers, and they have charge of the minor and more insignificant parts of instruction, such as taxidermy, vocal culture, and playing upon musical instruments like the violin and violoncello. Science, mathematics, and English literature are invariably taught by ladies, almost every one of whom is unmarried. The principal Miss Freeman is a doctor of philosophy. She is young, handsome, and most highly cultivated. I believe there are two more colleges like that of Wellesley in different parts of the United States.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

Most people in America have heard of General Butler. He successfully led the army of the North in the Anti-Slavery War winning great renown. He was the last Governor of the State of Massachusetts. Here how a newspaper speaks for him :—"We behold here the hideous front of hell's blackest ship, Apollyon's twin brother, the Grand High priest of Pandemonium, the unclean, perjured, false-hearted product of Massachusetts civilization, the meanest thief, the dirtiest knave God ever gave birth to; total depravity personified; that baggy-faced child of perdition Beast Butler." Language such as this cannot promote peace and good will on earth. Hence in America editors have to fight both with the pen and the pistol. One or two have been killed. And some journalistic concerns, it is said keep two editors on their staff, a writing editor, and a fighting editor. When

the literary hero has wounded the susceptibilities of some muscular victim who comes to demand satisfaction, he is handed over to the fighting hero. And when Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war. My friend Mr. Macrae describes a strange journalistic encounter. An Arkansas editor had enraged the roughs by a severe article on the gambling houses. Next morning when the editor was clipping copy he hears heavy steps on the wooden stairs outside, and was startled by the appearance, of a big ruffian at the door, carrying a bludgeon in his hand.

"Are you the editor o' this noozpaper?" said the man.

"Do you wish to see him?" said the editor.

"I wish to see him," said the man.

"He is engaged, sir; but if you take a seat I shall tell him that you are here."

He gave the man a chair, and darted from the room to make his escape into the street. He had only got to the foot of the stairs when he encountered another ruffian just arriving, armed with a heavy cowhide.

"What's the editor of this here paper?" cried Ruffian Number Two, barring the way.

"You'll find him sitting in his room up there," said the editor, pointing towards the place where he had left Ruffian Number One. "But you had better not disturb him; he looks dangerous."

"I'll take that out of him mighty quick," said the man with an oath, and passed up. The editor had scarcely got into the street when he heard a terrific uproar in his sanctum, where each ruffian, taking the other for the obnoxious scribe, had begun a furious assault.

Another story is told of a Mississippi editor, who wrote a stinging article against a man who was canvassing for a

public office. Next forenoon the enraged candidate appeared in the editor's room bringing with him in one hand a heavy stick, and in the other the obnoxious article which he had clipped from the paper. After a volley of oaths, by way of introduction, the intruder sternly demanded of the trembling editor one of two things—either to eat his article, or take a sound thrashing. It was a painful dilemma; but the editor chose to eat the article, and had actually swallowed the piece of printed paper to save his skin.

KESHUB'S EXPERIENCE OF EUROPE.

KESHUB landed at Marseilles on the 19th March, after an interesting and on the whole pleasant voyage. He was not a very bad sailor, and the sea was tolerably calm. His first experiences of a European city he always described very graphically. The accommodation at the French hotel was exceedingly sumptuous! and when he laid his weary limbs on the well-polished mahogany bedstead, the spring mattresses were pressed so deep that he was alarmed, and felt as if he was going to sink to the floor! He called out to his companion to mark if he was still visible on the surface. On rising in the morning, he looked out from the window, and was greatly astonished to find the whole population running away. Everybody had taken to his heels! On enquiry he was told that it was so cold outside and everybody was so earnest about his own occupation, that they preferred running to walking. This was contrary to all oriental notions of propriety, and Keshub thought such haste was quite

ridiculous, he could never wholly reconcile it with his sense of decorum. London was reached on the 21st of March.

He on one occasion had a visit from John Stuart Mill. There was, so little in common between the two great men that a call from the author of Utilitarianism was not within the range of the social expectations of the Hindu apostle. Mr. Mill called one morning without appointment when Keshub was writing his home letters, which he begged permission to finish before he could entertain his visitor as he wished. Keshub's Hindoo companions were full of consternation lest offence should be taken at this request, but the great philosopher was too simple to take it amiss. He interested himself in a newspaper, and quietly waited till Keshub had finished his correspondence, and found time to attend to him. They had a conversation on general subjects, after which Mill resisted every effort on Keshub's part to accompany him to the door. The latter was greatly impressed with the philosopher's courtesy and meekness.

The first fall of snow greatly interested him.

"This day" says he (March 26th) "for the first time in my life, I see snow falling in beautiful flakes. It is a shower of snow; within a short time everything becomes white—streets, house-tops, trees, and even the umbrellas and dress of those who are going about. I am so highly delighted with this wonderful natural phenomenon that I cannot resist the temptation of going out into the verandah, and receiving a good sprinkling of flakes on my overcoat."

Keshub does not say much of the public men of England. Of Mr. Gladstone who invited him to breakfast, he says, "Our host is a very genial and kind-hearted man, though his appearance shows he has the tremendous weight of the whole Government on his shoulders." He contents

himself by speaking of Mr. Disraeli as "the astute and shrewd-looking leader of the Opposition." The first time he saw the Queen was on the opening ceremony of the new buildings of the University of London.

"Her Majesty" he says, "is a plain-looking woman in plain dress, simple yet dignified. She makes a graceful bow to the assembly. The Vice-Chancellor reads the speech to the Queen, she hands over her reply, and in the most distinct manner declares the building to be 'opened.' Thus ends the brief ceremony, and the royal family disappears."

It will be remembered that Bristol was the last resting place of Raja Ram Mohun Roy, and enshrines his ashes at Lewin's Mead Cemetery. Keshub made a solemn pilgrimage to the grave, where he knelt down, and offered a fervent prayer :—

"I especially offer prayer for the soul of that illustrious man who came from my country, and whose remains lie here. Nourish his soul and heart strength, and purity, and piety, that he may. O Lord, find the blessings of communion with Thee through everlasting ages. And have mercy, my Father, upon all my brothers and sisters gathered in this chapel this morning; sanctify their hearts, purify their resolutions and aspirations, and O our living God, gather us together in Thy holy family, that we may learn to worship Thee in spirit and in truth as our common Father, in time and eternity. Amen."

RECEPTION BY THE QUEEN EMPRESS.

ONE deep wish he had in his mind. The Prime-Minister of England Mr. Gladstone had already invited him to breakfast, he now desired to have the honour of paying his homage, to her Gracious Majesty the Queen-Empress. It was a great honor, but the Hindu reformer's reputation had now so thoroughly pervaded English society, that Her Majesty must have heard of him. Lord Lawrence had great influence at the English court, and the Duke of Argyle who was Secretary of State for India at the time, has ever been known as the patron of virtue and worth. Collet gives a graphic account of Keshub's presentation to the Queen. The Duke of Argyle, the Queen's brother-in-law, wrote to Keshub making the appointment thus — "Dear Mr Sen,— Col. Ponsonby the Queen's Private Secretary, has written to me that if you go down to Osborne on Saturday the 13th, Her Majesty will see you. I recommend you to take the 8-10 a.m. train from Waterloo Bridge to Southampton. There is a steamer in connection with the train, and you are landed at Cowes, whence you can take a fly to Osborne." On the appointed day Mr. Sen accompanied by an English friend, proceeded to Osborne. On reaching the royal residence he was very kindly received by Colonel Ponsonby, the Queen's Private Secretary, with whom he had a pleasant conversation on several subjects, mostly relating to India, and particularly on the Brahmo Marriage Bill, in which Colonel Ponsonby seemed to take much interest. Mr Sen was then taken round the corridor to see the drawing-room, and other elegant appartments, and a vegetarian luncheon was kindly provided for him. At the appointed hour he was taken to the drawing-room in which he was to see the

Queen, where Her Majesty and the Princess Lousie soon appeared. Her Majesty expressed much satisfaction at the progress of female education in India, and the improvement made in several respects by her Indian subjects in consequences of English education. Both the Queen and the Princess were glad to hear that India is a great field for philanthropic labours, and that Mr. Sen had requested many of his lady friends in England to go thither to undertake the work of female education. Mr. Sen had brought with him two likenesses of his wife, one of them being a large and delicately painted photograph, showing the full Hindu dress. These portraits were graciously accepted by the Queen and the Princess; and Prince Leopold sent to request Mr. Sen's autograph. On the 23rd August, Colonel Ponsonby wrote to Mr. Sen from Windsor, saying.—“I can assure you that the Queen was much pleased with her conversation with you, and Princess Lousie took much interest in the subject you spoke about.” A few days afterwards the Queen and Princess Lousie honoured Mr. Sen by expressing their desire to have his photograph. Their kind wish was conveyed to Mr. Sen in a letter from Major General Sir T. M. Biddulph, in which he said :—“He has been desired to intimate to him (Mr. Sen) that it would be gratifying to the Queen and to Princess Lousie to possess photographs of him if he would not object to send some.” Before Mr. Sen left England, the Queen further showed her kindness by presenting him with a large engraving of herself, and with her two books (the “Early Years of the Prince Consort” and the “Highland Journal”), the value of which was enhanced by the following inscription in each volume, in her own handwriting :
 “To Keshub Chunder Sen, from Victoria Rg. Sept. 1870.”

AN ENGLISH FIRESIDE.

THE time passed in the drawing room after dinner is perhaps the most agreeable part of English life. The incidents of one evening may be mentioned. As soon as dinner was finished the whole family repaired there. A cheerful fire was burning which shed a soothing influence all over the room and imbued the mind of every one present with a sense of voluptuous comfort, the charm which was further enhanced by the density of the darkness outside, where the angry wind with terrific hisses, and growls was chasing myriads of cotton-like snow flakes driving some to seek shelter among crevices of houses, edges of balconies, and hat-brims and pockets of passengers, bringing others to bay under the wall opposite the leese of the road, and compelling some to rush for refuge into the narrow passage of the bricklayer's cottage close by, as the little girl opened the street door for her belated father. The matron of the house presided over this family assemblage. She sat on her chair with needle work on her lap, surrounded by her young ones, one on the sofa, one on a low chair, while two squatted on the ground near her feet along with a sleepy dog whom they began by turns to fondle and tease. The young Miss of eighteen just returned from the Continent was asked for music. She went to the piano and sang, while a young neighbour, invited to dinner, stood by her side and turned over the pages of the music. Meanwhile the master of the family reclining on his easy chair was enjoying a quiet nap dreaming of the bright faces with which God has blessed him. After the music and the usual compliments to the lady for her performance, a little girl of nine was requested to recite a short poem. She did it beautifully, and the piece she selected was well suited to the time

and the weather outside. The story ran thus :—The wife of a life-boat man was ailing for some time. On the night in question she grew worse. Her husband sat by her side with the palm of her left hand within both of his; and mournfully watched the pale face and the hard breathing which he supposed was getting less and less every minute. He thought she would go with the tide; she herself thought so too. The night was pitch dark and a furious storm raged outside. At this moment, the boom of a distant gun rang above the howling storm and the roar of the waves that thundered on the rocky coast, signal of distress from a ship about to be wrecked. Another gun signified to him the summons to his duty. He hesitated to leave his dying wife, but she insisted upon his going. "Jack," she softly murmured, "you must leave me to obey the call to your duty. Our Alfred left home these five years. The poor boy may have gone to sea, and, who knows? that in this wild night he may be at this moment in some unknown shore in the same situation as the men in the yonder vessel are. May be, I will be no more when you come back, but, Jack, for this act of yours God will bless you and our dear Alfred. My last wish has been to see my poor boy before I died, but as it is not to be, I will, when the moment arrives, cheerfully resign my soul to Him who does everything for our good. God bless you." Jack and his comrades bravely rowed the life-boat to the vessel in distress. It was, however, completely wrecked and all hands washed away except a boy who tenaciously clung to the ropes high up in the mast. Him they saved with considerable difficulty and at great risk of their own lives. Jack found in him his long lost son Alfred. His wife was living when he came back. The sight of her son whom she dotingly loved gave her new life. She

recovered, and she and Jack and Alfred were happy ever afterwards. The little girl repeated these lines with such grace and animation that as she sat down shouts of applause from everyone present greeted her ears. This is how respectable Englishmen pass their evenings. Any one who as a guest shared in all these innocent enjoyments will ever afterwards associate the English fireside with one of the most refined ideas of human happiness possible in this world of troubles

THE PATRIOTIC FRUIT-SELLER.

SPEAKING of British kindness, I may as well mention a little incident which happened to my friend, Mr. Gupta. He and Sir Edward Buck one morning went to the Covent Garden Market, where fresh fruits brought from all parts of the world are sold in prodigious quantities. In this place in all seasons of the year the finest flower and the most delicious fruit which man can produce can always be procured. The busiest time in this market is six in the morning, especially on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Sir Edward asked my friend whether he had ever tasted raspberries. On his answering in the negative, Sir Edward tried to procure some, but it was then too late, all were sold and none could be had. A retail stall-keeper, however, bought some baskets earlier in the morning with which he was preparing to depart. Sir Edward asked him for one, but he would not sell. It was then explained to him, who it was wanted for, and without a word, he instantly handed over a basket. He would take no price. "He is the guest of my nation, Sir, and I make a present of it to him," said the patriotic fruit-seller.

MORNING IN LONDON.

ON the 5th of July at half-past two in the morning little Twilight rose from her bed, and opened the shutters of heaven close by the Docks and Arsenals of Woolwich. Putting on her pretty grey apron, she gently tripped into the London world, and began to sweep the muggy must that hung heavy all around. She swept the Thames, from Greenwich of Observatory fame, where begin the lines that intersect the hemispheres from pole to pole, to verdant Kew where she peeped through the glass roof to greet the feathery palm, happy in its delusion, to have taken the reeking clime within for its native Africa. She brushed the fog off the tall Monument, off the tower at Westminster where Big Ben tells the time, off housestops under which lay asleep tired London, and with the aid of the morning breeze shook the summer foliage in the Parks and drove away the gloom that hid among them for refuge. Thus from half-past two to half-past three, Morning Twilight busied herself to sweep, brush and dust the world and to make everything neat and tidy. When behold there was glory in the East! A jet of gaseous gold was suddenly spurted from the heavens, and all the tall chimneys of the town anxiously raised their heads to catch the bright effulgence. It rested for a while like a golden cap on the heads of these high minarets of the western world, and then unfolded itself and slid down as a brocade mantle covering the slate roofs, the balcony rails and finally the deserted roads below. Heaven and earth smiled, as it only could smile where such joyous radiance is rare,—in northern climes, or in high altitudes where vapours have gazed their fill on pines and cedars, and have departed for a season. It is a soft subdued

and mellowed shine with which the golden orb brightens the world in those regions, caressingly from a side ; while here, he rides roughshod over our head burning and parching everything, with incessant darts of liquid fire. Meanwhile, the author of all this radiance slowly raise his bright face up and above the horizon, and bade with a nod all the clocks of the monster town strike the hour of four. Still London slept, London woke not, for it was yet night. He glanced upon gaunt, huge houses, rising from the caverns of earth storey after storey up towards the sky, blinds down, silent, sombre and smoky, looking dismally on the streets below. These were quite empty, except where the policeman walked on his beat, or where the homeless vagrant rising from a door step stretched up his arms and yawned and shook his rheumatic body, or where a string of carts rumbled on to Covent Garden. The golden effulgence searched through every nook and corner, the railings cast their shade, the dews began to dry, the trees whispered, and the birds gaily sang in the Parks. Still London woke not, still London slept, for it was night yet. Half past four. A pair of thick boots thumped heavily on the stone-paved footpath, eliciting deep curses from a nervous man overhead, just feeling drowsy after a restless night. Presently came another, and another. Within a few minutes the streets were fairly sprinkled with hurrying pedestrians. It is time to go for honey. Up, you Busy Bees, for the day is bright, the flowers have opened, the air is laden with perfume, and it is happier to work than not to work.

SAKYA MUNI.

BUT the ancient Hindoos were not only great in literature, great in science, great in war, they were above all great in morals. If our country had produced no other great man than Sakya Muni, I conceive we should have been entitled to the gratitude of posterity. The two greatest characters that have adorned the annals of humanity are undoubtedly Jesus Christ and Sakya Muni. It will not be for me to institute any comparison between these two illustrious worthies of our race. Mine will be not the hand that will tear down the evil of sanctity with which the veneration of ages has enshrouded these gifted mortals. I am more concerned here to-night to point out the moral grandeur of ancient India, as typified and exemplified in the life of the great founder of Buddhism. Have the pages of history a nobler instance of self-sacrifice to record than that of Sakya Muni? Born the heir to a magnificent principality, with troops of servants to obey his behests, with a loving wife and affectionate parents, he resolved to forswear the temptations of his lofty position, to rise high above them, and to consecrate his life and his energies to the great task of preaching to the benighted nations of the earth, the saving lessons of truth and religion. High mountains, broad rivers, impetuous forests, the horrors of the stake, the sword of the executioner, the knife of the assassin, presented no obstacles to the slow, the silent, the steady progress of the religion of Gautama Buddha. From the frozen waters that skirt the coast of Kamasschatka to the extreme south of the island of Ceylon, from the green and verdant isles that fringe the Chinese seas to the arid Steppes of Central Asia, Buddhism became the predominating religion. The shivering inhabitant of

Siberia, the yellow-complexioned Chinese, the swarthy native of Ceylon, the semi-naked barbarian of the Steppes, all acknowledged the great Hindoo as their apostle. Gentlemen, Sakya Muni was a Hindoo, and so are we; but I ask where is his heroic and noble self-endurance, where his soul of fire, his heart of love, embracing within its bounds not only man but the whole range of animated beings, aught that could breathe, aught could feel, from the meanest protoplasm to man lord of creation? I ask you, gentlemen, whether standing in the presence of this noble Hindoo, this illustrious scion of a royal race, who flung away the splendours of a throne, in order that he might become the apostle of humanity you do not feel something of his noble and heroic self-endurance, something of his fervid patriotism, something of his boundless love for mankind? If you do not, then I say, call not yourselves the countrymen of Sakya Muni, pride not yourselves on the splendour of his immortal achievements. There is a higher consanguinity than that of blood, a nobler relationship than that of fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives,—the consanguinity, the relationship which arises from the unity and the harmony of the sentiments, views and aspirations. If the noble example of Sakya Muni does not stimulate your patriotism and increase your self-respect, then, I say, you are not his countrymen, though the same blood runs through your veins, the same sun warms you, the same moon emparadises your nights and the same vaulted canopy of heaven, bespangled with its myriads of stars, spreads like a pall over your head.

ENGLAND AND INDIA.

ARYAN civilization had spent its force. The Mahomedan power was in its last gasp. Anarchy, confusion, chaos, reigned supreme over the land. Darkness had settled upon men's countenances. The midnight of despair seemed to hover around. Was there no hope for India? Was there nothing written in the book of fate for the deliverance of my fatherland? Was there no hand on high to shield and protect her? India sat bathed in tears before her God. Aye, India sat bathed in tears—she, the cradle of Eastern civilization, she who had nursed in her lap Valmiki, Vyasa, Gautama and Sankaracharya—who had sent forth the great Buddhist missionaries on their errand of duty and philanthropy;—aye, she sat bathed in tears, sending forth dolorous cries of lamentation before the great Dispenser of woes, blood gushing forth from her sides, her shield of protection gone.

But it was not long before the heavenly response came. Britain appeared as the ministering angel, bearing messages of peace and joy, the glad-tidings of progress and civilization. I ask, then, has England a mission in this country, or has she not? If it is said that she has no mission in India, I ask what right has she to be here? I ask how does she appease her conscience, or justify her domination over a foreign country? If it is once admitted that she has no mission here, we are driven to the conclusion that the English Empire in India rests not upon the principles of justice and truth, or upon the willing allegiance of a subject people, but upon pure, simple, unmitigated brute force. England then has a mission, and a glorious mission,—a mission indeed more glorious, more responsible than was even that of Rome; for England appears before us as a Christian country, and

the inheritor of the illustrious traditions of modern civilization,

What then is England's mission in India? Her mission may be said to be comprised under the three following heads:—

(1) To help towards the eradication of those evils which afflict Indian society.

(2) To help in the formation of a manly, energetic, self-reliant Indian character.

(3) To introduce the art of self-government in India.

Roughly speaking, the mission of England may be comprised within the aforesaid limits.

Are there then any evils which afflict Hindu society, any foul blots in connection with our social system? I know there are people who call themselves "Nationalists"—I would call them "Denationalists," for they are people who would suck the life-blood out of the nation and destroy every thing that is great and manly in it—who would have us believe that our social atmosphere is holy, pure, untainted by sin or corruption, and that, therefore, it becomes our duty to preserve the institutions of our fathers and to guard them against the ingress of modern thought and civilization. Gentlemen, I yield to none in my respect for the name of Arya. I yield to none in my respect for the time-honoured institutions of my country. But I should be false to myself, false to my countrymen, false to the traditions of the Aryan race, if I would conceal from myself the conviction that there are foul blots connected with our social system which must be cleansed and wiped out, before the political regeneration of India can be possible. If you say there are no foul blots connected with our social system, I point to the institution of caste, the institution of child-marriage, the zenana-

system, the custom prohibiting the re-marriage of widow. I would lay my hand on these customs, and I would ask my Nationalist friends to say whether these are not customs which are pernicious in their character and are eating into the very vitals of the nation ?

DAVID HARE ANNIVERSARY.

GENTLEMEN, there are duties which the heart of man longs to perform. There are obligations which human nature will not allow to remain unsatisfied and unfulfilled. One of those duties, one of those obligations, I conceive to be that yearly tribute of homage and reverence, which we pay to the sacred memory of David Hare. Gentlemen, in the midst of all the perversity and degradation that we see around us, in the midst of all that loathing meanness and baseness against which we so often feel it our duty to raise our humble voices in solemn protest—I say in the midst of all this perversity this degradation, this meanness, there is still left in man that noble spark of divine feeling which prompts him to pay his homage at the shrines of departed greatness, and to treasure up, in the depths of his heart, the memories of those great and good men, whose lives have been bright examples for our imitation and guidance, and whose actions have shed imperishable lustre on the history of our race. We may crucify a Jesus Christ, when he holds up for the acceptance of degraded humanity, the great principle of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. We may persecute a Joseph Mazzini, exile him, excommunicate him, expel him from the pale of civilized

society, make his life a burden to him, while the hero puts forth his sublime and gigantic exertions, pours out the last drop of blood in his veins, for the deliverance of his beloved Italy. We may affect to despise the immortal labours of a David Hare, we may, when he is dead, turn back with pious indignation from his so-called unchristian and polluted corpse. We may do all this, and indeed we may do much worse things besides. But when death has supervened, when personal feelings, personal jealousies, personal animosities have all been hushed in the silence of the tomb, when the bitterness of personal rancour has given place to the calmness of the historic judgment, when posterity are in a position to read, in the calm, sober, steady, but not dazzling light of history, the achievements of these great men, then they spontaneously raise, in the temples of their hearts those altars of homage and reverence which greatness claims at our hands, and which testify, in language of imperishable import, to the world's gratitude to its greatest benefactors and most illustrious heroes. The meek, humble, and crucified Jesus is extolled to the divine rank; Mazzini's name has become the watch-word of human progress and human liberty; David Hare stands forth from amongst his contemporaries—aye from amongst those who would fain have refused to him the rights of Christian burial, and whose names, let it be recorded to the eternal honour and dignity of human nature, have been forgotten—as the great champion and immortal apostle of English education in the East. Posterity never deal unjustly by the memories of world's great dead. Contemporaries, lost, bewildered, and amazed, amid the dazzling splendour, caused by the too near presence of these great luminaries, often feel only the heat, often feel the unpleasant warmth, but are unable to appreciate

the broad streak of light which they cast upon the path of future generations—are unable to appreciate the greatness of their hearts, the nobility of their disposition, and splendour of their achievements.

Gentlemen, in addressing you on the present occasion, I may be said to perform a twofold duty. I am grateful to the memory of David Hare, along with the rest of my countrymen. In my case, however, personal considerations enhance the gravity of my obligations. My late lamented father was indebted for his medical education to David Hare. Through his sympathy, his kindness, his assistance, my father was enabled to overcome the resistance which he met from his orthodox parents, in his efforts to acquire for himself a medical education, and to lay the foundation of that career, with whose brilliant results it is not necessary for me to concern myself in this place. While employed as a teacher in the school, David Hare very generously allowed my father to absent himself several hours, during the day, to enable him to attend the lectures in the Medical College. This address, then, while it enables me to perform a national obligation, enables me, at the same time, to discharge a personal obligation, which since the death of my father, has assumed, in my estimation, a peculiarly solemn and sacred character.

There is, indeed, innate in us, a deep, passionate hankering after knowledge, in whatever shape and in whatever form, it may happen to be presented to us. I read, not long ago, an article in the *Calcutta Review*, from the pen of Mr. Digby, in which that distinguished writer has likened this passion of ours to the intense curiosity, characteristic of the athenians, of olden times. Guided alike by curiosity and self-interest, our fathers resolved to educate their sons

in the literature and science of England. Well, then, while this feeling in favour of English literature was gradually developing itself in the native community, there were living two men whose names and actions have since become a part of Indian history—two men whose names are remembered with heart-felt gratitude, and awaken the deepest veneration in our minds. One of them was he, the anniversary of whose death, we have met here to observe this afternoon, and the other was the illustrious Hindu reformer, Raja Ram Mohun Roy. These two remarkable men fostered this growing feeling, and endeavoured to lead it to a great practical result.

Through the exertions of Mr. David Hare, a meeting was held at the house of Sir Edward Hyde East, then Chief Justice of Bengal, to devise means for the establishment of a Hindu College. Were it not for an incident which is of important, because it serves to illustrate the character of the Hindu reformer, I should not have thought it necessary to pause in this place, to refer to this meeting. Raja Ram Mohun Roy took great interest in the movement; but when his orthodox countrymen learnt that he was to be associated with them in this great work, they positively refused to have anything to do with it. No sooner was the Raja informed of this circumstance, than he at once withdrew himself from the movement, at the same time declaring that the work which had been initiated had his warmest sympathy, and would receive his hearty co-operation. Another meeting was held in May 1816. A committee was appointed; a subscription list was opened: money was collected, and on the 20th January 1817, the Hindu College was established. Now, gentlemen, there is one fact connected with the establishment of the Hindu College, which I am anxious pointedly

to bring to your notice. The Hindu College was established entirely through the exertions of the people of this country. In its inception it was Indian, in its progress it was Indian, and in its completion it was Indian. The Government had not contributed anything towards its maintenance, beyond providing for it a local habitation, seven years after it had been opened. It was not until 1825, when the firm of Barretto and Company had failed, and the Hindu College had lost all its funds, that the Government came forward to its rescue.

The cause of high education is now sufficiently safe and secure, and we may congratulate ourselves upon that circumstance. Indeed, gentlemen, I may say, that I know of nothing which is more calculated to inspire in the minds of the people of India a feeling of genuine devotion for the English people and the English Government, than the unspeakable blessings of high education, introduced in this country, under the auspices of English rule. If, at this moment, the connection which now subsists between India and England were to cease, (may God avert that day of our calamity!) I ask, what is it that would awaken a grateful reminiscence in our minds regarding that connection? It would be the conviction deep, solemn and heart felt that under the auspices of England, for the first time, there were planted in this country the seeds of a progressive civilization, heralded by the genius of English literature.

We have met here this evening to observe the anniversary of the death of David Hare. How shall we show our appreciation of his immortal services, in the cause of English education in this country? Aye, assuredly by supplementing the great work which he began, by working for the same cause, for the accomplishment of which he lived and died.

He worked for the elevation of India, he worked for the regeneration of this country, he worked to promote Indian progress. This is neither the time nor the place to dilate upon those considerations which so largely enter into a discussion of the question of native progress. But there is one point upon which I am anxious to lay special stress. We suffer from an innate trait of disposition which seriously interferes with our progress. We are incapable of sustained, continued, prolonged effort, which is so necessary to individual success, as it is all-essential for national greatness. We do things by fits and starts, and in a hap-hazard style. I repeat, we are devoid of the power of steady and unfaltering application which has contributed not a little to the success and the greatness of European nations. Unless we are capable of arduous and continuous work, of sustained and unflagging perseverance, there is, I am afraid, but little hope of our being able to do much to regenerate our country. No doubt, gentlemen, this matter must have been emphasized upon, times without number, by previous speakers and writers. But now that we are gathered together to pay the tribute of our homage and respect to the memory of David Hare, let us swear by his sacred remains and by the recollection of his immortal services, that we shall work as ceaselessly, as continuously, as energetically, as did the Father of English education in Bengal, for the welfare of those whom he loved so dearly.

The observance of this anniversary proves conclusively, that gratitude forms a fundamental trait in our national character. We are indeed essentially a grateful people. By association, by instinct, by habit, we are a grateful people. I know there are those who would blacken our character, who would calumniate us and deprive us of one of the noblest

elements of human character. There is, for instance, Mr. Ward, who has been writing a book on the Hindus. In that book, he says, that in Sanskrit we have no such word as gratitude. Our distinguished Chairman (Dr. Rajendra Lal Mitter) will, no doubt, be able to enlighten us on this point. But says Mr. Ward, there is no word for gratitude in the Sanskrit language, and therefore, by an irresistible process of reasoning, he comes to the conclusion that the people of India are all ungrateful. Aye forsooth, we are all ungrateful, we who, for the last quarter of a century and more, have been meeting together, year after year, to revive in the depths of our minds the recollection of the immortal services of our benefactor, David Hare! Aye forsooth, we are an ungrateful people, with whom the names of our benefactors, of our Duffs, our Ryans, our Bethunes and our Phears, have become household words. Yes we are ungrateful, and ungrateful to those who are not deserving of gratitude. We are ungrateful to our Kirkwoods, our D'oylys and our Moselys. We are incapable of prostituting this noble feeling for the sake of those, who have no claims upon our affection, and are unworthy of our gratitude.

I repeat we are essentially a grateful people, but we live in unhappy times. Where are our Duffs, our Ryans, our Mouats, our Hares and our Bethunes? Have these illustrious benefactors of our race left us for ever? Have their mantles fallen upon none of their countrymen? Has the spirit which animated their bosoms been, for ever, extinguished? And are we to carry on the struggle for national regeneration, alone, unaided and unsympathised with? If so it must be, let it be so. If such is the will of Providence, let us bow to His supreme law. Let us then, my countrymen, learn to rely upon ourselves. The great God of truth and

light helps those who help themselves. Depending upon our own energies, upon our own strength, the victory assuredly will be ours. Let us infuse this spirit of self-reliance, this spirit of self-help into our countrymen and a great day may yet dawn upon this hapless country. There will then spring up from this abode of darkness, ignorance and error, this battle-ground of hostile races and creeds, a civilization which will be the wonder and admiration of mankind. The future civilization of India will blend all that is great, noble, manly and worthy of imitation in the civilization of the West, with all that is spiritual, gentle, tender, sweet, and benignant in the civilization of the East. This is the goal we hanker after,—to build a noble structure from the decayed elements of a bygone civilization; and when this colossal fabric is raised, the foremost names that will be associated with it, will be those of David Hare and Thomas Babington Macaulay.

INDIAN UNITY.

THE cause of Indian unity stands in need of missionaries. No cause has ever prospered which has not had its missionaries, its apostles and prophets. The cause of Italian unity had its apostles and prophets, its Garibaldi and its Mazzini. Who will be the Garibaldi and Mazzini of Indian unity? Who amongst us will emulate their self-sacrifice, their matchless patriotism, their unflinching devotion to the interests of their country? Their revolutionary spirit is not indeed needed for the benefit of India. The march of progress which has already commenced under English auspices must not be disturbed. May England

long continue to rule India for the glory of England and the benefit of India. But we want the inspiration to noble actions to be derived from the blessed names and sanctified examples of the immortal apostles of Italian unity. I repeat, who will be the apostles of Indian unity ?

Young men, whom I see around me in such large numbers, you are the hopes of your families. May I not also say, you are the hopes of your country. Your country expects great things from you. Now I ask, how many of you are prepared, when you have finished your studies at the college, to devote your lives, to consecrate your energies to the good of your country ? I repeat the question and I pause for a reply. (*Several voices . 'We'll try our best'*).

The response is in every way worthy of yourselves and of the education which you are receiving. May you prove true to your resolve, and carry out in life the high purposes which animate your bosoms.

Gentlemen, I have a strong conviction and an assured belief that there comes a time in the history of a nation's progress, when every man may verily be said to have a mission of his own to accomplish. Such a time has now arrived for India. The fiat has gone forth. The celestial mandate has been issued that every Indian must now do his duty, or stand condemned before God and man. There was such a time of stirring activity in the glorious annals of England, when Hampden offered up his life for the deliverance of his country, when Algernon Sydney laid down his head on the block to rid his country of a hated tyrant, when English bishops did not hesitate in the discharge of of their duty to their Fatherland to descend from the performance of their ecclesiastical functions and appear as traitors before the bar of a Criminal Court. These are

glorious remiscences in England's immortal history, which Englishmen to this day look back upon with pride and satisfaction. It is not indeed necessary for us to have recourse to violence in order to obtain the redress of our grievances. Constitutional agitation will secure for us those rights and privileges which in less favoured countries are obtained by sterner means. But peaceful as are the means to be enforced there is a stern duty to be performed by every Indian. And he who fails in that duty is a traitor before God and man.

LONDON

LONDON is a very large place, as all the world knows with a population of nearly four millions. The houses are usually four or five stories high, one of which is generally under the level of the streets. The walls on the outside are of bricks, but within, the partition between rooms, &c., are all of wood covered with paper. There are several parks in London, extensive and open to all, with fine walks, ornamental waters, trees, gardens, flower-beds, &c. It is a pleasure to come and spend a few hours in one of these, when there is nothing better to do. Besides the parks, there are small squares every here and there with railings all round, and beautiful trees, flower-plants and walks inside. These are open only to those who live round the squares. They are called the "lungs of London," for London would be very close and uncomfortable to live in without these open places, every here and there. The houses are very closely built, and uniformly in a row, and the rooms are small and close. In fact, everything here seems to be de-

signed to protect the people from cold and winter of which they have plenty, while summers are, I am told, short, But as they have no contrivances to keep off the heat when it does come, London during the summer is, I am told, very uncomfortable. The weather is murky and the days are generally half-dark, there being plenty of mist, and showers come every now and then, sometimes several times a day ; but they are not our Indian heavy showers, but small patter, patter, patter, which is very annoying. Of sun you don't see much here except in summer, it is generally hid in mists or clouds, and only now and then peeps out with a pale sickly face ! There is a saying here that English suns are made of worn-out French moons ! and English summers, they say, consist of three warm days and a thunder-storm !

P.S.—At present the thermometer stands at 50°. It is hardly ever higher than 80°, and in winter sometimes goes 10 or 12 degrees below the freezing point.

THE ENGLISH STAGE.

THERE is hardly any sort of amusement which gives me greater pleasure than going to theatres, and if I had plenty of time at my disposal, I should, I think, be to theatres almost every evening. I cannot sufficiently admire the stage paintings and decorations that I see in London ; it seems that with the wand of an enchanter they raise up visions before the wondering eye ; and nature and the mightiest works of art so beautifully and so exactly imitated on the stage that sometimes it is difficult to believe that they are imitations. And yet it is not the light and the decorations

that induce one to go to theatres, it is an intellectual enjoyment more than a sensuous one, and when a play is properly acted (which I must say is not often) the fine feelings of the human mind are called into play and the intellectual pleasure is immense. The plays that have been acted with the greatest success during my residence in London are Shakespeare's "As you like it," Sheridan's "School for Scandal," Goldsmith's "She stoops to conquer," Sir W. Scott's "Kenilworth" dramatized, Dicken's "David Copperfield" dramatized, Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame" dramatized, as well as some new pieces as "Twist Axe and Crowd," "Uncle Dick's Darling," "Formosa," &c., &c., &c.

I shall never forget the impression made on my mind when I saw "Notre Dame" acted. The characters are original, and are apparently drawn by a master-hand and a real poet, and what with the sensational story, and what with the beautiful, and I may almost say perfect acting, "Notre Dame" was a success indeed. Rosalind in "As you like it," dressed as a simple shepherd boy, with a hook, and singing and wandering in the romantic forest of Ardennes created, I remember, a great sensation; Lady Teazel, in "School for Scandal" appearing behind the screen when least expected, created perhaps a still greater sensation; but the emotion of the audience was never carried to a higher pitch than when the lunatic mother with her wild grey tresses found and embraced her long lost child Esmeralda, the gipsy girl of "Notre Dame."

"THE COUNTRY."

No foreigner should leave England without passing a few days in the country. Immediately before leaving for Ireland I passed a few days with a gentleman at his country seat, and an English country seat is a thing of itself worth seeing. The neat and well-built country-house of the landlord well known to the peasantry all round, the wide portico and beautiful gardens and croquet lawns adjacent to it, the ornamental waters and the darksome shrubbery delightfully cool in summer, the fresh open country prospect all round with distant hills seen far off on the horizon, the beautiful glades and long avenues and extensive country-parks with deer grazing by hundreds, the village hedge-rows with wild flowers blooming on them and taking the traveller by surprise by their sweet scent, and last though not the least, the neat huts dotting the countryfields and the village church lifting modest spire from among them,—these are scenes really worth seeing. But this is not all. In the country you find Englishmen from altogether a different and a new point of view. Freed from the conventionalities of London the Englishman in his country seat is much more free and unfettered,—much more jovial and at home with every one whom he comes across. It is a delight to see him mixing freely and almost familiarly with the poor villagers, asking them kind questions about their homes and lands and the prospects of the year, and stretching out a helping hand to them in times of need. Every village girl too knows but too well the familiar faces of the landlord's wife and daughters, and kind questions and enquiries on the one side, and a confiding and respectful regard on the other sweeten

their acquaintance and in some cases ripen it into almost sisterly affection

A Sunday at an English village is one of the soberest things imaginable. A man with any degree of fellow sympathy in him cannot see the cheerful looking and neatly dressed groups of villagers and village girls issuing out of their humble cottages and wending to the village church without a gush of philanthropy overflowing his heart. As the landlord and his family pass them by, every villager is ready with his respectful nod, and the complacent smile on the part of their superiors is never denied in return. After the church-service is over, you often see the village boys and girls assembling together at their landlord's residence, and passing the bright sunny day like a real holiday.

LADIES IN ENGLISH SOCIETY.

I HAVE told you before now that the relation between the sexes as it exists in England, and, in fact, in the whole of Europe, is susceptible of improvement, that ladies might with advantage be allowed to follow independent professions for their own maintenance. In spite, however, of such defects and shortcomings,—in spite too of a certain exclusiveness in the character of the English of which I have written to you before now, the very presence of ladies in society makes English society cheerful and pleasant indeed. It is impossible for any one who has never travelled out of our own country to conceive to its fullest extent the salutary and sober influence which woman sheds on English society,—it is impossible for him to conceive how

woman is at once the chaste and purifying spirit no less than the grace and ornament of English society. I am not here referring to the mighty influences which she now and then exerts, which poets and lovers and foolish young men make so much of, for such influences affect people only for a few months or years of their life, and do not therefore influence pleasingly or otherwise the lives of the masses of practical and hardworking humanity constituting a nation. I am referring rather to the sober and pleasing impression which woman creates wherever she is present, in the sea-side or at the tea-table, in the pic-nic or by the fireside. Go to a "regular English tea," it is woman whose presence and conversation animate and vivify the party, and as she makes the tea or plays on the piano, a sense of sober cheerfulness, and not of delight, mind you, overwhelms the company and makes them forget the cares and troubles of the day. Go to the whist table or the croquet party,—is it the game that you particularly care for? Or is it not rather the animated conversation of your fair partner that pleases you and lights up the game with a halo of sober joy. The presence of English ladies in society conveys with it a healthy influence which cannot be appreciated without being felt, and which cannot be felt without being appreciated. It is a bold assertion to make, but I make it without the least hesitation that national morality in England would be deteriorated in no small degree if English ladies were excluded from society.

PARIS.

WE left London on the 14th August, and reached Paris on the 15th *ie.*, the birth day of the Great Napoleon. The passage across the channel was very rough as it always is, but hardened sailors, as we are, we got through safe without any sea-sickness, though most of the passengers on board were in a most distressed condition. Paris is a most splendid city, certainly the most splendid and beautiful city of all that I have seen. The long seige, and more specially the rising of the communists have caused great deal of injury to the town, and broken down some of her finest buildings.

The "Hotel de Ville," which was decorated with the finest specimens of art, and was in fact the national hall of France, has been utterly demolished and burnt down. The splendid "Palais Royal" is in ruins, the column of "Vendome," which commemorated the victories of the First Napoleon and was a monument of the glories of France has been thrown down, and only the base remains on which you see beautiful carvings on brass. Even the Tuilleries, the residence of the Kings and Emperor of France, have been seriously injured, and in some places totally demolished, and one feels a strange sort of feeling as he walks about deserted gardens and lingers near the desolated walls and statues. Notwithstanding however these ruins, a stranger cannot but be struck with the beauty of Paris, and as he walks through the brilliantly illuminated streets or the thronged boulevards he almost thinks that the whole town is devoted to mirth and festivity. The streets are regular and cleanly, with trees on both sides and at night brilliantly illuminated. The cafes blaze with light and splend-

our at night, and invite the stranger to a few cups of coffee or a few glasses of liquor ! while the splendid buildings every here and there, fine hotels and shops with glaring lights add to the beauty of the place and defy all description. The whole town seems to be a seat of mirth, jollity and festivity, and looks very little like a place which has passed lately through war, siege and misfortunes. It is only when you come to some ruined place, or stand by some demolished edifice that you are reminded of the hurricane that was swept by.

THE 'LOUVRE,' THE 'TRIUMPH' AND THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

DURING our stay in Paris we stopped at the Hotel de Louvre, a fine hotel facing the "Louvre" whence it takes its name. The "Louvre" is a princely place contiguous to the Tuilleries, and has fortunately escaped the ravages of war. We went into the "Louvre" to see the noble collection of statues and pictures kept in the place. Noble indeed are some of these pictures. I could never imagine it possible to represent human feelings and passions on the canvas so accurately so life-like, so splendid. There was a picture of a female form separating two armies. Her face, her attitude, the way in which she spreads her arms to separate the armies, defy all description. There was another picture in the same room portraying one of the victories of the Great Napoleon in a winter campaign. Napoleon wrapped up in a heap of clothes, yet cowed down and shivering on his horse was looking with his glaring marble eyes on

the wounded who were lying on the field half buried in snow. The long rows of troops in every direction were beautifully done, while here and there the dead were lying flat on the ground casting a vacant, glaring, strange look on the sky, and having their faces half covered and almost petrified with snow. It was altogether a master-piece. A third picture portrays the grief, the agony of an old man on the death of his wife. That wife was lying on a bed stiff and pale, the old man was sitting on the same bed and his strange face and look, his look of intense agony and insufferable, unutterable woe,—of wild terror and ghastly despair has been painted in a manner such as defies all description—while his daughter sits on the floor and clings to the old man's feet in the agony of grief. But I shall never end if I go on describing pictures. Before we left the "Louvre," we saw the collection of fine statues there.

The "Arch of Triumph" in Paris is a splendid edifice raised by the First Napoleon to commemorate his victories, and has fortunately suffered no injury whatever from the late disasters. On it you see some beautiful sculptures on relief, and the names of all the victories of the Great Napoleon (a good round number I can assure you) are inscribed on its walls. We ascended on its top and had an extensive view of the whole of Paris and the Seine. What a splendid view it was,—what a regular and fine-built town Paris is! The Seine is a beautiful river, and unlike the Thames which is dirty beyond every thing near London, is perfectly limpid. We went down the Seine by steamer to the magnificent church of Notre Dame, which for elaborate carvings and workmanship and artistic beauty beats all other churches in France. This church is the subject of a celebrated novel of Victor Hugo. There is another splendid edifice in Paris

which has also escaped the ravages of war and which every Frenchman looks on with feelings of pride and veneration. It is the "Hotel des Invalids" which contains the tomb of the Great Napoleon, his body having been brought from St. Helena and deposited here. Near this tomb are inscribed his own words which in English would run thus.—'I desire that when I die, my ashes be deposited by the banks of the Seine, among the French people whom I have loved so well.' The tomb is in the centre of a marble hall surrounded by marble pillars and marble statues, and under a magnificent dome, whose glittering gilded outside is seen from miles afar. At one time this tomb was surrounded by, I think, 190 standards which he had brought from various countries and various fields of battle as trophies of his victories. These have now been removed.

AN ADVENTURE.

IN the evening we met with a most unpleasant adventure. When we came to the railway station to book for Paris, we were required by a Police officer to shew our passport. We did so and he seemed to be satisfied. Soon after however he came up to us and asked us to follow him to the guard-house to have our passport examined. I believe our foreign costume had aroused his suspicions, and he took us for communists. The fellow seemed to be polite enough, and informed us on our way to the guard-house that Paris and Versailles were swarmed with communists and that he had therefore considered it his duty to conduct us to the guard-house to have us examined. At the guard-house.

we were met by the officer in charge of the place, who, in a rather insolent manner required us to produce our passport. Though it had been vised by the French consul, he seemed to have his doubts about it. As we did not know French sufficiently well to enable us to carry on conversation in that language, he put us a few questions on paper. He wrote down that we had been arrested as strangers without proper papers, and inquired if we had anything to say in reply. In answer to this, we wrote down that the passport, which we had produced, had been vised by the French Consul, and that therefore it ought to be considered as sufficient. He did not understand English, and on our requesting him to have the passport interpreted by some one who knew the language, he insolently replied that they were all Frenchmen and cared little for English. He seemed to treat the passport with contempt and peremptorily demanded proofs of our identity. Any satisfactory evidence on this point it was of course impossible to produce on the spot. We produced what proofs we could, including some letters addressed to one of us which we happened to have with us. This, of course, was not considered satisfactory, specially as they were in English, and one little *Hakim* had declared he cared little for English, and we were sent under an escort to the Police bureau. The commissaire not happening to be in, we were, without any further ceremony, locked up for the night in a miserable cell, close, dark, filthy, emitting an abominable stench, and with no better accommodation than a wide wooden bench for bed. We were kept in that place for nearly twelve hours, and about ten o'clock in the morning we were brought before the Police commissaire. He read the report of the officer who had arrested us, examined our passport, and failed to discover why we had been arrested.

We were at once released, and on our expressing our determination to bring the matter to the notice of the higher authorities, he unhesitatingly gave us a note certifying that we had been arrested without any proper cause having been assigned. We went with this paper to the Police Prefecture, represented the circumstances of the arrest, and were asked to put them down on paper. The officials expressed deep regret for what had happened, and assured us that as the officer who had arrested us had clearly acted contrary to law, he would be at once dismissed from the public service.

KRISTO DAS'S APPRENTICESHIP.

THE young blood ran rapidly in his veins as he spoke and wrote; but how little he had to appease "physical hunger!" He was probably the poorest member of his club. One of the rules of the club ran thus: "Every member is to pay one rupee and eight annas as an annual subscription." This subscription Kristo Das was unable to pay; and, as a special case, he was exempted from the operation of the rule. His old and affectionate friend thus describes his condition at this period of his life. "At Kansanparrah in a lane now styled after his own name, was situated the former humble residence of Babu Kristo Das. There in the outer apartment, in a *khappiel* or tiled hut, on a *tucklaposh* spread over with a worn-out mat where the rays of the sun peeped through the crevices of the thatched roof, he was often seen poring over his books or writing articles for the press. The implements of his writing, on account of his humble position, were indeed very inferior in quality. High

and noble as his mind was from infancy, he kept himself satisfied that they would as much serve his purpose as the best of stationery "

When Kristo Das Pal left college he had received a fairly liberal education. Scientific education had not come into vogue, nor was Sanskrit or even Bengalee literature taught systematically in those days, but Kristo Das was well instructed in the English language and literature. He did not take much interest in philosophy; he cared little for mathematics, his knowledge of history was not very large. It was in literature proper that he took especial interest. His instincts, however, were neither literary, nor philosophical, nor scientific, but political. The most valuable part of his education was given him by his worldly work and experience. To his work in life he brought a mind well-stored with learning, a heart full of generous impulses, and, above all, habits of untiring industry. The "morning class" which Mr Morgan taught has been lightly passed over: but, as a member of that class, Kristo Das exhibited an amount of zeal and steady energy which marked him out as a student of extraordinary powers and as one who had a distinguished career before him. He used to get up at 1 o'clock in the morning, visit his comrades and proceed with them to attend the lectures. Many of his comrades became tired of the early journey; but Kristo Das was made of different stuff, his zeal never flagged. Even before he left college he had imbibed a taste for reading newspapers and writing for them. The circumstances under which the taste was formed are thus related. Gopal Das Sett, Secretary to the Free Debating Club, was a subscriber to the *Hindoo Patriot*. Kristo Das read the paper regularly and valued it highly. On one occasion the secretary had written to the

Patriot a few lines regarding the club, which were inserted. This excited the emulation of Kristo Das. Then again, Kristo Das came to learn that Khetter Mohun Mitter, the president of the club, used to write for some papers, supplying items of news, &c., and not only received copies of those papers free of charge but was fairly well remunerated. To receive a paper without having to pay for it, and possibly to receive some remuneration also, were advantages too great to be lightly reckoned by poor young Kristo Das. He began to contribute on a humble scale to the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Citizen*; he was favoured with copies of those papers and he received promises of remuneration. He gathered courage. He wrote an article for the *Hindoo Patriot* and laid it before the editor, Hurrish Chunder Mukerjee, who expressed concurrence in the sentiment of the writer, but warned him against the adoption of an ornate style. Kristo Das's article did appear in the *Patriot*, after correction. "His joy knew no bounds,"—a sentiment which may well be appreciated by all men of literary tastes when they remember the thrill of delight with which they saw their first productions in print. In 1857, after he had left college, he began to "store and enrich his mind with knowledge derived from a course reading at the Calcutta Public Library and the Library of the Metropolitan college; and he received much assistance from Mr. Krikpatnik in the selection of the books, in the practice of English composition, and in the critical study of the English language and literature." Jointly with a few friends, Kristo Das started the *Calcutta Monthly Magazine* which lived for the brief period of six months. The *Magazine* was owned by Babu Prosad Dass Dutt. From 1857 Kristo Das contributed regularly to the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Citizen*, *Phoenix*, and *Hurkaru*, and occasionally

to the *Englishman*. Mr. William Cob Hurry, the editor of the *Englishman*, valued his contributions much. On the publication of the *Central Star* at Cawnpore, under the editorship, of Mr. Knight, the aeronaut, Kristo Das became the Calcutta correspondent of that paper and wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Blue Bird." He was next employed on the staff of the *Hindu Intelligencer*, a paper which was edited by Babu Kashi Prosad Ghose. About this time commenced his regular connection with the *Hindu Patriot*, in which he wrote a series of articles on the Indian Mutiny. Harriish Chunder Mukerjea formed a high opinion of his talents and acquirements "and thought he would be able to do much for his country if God spared him."

KRISTO DAS PAL AS A WRITER.

FINE writing more quickly secures the approbation of the multitude than plain writing does; it is more attractive to the oriental mind: its charms are more readily observed. The beauty of a simple style is very tardily appreciated,—appreciated only by the mature judgment of the practised writer and the judicious critic. One may go further and observe, that in the life of a nation, as in the life of an individual, love of the ornate style precedes love of the simple. It is probably an illustration of the law in accordance with which love of the ornamental precedes love of the useful. Just as the youngman overloads his style with gaudy ornament which is mature judgment disapproves, so the rhetorical writing of one generation is looked upon with cold indifference by the sober practical writers of the

next. Kristo Das resisted the temptations of all that kind of style which is called smart or racy, ornate or brilliant. In electing to write easy natural prose, he took a step clearly in advance of his times. In his day, and even in our day, a native of India who wrote simple English would get no reputation for learning, at any rate among his countrymen. The learned man is expected to imprint some of his learning upon every line he writes; and no writing makes an impression upon the common herd which is not elaborate, gaudy, and rich in allusion. The full meaning of English words is seldom apprehended by a native of India with the same precision with which cultivated Englishmen apprehend it. English words, even the commonest, are more suggestive to the English than to the Indian ear. Consequently, if a certain number of words will convey an idea to the mind of an Englishman, a larger number of words will generally be needed to convey the same idea to the mind of an Indian. What is deficient in quality has to be made up by quantity. Words are piled on words. Therefore, writing which seeks to influence Indian readers comes to be verbose. In the next place, if one form of words will produce an impression of a particular degree of vividness on the English mind a highly coloured form of the same language will be necessary to produce an equally vivid impression on the Indian mind. Hence an ornate style came to be in fashion. The Indian palate relishes no food unless stimulated by curries and condiments, and the Indian intellect interests itself in no discourse which is not soaked in rhetoric. A style like that of Kristo Das is not, however, suited to all purposes. It was suited to his purposes and his business which were practical. In dealing with political topics of day, with hard matters of fact, there was no

occasion, no necessary, for writing in the style of the novelist. The critic previously referred to rightly observes: "Young Bengal has gone in for oratory instead of literature, forgetting that a style which may be very suitable to a platform oration is not at all suitable in a leading article. The articles in Anglo-native journals are made up to a great extent of notes of admiration and notes of interrogation and notes of exclamation. They are also painfully wanting in that symmetry which is the soul of effective literary treatment within the brief and definite limits of a leading article." Kristo Das always wrote in a style appropriate to the subject-matter in hand, and did not go out of his way to indulge in declamation or imaginative scene-painting.

In the art of writing, Kristo Das received material help from his European teachers and in particular from Mr. Kirkpatrick and Mr. Sullivan. They took special interest in him and guided his studies. He had the advantage of being under teachers who were not only learned men, but practical men of the world, skilled writers, and earnest and sympathetic instructors. Captain D. L. Richardson was a well known man of letters. Captain Harris was known to be a good writer and was editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. Captain F. Palmer was distinguished as a scholar and writer. These were the men who taught Kristo Das, not in that cold formal way which has now become common,—professor and pupil scarcely ever exchanging a word, and the professor only dictating "notes,"—but with a lively, personal interest in the proper education of the youth committed to their charge. Mr. Kirkpatrick looked over his exercises, directed his private study, and selected books for him from the Calcutta Public Library. "There is nothing which spreads more contagiously from teacher to pupil than elevation of sentiment. often and

and often have students caught from the living influence of a professor, a contempt for mean and selfish objects, and a noble ambition to leave the world better than they found it which they have carried with them throughout life. In these respects, teachers of every kind have natural and peculiar means of doing with effect, what every one who mixes with his fellow-beings or addresses himself to them in any character, should feel bound to do to the extent of his capacity and opportunities." In the case of Kristo Das it is easy to see that elevation of sentiment did spread contagiously from his teachers to him, and that he caught from their living influence a attempt for mean and selfish objects and a noble ambition to leave the world better than he found it. Several of his teachers were distinguished journalists, and he wanted to be a journalist himself. He wanted to be a "Man and Patriot and to leave posterity in his debt." His earliest writings appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, and he received ample encouragement from its editor. Beyond the circle of his teachers, the man who gave him the greatest help in acquiring powers of writing was Hurrish Chunder Mukerjea, the founder of the *Hindoo Patriot*. The articles which Hurrish Chunder wrote have never been surpassed in this country in point of literary form. Kristo Das looked upon him as a master. But it was not only his friends and teachers who formed his style. There were the critics. The Anglo-Indian journalists were severely critical; and criticism always improves literature. "*Vanitas Vanitatum*" was probably the earliest piece of criticism which Kristo Das endured; it was certainly not the last. Superadded to friends, teachers and critics, there was the *system* under which Kristo Das was brought up and which favoured the acquisition of the English language and literature. The Calcutta

University has not produced any men who, in point of literary or historical knowledge or powers of writing, could be compared to the best products of the old system. Not 'thoroughness' but 'shallowness' is the word inscribed on the portals of our University and it is matter for national congratulation that men like Kristo Das Pal and Dwarka Nath Mitter had never any occasion to enter those portals.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS.

KRISTO DAS had no systematic or organized view of life and nature. He had no Science, nor that unified knowledge called Philosophy. He took the world as he found it, and, apparently, never questioned the universe he was born into. Life and death, right and duty, mind and matter, and all the other solemn realities, were to him mere *data*, not problems to be investigated. His cast of thought was not philosophical. He never wondered "This is I." He had not the penetrative glance of the poet or the prophet, not the searching spirit of the philosopher or the scientist, nor had he the knowledge and the training by which he could commence an independent study of the everlasting verities about him. Skilled in logical fence, fit to guide national counsels, deeply imbued with human sympathy, he yet lacked the ardour of the true student and worker, and never had a glimpse of the foundations on which rested his whole code of practical morality. He seems to have lived in perfect intellectual peace, untroubled by difficulties. He did not feel the "yearning of the pilgrim for his distant home," with which the reflective man "turns to the mystery from which he emerged." In practical life, Kristo Das was not found want-

ing He dedicated his energies to the service of his countrymen, and he could have done no more ; but the philosophical side of his nature was blank. He had none of the illuminating conceptions which a profound study of any one department of life or nature gives. Whether we study the mechanism of the heavens or examine the strata of the earth, whether we explore the laws of energy or observe the phenomena of life in its various phases, whether we dissect the laws and the languages of nations or compare their religions, we reach at last certain generalisations which shape our view of nature and determine our duties to man. One proof of the correctness of recent conclusions is, that different lines of inquiry have invariably converged to the same result. Kristo Das may have learnt some of the conclusions, but he does not appear to have been acquainted with the facts from which they had been obtained, or the methods by which they had been reached. There was no sympathy between him and nature. He had no eye for her realms of light no ear for her finer harmonies. Of Man, as of Nature, he took no philosophical view. The laws of social growth do not appear to have interested him. The history of ideas, the history of great movements, the procession of the ages, never had their proper charm for him. Direct practical concerns, the demands of the present and the near, fully occupied him. After all, it is no serious fault of Kristo Das's that he was not perfect. The ideal of perfection is easily conceived never realised. India had need of a Kristo Das. In a Country where the philosophical temper is apt to degenerate into moody self-consciousness and into every variety of religious mysticism, it is well to get a man of energy and thorough practical sense, whose subjective regards are feeble. Contemplation and action combined would be the end to strive

for, but if we must do without one, we had rather be unphilosophically active than contemplatively inert. Here in India, therefore, defects like those of Kṛṣṇa Das tend to increase, rather than impair, a man's usefulness, but we must not lower our ideal on grounds of expediency. Whatever type of character we may regard as the heroic, this we shall always expect of our hero, that he should have taken a comprehensive view of Nature and Man, that he should have brought himself face to face with the realities of existence, that he should have reasoned out his convictions, and that he should have lived, as far as possible, according to his convictions. Kṛṣṇa Das was a highly intelligent, well trained, honest man of the world, who fought political battles with strength and boldness but he never moved out of the narrow circle where he was so usefully employed. He never stood forth as a thinker. He had little of originality or brilliance or the spirit of the martyr. He had arrived at some sound maxims of conduct, but not through the medium of a sound philosophy. He realised, as has been pointed out already, the earnestness of life, he had not grown weary of it: but it is doubtful if he had fully appreciated the end of life to be WORK FOR ITS OWN SAKE. He had closed his *Byron*, not opened his *Goethe*.

POLITICAL IDEAS.

It is perfectly true that self-interest and gratitude constitute by far the strongest grounds of Indian loyalty. English rule is, on the whole, vastly better than anything that preceded it, no other foreign rule can be equal to it;

and the sudden transfer of it to any indigenous power would be a great public calamity. The educated people are more loyal than the uneducated, because they can better appreciate the blessings of English rule : they are also more critical than the uneducated, because they have higher ideas of good government. Educated sons of India have learnt to venerate the "spirit of the British law which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil," understanding, by "British soil," not only the soil of England but of England's possessions. To them, as to Englishmen, England is a name unequalled in the greatness and the glory of its historic associations. But they cannot for that reason, perpetually sing odes to the beatific character of English administration. The duties of life are much too serious to allow a perennial display of tenderness or veneration. In political life it is more necessary to observe defects than praise merits. Progress is accomplished not by adulation but by criticism. The habit of criticism displayed by the educated native of this country is an imitation of the English habit, and imitation is the sincerest flattery. His aspirations are cast in an English mould ; even his cant is an echo of the English cant. The better educated an Indian is, the stronger and more intelligent is his admiration of the English character and English methods of government ; and it is worthy to note that all the more considerable leaders of public opinion in India,—Hurrish Chunder Mukerjee and Kristo Das Pal, Sir T. Madhava Rao and Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji—have been among the warmest admirers of English rule.

It is hardly necessary to discuss in detail the topics which most occupy the attention of the natives of India who seek political reform. Ample justice has been done

to those topics in two recent treatises, Mr. H. J. S. Cotton's *New India*, and Mr. W. S. Blunt's *Ideas About India*. They are mainly the following

1. Non-interference and Economy.
2. The gradual substitution of Indian for European official agency.
3. The development of representative institutions, and, in particular, the reconstitution of Legislative Councils on a representative basis.
4. The extension and improvement of the existing educational system
5. The development of industrial life.
6. The extended employment of natives of India in the army and the concession to them of the privilege of Volunteering.

Kusto Das Pal's political programme included the topics here referred to. The subject of representative institutions had not assumed the same importance in his day that it has since : nor had the subject of volunteering come prominently into public notice. Upon all the other subjects his ideas were as definite and mature as those of the best informed critics and agitators of the present day. But his practical schemes hinged on no system of political principles. He was in possession of no generalised truths ; he had not assimilated the ideas of the most advanced thinkers. Therefore, though his discussion of political topics was practically useful, and though he valued progress, he had not that ardour, that confidence, and that definiteness of view, which mastery of principles gives. For instance, he does not seem to have distinguished the conditions which must regulate legislation in stationary countries like India from those which determine legislation in progressive countries

like England. A passage in Sir Henry Maine's *Ancient Law* throws light upon the point. "With respect to progressive societies it may be laid down that social necessities and social opinion are always more or less in advance of Law." Law performs different functions in stationary and in progressive countries. Where the people are progressive, Law attempts to overtake public opinion; new laws are demanded by changing opinion and social exigencies. In a stationary country Law must be an agent of progress and not a mere register of progress. It must be ahead of public opinion, and must lead it. In a progressive country, it is sufficient condemnation of a law that it is not wanted by the people, for legislation serves the formal purpose of recognising popular opinion and giving effect to it by authoritative commands. In stationary countries Law has to be aggressive and to advance society by an external impetus, without, however, disturbing order. This is a distinction which it is especially necessary to observe in India. Almost the whole of the criticism which is directed against progressive legislation in India may be summed up in the following questions: "Who wanted the law? What practical exigency will it remove?" These questions are very often irrelevant. In a country like India, people would never complain, though they might be on the brink of ruin. Opinion does not change; wants never arise, or are never felt. After the legislature has removed wants, people discover that wants existed. The Englishman values the right to vote, and demands it; the native of India must be taught to value the right by being given it. In England institutions are the expression of the ideas of the people; in India institutions have to be created in order that they might suggest ideas to the people. In backward countries

the main value of liberal institutions is their value as an educating agency. The analogy of legislation may be carried into other departments of life. In England, public meetings, and, in fact, every sort of political agitation, are the result of popular feeling; in India they are conducted by a few advanced men to evoke and to educate popular feeling.

IN THE HOME.

It was lucky for Kristo Das Pal that he was not a member of a huge joint family. The jarring interests, the tumult, the commotion, the squabbles,—petty and serious—of that miscellaneous conglomeration of human beings called a Hindoo joint family, are fatal to peaceful living and to sustained thought and work. Kristo Das Pal was a member of a joint family, but it was not so large, nor composed of so heterogeneous elements, as to interfere seriously with his peace of mind or his work. Yet he had no rest. From early morning till a late hour in the evening, he had to receive visitors, most of whom wanted some favour. Latterly he had acquired the art of writing his articles and doing other work in the presence of his visitors and while talking to them. If he had thought of waiting till visitors had left him, he would have had to wait for ever. The afternoons he used to spend in the rooms of the British Indian Association. Even there the visitors pursued him. A great deal of his work had to be postponed from day-time to night-time, and he hardly ever went to bed before one or two in the morning. Bengali society recognises no definite hours of visiting. If any Bengali gentleman, however high his position,

gave the world to understand that he would receive visitors only at certain hours and not at others, his countrymen of Bengal would be highly incensed and never forgive him. Visitors reserve to themselves the liberty of visiting at any hour they please. And how long their visits are! Sometimes, the visits are real visitations. The visitor does not discover that he is making himself a bore, that he is wasting valuable time, but persists in talking or in sitting, until fatigue or his own business makes him shift his position. No Bengalee had to receive such a large number of visitors as Kristo Das Pal; and one can only regret that he was so much, annoyed and was compelled to work beyond time. An Englishman will find life unbearable under such conditions, will absolutely refuse to submit to them, but a Bengalee must have great powers of endurance. In the end, even the Bengalee has to pay the penalty for unlimited sociability, for the laws of health refuse to adapt themselves to the idiosyncrasies of Bengali society.

The annoyance and the worry to which a Bengalee is subjected in his home are, very often, fatal to his success in any work which demands tranquillity of soul and steady industry. The "sweet home" of a Bengalee is, in the largest number of cases, a source of endless distraction and embarrassment. If the walls within which talent and genius have had to live and work, could be questioned, what a tale they would tell! What a shedding of tears they have witnessed, what sights of grief and despair they have heard! What scenes they have seen, of hearts lacerated and nerves paralysed, of struggles baffled and renewed and baffled again. of the unwilling surrender of heroic souls to the overpowering forces of domestic misery! The Hindu home has crushed many a spark of native fire, buried many a noble project,

Poverty is not the worst of its destructive agencies ; but the agitation of feeling caused by the living together of a large number of men and women, very few of whom are in sympathy with each other, and almost every one of whom has some grievance' as against the rest, cannot fail to deaden the energies. The quarrels of women, the deep-seated malice of men, the "mighty contests" which "rise from trivial things," give no rest to the unfortunate inmate of the Hindu home. The fight rages sometimes about a point of dignity, sometimes about money, sometimes about questions of authority and obedience. Occasionally of course, there is intermission of active hostilities, but no more peaceful condition is ordinarily reached than that of armed neutrality.

NEW YORK DEMOCRACY.

CHRISTMAS of '82 was a sad day for me, though all the city had put on a festive appearance, and the poorest even seemed to have forgotten their miseries for the nonce. On that morning I had spent my last few cents in buying a loaf of bread, and had nothing left to get the materials for even a cup of tea—bread, and tea, with an occasional bit of cheese, being the diet to which I had brought myself down of late. Another week's room rent would be due in three or four days more, but the prospect of securing a means of maintenance seemed as distant as ever. What was I to do next day for a meal, though on Christmas day, in New York city, no one need be in want of a good square meal, be he ever so poor ? There is a beautiful Christian charity which is observed not only scrupulously, but often magnificently, in many of the

American cities, and consists in feeding the poor on Christmas day on the great national dish of turkey and cranberry sauce, with suitable adjuncts of course. In New York, I know from personal knowledge, all the charitable organizations vie with one another in providing Christmas treat for the poor of the quarters in which they are respectively located. Special bodies are also formed at the festive time, who receive contributions from the rich and charitably disposed and dispense good cheer on the day of the birth of Christ to every destitute, man, woman and child they can reach. The treats are given at the several houses of charity, asylums, hospitals, lodging-houses where the poorest—such as news-boys, shoe-blacks, and tramps—find quarters, religious meeting houses, or at places secured for the occasion. This excellent charity, being distributed by organizations who are familiar with every nook and corner of the city and the peoples that reside there, is seldom wasted, and as seldom fails to reach anyone, deserving of it.

The "Mission House" where I was a lodger being meant for poor men of the working classes who were without a home in the city, and being under the management of one of those religious organizations which took part in the Christmas charity above alluded to, I did not have to go without a dinner on Christmas day. In common with my fellow-lodgers I had a very decent treat, which, however, served to put me more vividly in mind of the days of want that were ahead. It was snowing in a manner that is supposed to best suit Christmas, which occurs about the very depth of winter, when the snow and the storm outside give a greater zest to the enjoyment of the festive circles that gather in every dining-room and parlour. The church bells, as they tolled throughout the city, seemed to me to ring the music of

a funeral rather than of a call to rejoice. My shoes had got a number of holes and were far from being in a condition fit to wade through snow and slush at places knee-deep. But I was up with the earliest rays of the sun the next morning, and after I had walked through a few streets in the hope of finding out something to earn a loaf of bread by, some one came across me whom I have ever since regarded as my guardian angel.

"Shine, Boss !"

The greeting was familiar--it was that of a New York boot-black * I had often heard it before without taking any particular notice, or more notice than was necessary to have my shoes blacked. But on this occasion, whether because I felt very lonely or because there was something striking in the looks of the boy, I felt disposed to have a talk with him. New York boot-blacks and news-boys are an exceedingly clever race, much handsomer, more polished in talk and manners, and perhaps a great deal more wicked than the street "gamins" of London. They have generally had a greater or less degree of schooling, are greedy readers of the literature of the "penny dreadful" kind which is manufactured by low-class publishers for their special behoof, take considerable interest in party politics, and talk in a manner as if the President of the United States were their chum, or as if the richest man in the country was a common fellow who had had a particular piece of good luck that any one of them might come by some day

* Its meaning is, "Do you want a shine on your boots Sir?" "Boss" is an American slang for Sir, Master or Governor. The chief man of a shop, office, or firm is called the "boss" of the place. To "boss" a thing means to manage it entirely according to one's pleasure.

To his question "Shine, Boss?" I replied that I did not want a shine unless he was ready to give me one for nothing, as I did not have a cent to pay him with. Upon this the boy—for he was hardly above 14 years in age—said:

"Why, of course; why shouldn't I? I ain't no' such mean feller that I wouldn't do a poor man a piece of job for nothing, though you're a colored man. But, look here, you don't look like one of those niggers neither. What are you—a Spaniola?"

"Spaniola" is a name given to the natives of Cuba, Mexico, and other parts of Central America, who are a cross between the Spanish conquerors of those parts and the aborigines. They are generally dark in complexion, but have the regular features of the Caucasian type. I was often taken for one of them by the ordinary people, though the more observant and cultured always wondered as to my origin and home until informed of the particulars. I told Bill Martin that I was not a Spaniola, but a Hindu.

"Hindu! what's that?"

I explained that I came from India.

"India! Why, man, I have seen Hindus in Barnum's Show,* but they ain't dressed like you. I know India. I have just been reading about it (probably in some "penny dreadful.") Am't it in your country that some teller called Nana gave hell to those d--d English blackguards. Ha! ha! I'm glad! Let's shake hands! Let's shake hands! Served them right, the b--dy sons——!"

The reader will not be surprised to hear such senti-

* Mr P. H. Barnum is the manager and proprietor of a remarkable Show in which he exhibits curiosities of human and animal life from all parts of the world.

ments from a New York street boy when he is told that the Empire City is the paradise of the Irish-Americans. It is from their officers in New York that Patrick Ford, of the *Irish World*, and O' Donovan Rossa, the Fenian, sent out moral dynamite, and Heaven knows what other kind of dynamite, that keeps Scotland Yard * in a permanent state of excitement and the Coercionists of the English Government in no enviable mood of mind.

"But what are you here for?" continued Bill Martin. "Got a job of some kind?"

"No," I replied. "I am on the look out for one. But it is so hard to get anything here for a stranger like me."

"Why, man, what are you talking about? A big feller like you can't get anything to do in New York City? Why, look 'ere what those fellers are doing. Walk into that 'ere restaurant, ask for a shovel and a broom, clean the pavement and the boss will give you a dime, or a quarter,† may be, if he likes your job. Why, may be, he wants a waiter just like yourself, and then you could earn 5 or 6 dollars a week easy, and your gurb, too."

"But per'aps," continued the little fellow, "you want something fine? You don't want to dirty your fingers? Are a dude,‡ eh? But mind you, this ain't no country for dudes, nor for suckers § neither. Every man that you see about here was as much a stranger once as you are. Few of them could talk English as fine as you do, nor had no

* The head-quarters of the London Police, and the centre of its Detective Department.

† A "dime" is a ten-cent silver piece equal in value to about 5 English shilling. It is a quarter of a dollar, which is 100 cent.

‡ "Dude" is the American slang for a "dandy."

§ A suckling, one who lives upon others, a parasite, a sponger.

education like you say you have. But they've got along. Every one gits along in this country who's got spunk in him. Take hold of what'e'r you can git, and stick to it till you find something better. Time is money, man, don't waste it. Whv, do you think I'll be blacking boots on my life? I guess not. Wait a few years and you'll see. You'll find then that Bill Martin spoke a word and kept it."

He kept on in this strain for some time, I interrupting only with a question here and there. All the while the poor fellow was actually cleaning my shoes, and pointing out to me every now and then, with many a grimace, some vagrants, apparently new comers to the city, who were trying to earn a few cents by scraping off the snow and dirt that had frozen on the pavements. Bill wanted me to do that for a beginning if I got nothing better, or to try to get employed as a waiter at some hotel or restaurant. He said that if there was stuff in me I could with that beginning become some day the President of the United States. I asked Bill if he himself ever hoped to become the President seeing that he was so profuse in his words of encouragement to me. His reply was characteristic of the Yankee boy:—

"I dunno. Per'aps I might, per'aps I mightn't. It all depends upon how I am fixed, man. Boodle* is the thing, you know. And if I get plenty of boodle some day, may be I wouldn't give ad—n for becoming the President of the United States."

The boy's advice made me ashamed of myself. Here I was a grown-up man, who considered himself pretty well educated and able to make his way in life, and to bear its struggles as well as any man, certainly better than a boy

* Money.

of 14. But it had not struck me, what this boy was speaking of as if it was the plainest thing in the world, that a man, at least an intelligent man, need be in no difficulty if he was really prepared to put up with any kind of work and that he must be so prepared if he wanted to make his way in the world without somebody else's help. Hitherto my book-learned resolution of fighting against odds had been largely theoretical, and had not been put to the severest tests. Although I thought that I would accept any kind of work, at heart, and perhaps unconsciously, I was waiting to get something *suitd to me*. And it was not until the little boot-black spoke to me of the struggle of life as if it was child's play, that my eyes were opened to the truth that it was easier for a man to *make* a thing suit him than to get something ready made to fit. The man who waits, like the famous Mr. Micawber, for something to "turn up" suitable for him, may have to wait indefinitely; but it is open to every one to take things as they come and make them serve his purposes. The great problem for man in this world is to make circumstances suit him, instead of waiting for the agreeable things that may never come. This is a lesson which I cannot too strongly impress upon the minds of my countrymen, whose apathy has come to be proverbial. Sunk low as we are to-day in the scale of nations, the materials are profuse, and all around us by taking advantage of which we may rise as high as it is legitimate for men and nations to rise. But if we wait, as we now do, till the Government, or some kindly-disposed Englishmen, or perhaps the man in the moon, should take pity upon us and lift us up by sacrificing their own time and individual interests, the chances are that we shall only go down lower and lower. This world does not seem designed for the comfort

of idiots and imbeciles, or of children with mustacheis who are always fond of being in leading-strings.

I thanked my boot-black friend—the first friend I had made in America—took down his address, made straight for a pretty rich-looking restaurant on the other side of the street, and enquired for the boss. A fat German, who was the proprietor of the place, came out, asked my business, and told me to call next morning, as he thought he might give me a job as waiter. I tried to make up my mind to tell him that I had nothing to eat that day, but my sense of shame got the better of the pinching sensation in my stomach. However, there was hope and I sallied out to pass the day as best as I could. Walking almost aimlessly and without following any direction, I got into Cliff Street, where at the door the following notice caught my eye :—

“WANTED a Porter to take care of the office, work light, salary \$ 6 a week, with prospects. An intelligent coloured man preferred,”

By the sign-boards fixed at the door I understand that the business of the office was connected with manufactures of iron and lead. This was exactly the kind of office that I was anxious to serve in, and I went upstairs with a beating heart, praying God that my application might not be in vain. And it was not in vain. Mr G.—, the chief of the office, a tall, generous-looking gentleman, and one of the rising business men of the city, was pleased with my appearance, talk, and manners, and appointed me at once. My work was to consist of lighting three fires every morning, keeping all the rooms and furniture clean, and lock the front-door after all had left. But hope was given to me of extra pay, and even promotion of some kind, if I could show my expertness in helping in the clerical and accounts work of the office.

was sure this could be no difficult work for me, as before I had been in the office one hour I could see that I knew more of reading, writing, and accounts than some of the clerks employed there. In the circumstances to which I had been reduced, what more could I expect for a beginning? I returned to my lodgings with a light heart, not forgetting to call on little Bill on the way to give him news of my good fortune. No brother could have been more glad at his elder's that it was all because I had listened to his advice of taking the first job that came. He hoped I should soon be on the road to fortune. His boasting was fully justified, but not his hope—at least by nothing that has happened till.

I shall say a few words here about Bill and dismiss him from the reader's notice, for to my great sorrow he soon missed himself from where I could find him. One day I missed him at his quarters, and was told that he had left for Michigan to work with an uncle of his on a farm. Bill seemed to me to be one of those Yankee boys who with their remarkable—I might almost say superhuman—shrewdness, energy, and activity have made the United States the great country it is. I fondly believe that he may turn up some day a prosperous farmer or a rich mine-worker with a stake in the country and an important voice in its affairs. If he is living now he must be past twenty, and how I wish that these lines may meet his eye!

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

It is impossible to over-estimate the influence which this spirit of adventure, aided as it is by an excellent system of public education, has had upon the development of the country. It is not its Republican form of Government that has made the United States a great country, excepting in so far as it has kept up and encouraged the democratic idea that every man is as good as another, no matter what his calling in life. The three principal factors in the success of the Americans as a nation are (1) their eagerness to develop the vast resources of their country, (2) their readiness to do any kind of work because no work is considered low, and (3) the common-school education which every one of them receives. The young man who leaves his home in the East to work on the farms, railways or metal fields of virgin States is not simply a plucky young man, but has had an education which enables him to take interest in everything that concerns the well-being of mankind, while he is fettered by no squeamishness in putting up with any kind of life and any sort of company that he may find in his new field of work. Indeed manual labour, far from being a mark of degradation, is the thing in greatest demand in recently peopled tracts, where the resources are large but the workers are few. In some of the Western States a bricklayer, carpenter, or porter commands from three to four times as much wages as a clerk or the sub-editor of a newspaper. The result of this state of things has been the raising of the standard of intelligence on the one hand and of the dignity of labour on the other. In a country

where some of the best men do the commonest kinds of work, while many of these common labourers, by dint of their energy and perseverance, in time rise to the highest positions of life, the distance between the high and low is naturally diminished, at the same time that the standard of capacity required for the lowest kinds of work is by competition considerably raised. Thus it is that the country is as much benefited by having all its works, from the highest to the lowest, done by the choicest of men, as the commonest of vocations are dignified by the character of those who often fill them.

In no country is there more printer's ink spent, or spent to better purpose. If America does not contain the most cultured men in the world, she certainly has a people among whom the knowledge of letters is most widely spread. No people read more than the Americans, or read with greater practical good to themselves. In the number of schools and colleges, in the extent and usefulness of libraries, in the quantity and average quality of newspapers and periodicals, America is by a good distance ahead of the rest of the world. Being yet too much engaged in the struggle with rude, primitive Nature, she has not had time to properly cultivate the finer arts of life and excel in the æsthetic branches of human effort ; but in the application of science to the practical uses of man she is certainly, if not in advance of other nations, at least abreast with the foremost of them—Great Britain. Many of the most important scientific inventions which have contributed to the progress of the world during the last century originated with the Americans. No other nation has produced so many labour-saving machines and means of agricultural and manufacturing improvement. America gave to the world the first properly-working mow-

ing, reaping, and sewing machines. Her writing,* figure-working,† type-setting, and printing machines are the wonder of modern times. The first commercially successful steamer navigated the river Hudson in New York State, and the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic sailed from an American port (Savannah in Georgia) under the American flag. In America, too, the gigantic experiment has been first tried, and with success, of removing whole buildings, *en block*, from one place to another by means of machinery. American triumphs in the department of electrical science are too well-known to need particular mention. There is an affinity between the character of the electrical fluid and the American character—its marvellous quickness and far-reaching energy—which may be said to have made them particularly fond of each other. It was the boldness of conception of an American, Benjamin Franklin, that could think of catching electricity from the clouds, and it was an American, named Morse, who devised the best and most widely used system of telegraphy. An American, too, first formed the bold idea of the Atlantic cable to bind the new and the old worlds with electric chains. In the application of electricity for lighting purposes America carries the palm of excellence, while the latest important addition to the world's means of communication, the telephone, is also a child of American genius.

* The Caligraph or type-writer, by which letters are produced on a piece of paper, and formed into words almost as fast as they are spoken.

† A machine by means of which long multiplications are easily worked.

AMERICAN MEN, WOMEN AND MANNERS.

ALL men and some women in America work very hard. There are thousands of women in the country who earn a living, to support themselves as well as families. The average time of business is ten hours a day, and after that is over both men and women manage to keep themselves busy in various ways. But it seems that the more the Americans work, the more are their powers of work increased. Nor is the elasticity of their spirit less remarkable than their indomitable energy. The coolness with which they bear reverses of fortune can be equalled only by the speed with which they achieve wonderful results. Just as cities are built by them in the wilderness in almost no time, so are fortunes made and lost in a day in America, and the losers do not consider themselves as "ruined men." I knew two chaps, one a poor tavern keeper and the other a book-binder, who had owned at least a quarter of a million dollars a-piece, working at their new vocations as if nothing had happened, and hoping to "make it up" again.

But the most amiable trait of the American's character is his readiness to receive anybody, however low in life, on equal terms. There is a fixed day in the week when any man may call at the White House at Washington and shake hands with the President. Although this is a formal affair, yet it is typical of what the Yankee usually does. Go to any public library and you will see the best-dressed man in the city, one perhaps the proprietor of millions, sitting side by side with a man in rags who may have gone without a breakfast that morning. At the many meetings which take place every night in all the large cities, meetings where subjects of all kinds are discussed, there may be seen

millionaires and poor working men, clergymen and shoe-makers, taking part and talking to one another as if they all belonged to the same circle. The rich man does not look down upon his poor co-member, nor does the latter stand cowed before the former. This sort of mutual behaviour is perfectly natural with the Americans, and never has the appearance of being forced. All the time that I earned my living as a printer I was in terms of friendship as much with lawyers, doctors, clergymen, journalists and merchants, as with carpenters, masons, printers, and shoe-makers and met men of every one of the classes in the same gatherings, and had occasion to dine with all.

A notion of swindling is associated with the American character, which is as unfounded as any other misconception about it. There are swindlers in America just as well as anywhere else, but the Yankees have earned the unenviable reputation of being the champion sharpers of the world because they do their swindling, like everything else, in grand style. For instance, when I was in their country, a Yankee advertised the "Best Book for Sportsmen" for one dollar each, and got thousands of dollars in less than a week from the many men in different parts of the States who are given to field-sports. But the book that he gave to his correspondents was nothing better nor worse than a copy of the New Testament, worth 10 cents, and when hauled up before the court he said that as he was a pious Christian, he sincerely believed that the New Testament was the best book for the wicked men who indulged in sporting. Of course, he got one year's imprisonment for his ingenuity, but few of his appreciative countrymen demanded back from him their money, as they thought one dollar not too high a price for enjoying such a good joke. Another Yankee

advertised a "Steel-engraving of the late President Garfield for 25 cents only," and sent a five-cent postage stamp bearing a face of that illustrious man to each of his applicants.

But the Americans as a people are neither more dishonest or less than other peoples. If instances of American swindling sometimes startle the world, there are specimens of Americans' honesty so common and so universal that they are often omitted a mention by foreign writers. Walk through the streets of any American city and you will see a very remarkable thing. There are plenty of stands on both sides where newspaper dealers exhibit their wares. It often happens that the keeper of a stand cannot be found, though his papers are lying with the money he has earned since morning, within easy reach of anyone who may wish to run away with either. The fellow has perhaps gone to take his dinner or have a chaff with the girl who keeps a fruit-stall round the corner. But his property is safe where he has left it. The passerby who may wish to buy a paper takes his choice and leaves the price with the rest of the money. Or, it may be, that he helps himself to the proper change if he has not got a small piece. The whole city seems to be concerned in guarding the poor news-dealer's papers and money. I could give other such illustrations.

FINIS.

NOTES.

MAGNANIMOUS FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES .

Page 1 *Republic*—a commonwealth · a form of Government without a monarch, in which the supreme power is vested in representatives elected by the people *Factions*—dissensions *A democratical form of government*—a form of government in which the supreme power is vested in the people collectively, and is administered by them or by officers appointed by them *Subverting*—turning upside down: overthrowing *Rigour*—severity, strictness. *Lenity*—clemency *Perpetual*—lifelong *confiscation*—forfeiture; act of confiscating *i e* act of appropriating to the state as a penalty. *Aggravated*—made worse *Mechanic*—an artisan *Triumph upon*—tread on.

Page 2 *Clemency*—kindness *Doomed*—destined *Are only doomed....sprang*—you are destined to be reckoned as a man of low position as your birth warrants *His condemnation. court*—the pronouncement of punishment on him with resignation mixed with reverence for the court *Stung*—mentally wounded *Forbear*—stop *Capable of sentiments*—possessing feeling *Without a tear*—apparently sorry. *Pursuits*—occupation *Delicate frame*—tender body; weak constitution *Full heart*—heart full of sorrow

Page 3. *Captor*—one who takes a prisoner or a prize *Ransom*—price paid for redemption from captivity or punishment *The corsair captain*—the captain of a pirate vessel *Capture of value*—a captive who is only to be redeemed by a large amount of money *Fetters*—chains *Flutter of emotion*—play of feeling. *To despatch*—to dispose of · to finish speedily *Ingratiated himself with him*—secured his goodwill gained his favour, obliged.

Page 4. *Mansion*—house *Deign*—condescend *Effusions*—outpourings *Transport*—joy. *Conceived*—imagined *Prediction*—prophecy

Page 5 *Intercession*—solicitation *Apprising*—informing.

BEHIND TIME , or BE PUNCTUAL

At almost lightning speed—at a speed like that of lightning. *A locomotive*—a railway engine *Collision*—striking together *Souls*—men *Were in eternity*—were dead *Behind time*—not present when due *Precipitated*—hurled headlong *Posted*—pitched *Remforcement*—fresh force, additional force *Were in sight*—were seen *Obstinate*—unyielding, stubborn.

Page 6 *Corps*—troop, a body of soldiers *Summoned*—called. *In season*—in time *Confident of*—sure of *Reserve*—a part of an army or a fleet reserved to assist those engaged in action *Grouchy*

—one of Napoleon's marshals *Marshals*—(Lit) the chief officers who regulated combats in the lists *A leading firm*—an established firm *Bankruptcy*—insolvency *Remittances*—the sending of money. *Credit*—good name *Meat*—encash *Maturing*—felling due. *The insolvents*—the bankrupts *Provocation*—annoyance *A reprieve*—(Lit) a delay in the execution of capital punishment; pardon *Sheriff*—chief officer who executes the law *Drop*—a trap in the gallows scaffold, the fall of which allows the criminal to drop. *Swing*—hung

Page 7 *Frantically*—wildly *The express rider*—rider sent for this particular purpose *Ignominious*—dishonourable *The best laid plans*—well devised plans *Weal*—prosperity *Put off*—delay. *Redeemed*—rescued

THE EMPEROR AND THE PEASANT: OR HOSPITALITY REWARDED.

Page 8 *Pretending*—feigning *Implored*—begged, asked. *Ragged*—torn. *Compassion*—kindness, clemency *Ensured*—anger *Fatigue*—weariness *Fare*—meal *Rug*—coarse, rough woollen cloth *Partake*—take a share of *Christened*—baptised in the name of Christ. *Prophecy*—prediction

Page 9 *Acquainted with*—familiar with *Benevolent*—kind-hearted *Godfather*—a man who at a child's baptism engages to be its father in relation to its religious training *Prevail upon*—persuade *Consented*—agreed *Trampling*—treading *Rattling*—clattering. *In a hurry*—hurriedly *Alighted*—got down *Advancing*—approaching.

Page 10 *Perplexity*—confusion *Discharge*—perform. *Heap*—shower

POLITENESS

Medium—halfway *Consequence*—result *Benevolent nature*—generous nature *Obliging*—ready to do a good turn *Unconstrained*—unforced, unobliging *Civility*—good-breeding *Justness of sense*—exact sense *Quickness of discernment*—speedy judgment. *Restraint*—check *Laid*—put

Page 11 *To accomodate*—to adopt, to adjust *Fantastic*—fanciful, whimsical *Deference*—respect *Obligations*—duties *Elegance*—refinement *Delicacy*—nicety, refinement *Trifles*—things of little value *Blends*—unites *Imposes on*—places upon; lays on. *The loquacious*—the talkative. *Represses*—restrains *Shining alone*—being eminent individually *Raillery*—mockery; banter. *Reconcile*—combine *With the most exact propriety*—with very accuracy. *Awe*—to strike with awe *Servility*—servileness; slavery *Main-tains*—preserves, keeps *Prevents*—checks *Exactness of behavior*—accuracy of conduct.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

Page 12 *Aisle*—any lateral division of any part of a church whether of nave, choir or transept. *Mouldering*—crumbling to

dust *Meditation*—thought *Aristocratic*—rich *Sanctuary*—sacred place *Congregation*—assembly. *Survived*—outlived *Connung*—committing from memory. *Palsied*—weak. *Faltering*—stumbling.

Page 13 *Indigent*—poor *Obsequies*—funeral rights and solemnities. *Surplice*—a white linen garment

Page 14 *Withered*—wasted. *Rocking*—moving backwards and forwards. *Yearning*—desire. *Reverie*—thought.

Page 15 *Habitation*—dwelling place *Comely*—pleasing *Craft*—boat *Press-gang*—a gang or body of sailors under an officer empowered to impress men into the Navy *Infirm*—weak

Page 16 *Scanty*—little *Repast*—meal *Pallet*—a mattress or couch; properly a mattress of straw

Page 17. *Languished*—become enfeebled *Enduring*—tolerating. *Transcends*—arises above. *Exult*—rejoice. *Tranquillity*—quietness.

Page 18 *Pecuniary*—monetary *Intrude*—to go between. *Hatchment*—the arms of a deceased person within a black lozenge-shaped frame, meant to be placed at the front of his house

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

Page 10 *Affliction*—sorrow. *Survives*—goes beyond *Convulsive*—spasmodic *Pensive*—thoughtful *Revelry*—noisy festivity *Resentment*—anger.

Page 20. *Look down*—despise *Compunctious*—pitiful *Endearments*—caresses *Unheeded*—unnoticed *Intimacy*—familiarity. *Mute*—silent. *Watchful*—vigilant *Unrequited*—unreturned *Contrition*—deep sorrow for sin. *Furrow*—a wrinkle on the face *Fond bosom*—heart full of love. *Confided*—entrusted.

Page 21. *Thronging*—crowding. *Dolefully*—sorrowfully *Futile*—useless.

LABOUR AND POVERTY.

Tollworn—fatigued by hard labour. *Craftsman*—one engaged in an art. *Indefeasibly*—unquestioningly. *Hardly entreated*—ever neglected *Encrusted*—covered with.

Page 22. *Indispensable*—necessary. *Chaff*—refuse or worthless matter *Dignities*—qualities *Nazareth*—Christ of Nazareth, God. *Pastime*—amusement. *Althirst*—thirsty.

Page 23 *Crib*—hovel, cottage *Fuful*—marked by sudden impulses. *Haggard*—wild *Spectres*—ghost *Brawny*—muscular. *Dwarfed*—dwindled *Annihilated*—lost. *Bestowed*—given *Computation*—calculations.

WORK.

Divineness—holiness. *Kepler*—a great German astronomer (1571-1630). *Newton*—celebrated English philosopher (1642-1727). *Acted*—that actually have taken place. *Wearied*—fatigued with hard toil.

Page 24 *Denizen*—inhabitant *Laborare est orare*—works prayer *Bodies forth*—shapes *Predicable*—that may be affirmed. *Perennial*—perpetual *Bewighted*—ignorant *Calling*—occupation. *Mammonish*—which is not solely the worshipping of riches

Page 25 *Tormented*—troubled. *Hercules*—a Greek hero of extra-ordinary strength and size *Perfects*—attains perfection. *Stately*—majestic *Withal*—at the same time *Harmony*—concord.

DOMESTIC RULE

Hell dog—a dog of Hell *Beleaguering*—besieging

Page 26 *Tacitus*—(55-130 B C) Caius Cornelius Tacitus, a Roman historian of whose family or early life nothing is known. He was promoted first to the office of proctor, then to that of a consul. He displayed great eloquence at the bar, and is spoken of by Pliny the younger as the greatest orator of his time. Of his histories only a part remains, of his *Annals*, we have unfortunately lost a valuable portion. The treatise on the "Manners of the Germans" and the life of his father-in-law *Agricola*, are perfect, but his history of the reign of Tiberius may be considered as his masterpiece. His Latin is remarkable for its purity and elegance, and his greatest strength lay in portraying character. His friendship with Pliny is proverbial.

Agricola (37-97)—Julius Cæcilius *Agricola* was a Roman commander. He was carefully brought up by his mother and sent to Massilia, modern Marseilles, the chief seat of learning in Gaul, to pursue his studies. After entering the army he was sent to Britain, where he was at the time of the insurrection of Boadicea. On his return to Rome, he married a lady of rank. He filled many high offices under Nero. He reduced to obedience the 20th legion that mutinied in Britain. Ultimately he was appointed governor of Britain and extended his conquests into Scotland. In his time a Roman fleet for the first time sailed round Britain, and discovered that it was an island. He was the father-in-law of Tacitus, the historian. It is asserted that he fell a sacrifice by poison to the jealousy of emperor Domitian.

Outcry—criticism *Galley slave*—one condemned for crime to work like a slave in a long, low-built ship with one deck, propelled by oars, called the galley. *We do not destroy &c*—the heads of families should be very sincere in their dealings with those that are under their care; it does not matter much whether their acts are precise and correct, the whole thing depends on the correspondence and true harmony between their outward acts and inward feelings. *Proprieties*—proper rules of conduct

Page 27. *Precision*—exactness *Drilling &c*—discipline can be ensured among soldiers by proper drilling but it requires something more to win and equip a human heart. *Foundation*—basis. *You cannot make &c*—you may control your family but you cannot reasonably expect to control their conscience. *Your wishes &c*—you may force your will upon them. *Is foreign*—has nothing to do with

Despotism—tyranny. *Perpetual*—continued. *Extended form*—

widest sense *You must persuade &c*—sympathy and confidence beget truthfulness, the most effective thing for up-lifting and up-building character

Page 28 *Half of our confidences &c*—if the head of the family be not sympathetic towards the members, he cannot expect to command their obedience and the deposition of their confidences, because as the latter concerns their very many weaknesses, it requires sympathy and toleration to win and open their hearts

Entirely—thoroughly *Consult*—willing to take measures for the advantage of any one *Making up*—to compensate for. *Warranted*—justified *Neutralise*—to render of no effect

Page 29 *Would fain be*—would gladly be *For never having felt &c*—time is changing and so with it man and his opinions Now, to remind one of his early wrong notions imply an attempt to lead him to hold fast to it for fear of being inconsistent The result then would be that any favourable change in him would be nipped in the bud *Salutary*—beneficial

INTERVIEWS

Page 30 *Language*—means of expression *Pastime*—amusement, that which serves to pass away the time *Discretion*—judgment *Interviews are perhaps &c*—In all complicated businesses an interview can do much at a time than many explaining correspondence *Pledging*—to engage for by promise

Page 31 *Rejoinder*—an answer joined on to another *Serviceable*—advantageous

But—only *Inclination*—mode and tendency of procedure. *Definite*—decided *Accede to*—allow yourself to accept

Page 32 *Shuffling*—endeavours to evade fair questions *You should always &c*—if you do not possess a strong mind then don't go to talk with others who are your superiors In that case you would either commit yourself to their sallies of folly or pledge yourself to do something which your reason disapproves

Page 33 *Irresolute*—unprincipled *Pledging themselves to any thing*—engage for by promise to do a thing *Sec*—cut their own way. *Progress*—smartness in business. *Entangled*—caught *Oppressed*—dumbfounded.

Miserly—over-calculating *But that of a learner*—except the position of a passive listener *Information*—knowledge *Readiness*—alertness *People are too apt &c*—the intelligence of the common run of men cannot go beyond a certain limit

Page 34 *Deputation*—persons sent to represent a case before a government official *Intentions*—policy *Pledge*—definite understanding *For he should keep &c*—the weaker arguments are not to be advanced at all, nor more than one stronger argument at a time. Otherwise his later arguments will sound dull and his whole conversation would seem to prove a failure *Mystify*—to make mysterious or obscure. *Pervert*—distort. *Set speech*—written prepared speech.

Commense replying &c—with an incoherent speech.

Page 35 *Hostile*—unsympathetic *Conveyed exactly &c*—expressed himself just what he intended *Immediate prospect*—absolute chance

CHARACTER

Motive powers—ruling force

Page 36 *Spontaneous*—off hand *Homage*—of respect. *Upheld*—sustained or defended *It is the heart &c*—men respect the qualities of the heart more than they admire the qualities of the head *George Herbert*—an English poet and divine His poems were published under the title of "The temple" He also wrote a prose sequel to "The Temple," wherein he lays down some very excellent rules for the life of a country clergyman *Allied to*—exist with *Affinities*—attractions

Page 37 *Comparative*—as opposed to absolute *Invest in it*—cultivate a good moral character *And it is right that in life &c.*—it is proper that the good qualities of the heart should gain the highest extollation *Rectitude*—uprightness *Sir Henry Taylor*—a modern English poet, who was engaged in the department of the Colonial Office, where he rose to a senior clerkship His leisure was devoted to literature, and he produced several dramatic works in prose and verse, and a number of essays, which exhibited qualities of a very high order

Page 38 *Burke*—Edmund Burke, an illustrious writer, orator and statesman His "Vindication of Natural Society," and "Sublime and Beautiful," procured the author a great reputation In 1790 he produced the "Reflections on the Revolution in France" He occupied many high offices in the state In 1794 he withdrew from Parhamment Dr Johnson considered him the greatest man in England, and Fox declared that he was indebted to him for all the fame he possessed Gibbon said that he admired his eloquence, approved his politics, adored his chivalry, and almost forgave his reverence for church establishments He advocated the abolition of slave trade, denounced the servants of the East India Company for the greediness and injustice committed in India, and he exerted himself strenuously in favour of a policy of conciliation towards the American. *His virtues were his means*—the nobleness of his character commands the highest respect and wins men to stand by his side *Slow growth*—those who are really noble never make a show of their attainments and so the public slowly comes to know them *Schimmelpennincks*—Rutger John, (1781-1841) an eminent Dutch statesman, who practised as an advocate and played a distinguished part in the efforts made by the United Provinces to accomplish a revolution When Holland was incorporated with the empire, he became a member of the "Senate Conservateur" of France. *Ruskin*—a modern English art critic Many of the best painters of the English school of landscape-painting, specially Turner, engaged his attention He wrote volumes on different subjects In 1869 he was elected Slade, professor of fine arts at Oxford, and in 1871 the University of Cambridge con-

ferred on him the degree of L L D. In the same year he was elected Lord Rector of St. Andrews

Page 39. *The best sort of character &c*—it requires constant discipline and watchfulness to build up a good moral character. Every trivial thing done has its particular effects, and the smallest effort to upraise oneself is fraught with great future consequences. *Cromwell*—Oliver Cromwell, the great protector, was the younger son of Sir Henry Cromwell and came of a good family on both sides. He was the third to sign the warrant for Charles I's execution. He followed to the grave his favourite daughter Mrs. Claypole, the shock of whose death he could not survive. It cannot be denied that he was one of the greatest statesman and most valiant warrior England has produced. *Tapsters*—a publican. *Who made some conscience &c*—did conscientiously what they proposed to do, that is to say, have a strong conscience. *Ironsides*—a name given to Cromwell's irresistible horse.

Page 40. *Luther*—the great religious reformer. He exposed the abuses of the Catholic Church, and wrote a thesis "On Indulgences." His appeal to the public against papal persecution was responded to and his teachings and efforts are largely responsible for the success of the Reformation. *Pitt*—William, a great English statesman. He raised England to the highest position and saved her in great emergencies by his selfless devotion and great tactical diplomacy. *Wellington*—Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, was an illustrious British military commander and eminent statesman. His victory in the battle of Waterloo has immortalised his name.

IDLENESS

Burton—(1576-1640) an English writer, the author of "Anatomy of Melancholy." The book is learned, humorous, discursive, and witty. He was a believer in astrology, and it is said that he predicted he would die on or about the day when that event occurred. *Mangy*—scabby. *Contaminated*—polluted.

Page 41. *Phantasie*—fancy. *Though the body may &c*—a man can help being idle and forsaking work, but his brain can in no case remain idle. It will work all along, and if it cannot get proper things to mediate upon, it will surely entangle itself with which is vile and what is to be shunned. *Recreant*—one who is taking rest. *Torpor*—dullness.

Page 42. *Dr. Marshall Hall*—an eminent physician and physiologist, whose name is especially associated with the doctrine of the "Reflex Function of the Nervous System." He was the author of several valuable works on subject connected with the nervous system.

MORAL COURAGE

But has had—that has not. *Laurels*—prizes for victory; laurel, the bay-tree, used by the ancients for making honorary wreaths.

Page 43. *Golgotha*—the scene of Christ's crucifixion, near Jerusalem. *Socrates*—a philosopher of Athens, was the son of a sculptor,

in which art he attained some proficiency. He served as a soldier and saved the life of Xenophon and Alcibiades. In his philosophical lectures he endeavoured to effect a general reformation by recommending virtue. He was followed by a number of illustrious disciples, whom he instructed sometimes in the groves of Academus, and at others in the Lyceum, or on the banks of the Ilissus. He was accused before the council of Five Hundred of corrupting the Athenian youth, of introducing innovations in religion, and of ridiculing the gods. He was tried and condemned. Though the gaoler gave him facilities to escape he refused and drank off the poison with perfect composure. The Athenians repented of their ingratitude, and his enemies were universally hated, and died miserably. *Bruno*—Giordano, a pantheistic philosopher. He was born in Naples. His expression of doubts as to some of the doctrines of the Church necessitated his flight from the convent. He travelled extensively and was arrested at Venice. He was taken to Rome and after two years' imprisonment was burned as an obstinate heretic. Descartes and Spinoza were indebted to the writing of Bruno.

Galileo—a distinguished Italian astronomer, who may be said to have been the founder of experimental science. He asserted that the sun is the centre of the world, and that the earth is not the centre of the world, but has a diurnal motion. He was compelled to withdraw his statement by the Inquisition, but he never disbelieved the truth he discovered. *Eclipsed*—over-shadowed. *Pulpit*—an elevated or enclosed place in a Church where the sermon is delivered. *Roger Bacon*—an eminent English monk, scholar and philosopher. The ignorance of the age in which he lived, stigmatized him as a magician.

Page 44 *Averred*—declared to be true. *Ockham*—William of, an English scholastic divine of the 14th century. He supported Philip II and boldly declared that it was heresy to assert that Popes had any authority in temporal affairs. He was excommunicated by Pope John XXII, but was supported by the king of Bavaria. *Like David &c*—the 'beloved,' king and prophet of Israel, the son of Jesse, was keeping his father's flocks when he was selected and anointed by the prophet Samuel, at the age of 15, to succeed Saul. His valour in killing Goliath, a gigantic philistine, procured him a place in the court of Saul.

DUTY—TRUTHFULNESS

Page 45. *St Paul*—the great apostle of the Gentiles, originally named Saul, was born of Jewish parents, and educated in the school of the Pharisees. His epistles are models of pathetic remonstrance and close reasoning, and there is nothing in the literature of oratory finer than many of his impassioned bursts of eloquence. *Stewards*—the head servant who manages the domestic affairs in a household.

COMPANIONSHIP OF BOOKS.

Page 46 *The only effect of time &c*—The present generation may mock the past and the bequests of the old may degenerate and

go into ruin, but great thoughts will remain great for ever and time and fashion will never be able to lower them in our estimation. So books which embody the wisdom of the past will survive for ever, the effect of time can only destroy them which are trash.

Page 47 *We were in a measure actors &c*—when we read the records of the past generations we feel as if we were living with them and even sometimes feel their very breath around us. *Homer*—the most ancient and celebrated of the Greek poets. His greatest works are two epic poems the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey'. Lived probably between the 9th and the 8th centuries B. C.

Plato—Greek philosopher. He was a disciple of Socrates for about ten years. The philosophy of Plato is so sublime, his morality so pure, and his views of the Divine Being and a future state so clear, that he had been thought to have had a knowledge of the mosaic writings. *Horace*—Quintus Flaccus Horatius, an elegant Roman poet and satirist. He was born at Venusia in 65 B. C. and died in 8 B. C. *Virgil*—Publius Virgilius Mars, a Roman poet, (170 B. C. to 90 B. C.) His greatest work is *Æneid*, composed upon the model of the *Iliad*. The task took him eleven years to complete but he died without revising it. *Dante*—the most distinguished of Italian poets who served his country both as a soldier and a politician. His great poem "*La Divina Commedia*" has immortalized him. *Shakespeare*—the greatest English poet and dramatist.

Intrusive—unwelcome. *Cervantes*—a distinguished Spanish satirical novelist, the author of "*Don Quixote*". He served in the famous battle of Lepanto in 1571 and lost his left hand. He and Shakespeare died on the same day.

Page 48 *Thomas A Kempis*—a pious writer of the 14th century. The treatise '*De Imitatione Christi*' or '*On the Imitation of Christ*,' is universally known under his name. Sixty famous versions of this book in French alone are extant. *Jeremy Taylor*—an English prelate. Bishop Taylor wrote, among other eloquent works, "*The great Exemplar, or the life and death of Jesus Christ*," "*Holy Living and Dying*," &c.

OF STUDIES.

Humour—caprice. *Pruning*—trimming.

Page 49 *Conference*—literary discussion. *Subtle*—piercing.

ANGER.

Counsel—good sense.

Page 50 *Pusillanimity*—timidity. *Bounty*—charity. *Levities*—lightness of temper due to. *It makes innocent jesting &c*—it is often found when enquiring into tragic matters that the first spur to anger was given by innocent jesting which ultimately culminated into a serious disastrous affair. *Into an itch of wrangling*—persistence in idle quarrelsome arguing. *Peace is that harmony &c*—as health is an indispensable necessity for the body, so peace is for the state.

PEACE.

Page 51. *They who delight most in war &c*—even those who love aggrandising wars cannot openly profess it as they know in their hearts that they are great evils. So we often see them as exponents of peace though only outwardly. *Cæsar*—Julius Cæsar, one of the greatest men of antiquity. He led expeditions everywhere with ever-attending successes and rose to be the Roman Consul. He was assassinated by his political opponents. *Erects a deity*—worships Mars.

Page 53. *Nature itself disposes us &c*—man is by nature a political animal. With him the society begins, with his development it develops. Discord and wars destroy the society, so they are enmical to human welfare.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

• *Rousillon*—an old province of France, now embraced in the department of the Pyrenees Orientales. *Psalmist*—a composer of psalms, applied to David and to the writers of the Scriptural psalms.

Page 54. *Monitor*—instructor, i.e. conscience. *Squaw*—an American Indian woman. *Probity*—uprightness. *Shuffle*—change positions. *Prevaricate*—evade the truth.

Page 55. *Only the poor in spirit are really poor*—those who are morally weak are really poor and they have nothing to count upon in the wintry days of life. *Summit of being*—the crown and glory of life. *Rectitude*—integrity.

Page 56. *Lord Chesterfield*—the fourth earl of Chesterfield. His best known work is his "Letters to his Son." Though he was the most polished in manners, he was heartless and licentious. He is quoted here only to shew that even a man of his calibre cannot deny the truth. *Parole*—word of honour.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

Purpose—determined efforts. *The happiest accidents*—the rare chances of life. *Watt*—a Scotch mechanic and the great improver of the steam-engine. It is said that in his sixth year he solved a geometrical problem. *Stephenson*—a distinguished English mechanic, inventor of the locomotive, and father of the railway system. *Night shifts*—turn of work at night.

Page 57. *Dalton*—John, a distinguished mathematician, chemist and natural philosopher, who, from humble circumstances, gradually worked his way into public notice and honourable fame. *Stimulus of a bet*—encouragement given by a gambling stake. *Quaker*—one of the Society of Friends, a religious sect founded by George Fox. *Winter store of candles*—candles that will last the use of the whole winter months. *The very odds and ends*—every bit. *Dr Darwin*—an English physician and a poet, the grandfather of Charles Darwin, the author of the "Origin of Species." *Sulky*—a light of two-wheeled vehicle for one person, sometimes having no body. *Hale*—Sir Mathew

Hale was an English judge. He served both under Charles I and Cromwell. In 1671 he was advanced to the Chief-justiceship of the King's Bench.

Page 58. *Going messages*—carrying and delivering messages.

A HIGHLAND THUNDER-STORM.

Ben Wyvis—a mountain in the Scottish highlands. *Weight of gloom*—a deep shadow of darkness. *Breathlessness*—absolute silence. *Straths*—in Scotland, an extensive valley through which *Conglomeration*—collection.

Page 59. *Plaids*—a loose outer garment of woollen cloth often, of a turban, or coloured striped pattern, a special dress of the Highlanders of Scotland. *Heaven's artillery*—thunder. *Everlasting*—ancient. *Sheeted*—covered. *Catawacts*—a great fall of water. *Eagle's eyrie*—the nest of the eagle, the bird of prey. *Minnow*—a very small fresh-water fish. *Fordable*—passable.

Page 60. *Scowl*—frowning. *Era*—an important date. *Stirred*—made any effort.

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

Had even ignited the air—the fire spread as if through the burning air.

Page 61. *Had not seen the foundation of it*—i.e. since its beginning. *Universal conflagration*—i.e. the last doom of the world. *Sodom*—a town in Asia Minor, destroyed by God for its immorality. *London was, but is no more*—London is totally destroyed. *Kept the widest*—walked through the main thorough-fares. *Imaginable*—possible. *Relief*—alleviation of distress. *For the country to come in*—asking the public to advance their helping hands.

Page 62. *That they had been the occasion &c.*—the people suspected that the French and the Dutch have set fire to town. *Come at*—lay their hands upon. *Reduce and appease*—calm and satisfy the thirst for revenge.

THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Lateen—a triangular sail, common in the Mediterranean. *Girdled*—surrounded. *Byzant*—a town situate on the Thracian Bosphorus. It was founded in 667 B.C. and became a great seat of commerce. Constantine the great made it the capital of the eastern Roman Empire and called it Constantinopolis, i.e. the city of Constantine.

Page 63. *Narbonnais*'—Narbonne, a town in France. It was the Gallia Narbonensis of the Romans. Here Mediterranean is compared with the above named city which though only a colony, *happend to be an important town in the Empire*. *Carthage*—a celebrated city of Africa, the rival of Rome. It was built by Dido 869 years before the Christian era. It was destroyed by the Romans by fire. *Cyrene*—a celebrated city of Africa, situated about eleven miles from the Mediterranean.

THE ENGLISH NATION.

So, ancient—dating back to very early ages *Pythagoras*—a Greek philosopher It is supposed that he studied in Egypt many years, and after travelling over a great part of Asia, returned to his native place He held that the sun was in the centre of the universe, and the earth revolved round it with the other planets He maintained the doctrine of a transmigration of the souls

Page 64 *The shop of work etc*—England's fame does not rest on her industrial supremacy People toiling in the fields of thought and knowledge are as numerous as those engaged in her workshops.

LANDING OF COLUMBUS IN THE NEW WORLD

New world—America

Page 65 *Leagues*—three geographical miles *Lost in*—over come with *Disposed for*—was a lover of *Suavity*—pleasantness. *Adoration*—reverence

Page 66 *Suffered*—bore *Benignity*—graciousness

Page 67 *Indians*—at first it was supposed that Columbus has discovered India by the sea route But when the idea was subsequently disillusioned, the American aboriginal tribes, who came to be known as Indians, were surnamed as Red Indians *Canoe*—dug out *Calabashes*—a tree of tropical America the shell of which, called a calabash is used for domestic purposes

Page 68 *Grated or scraped*—rubbed hard *Insidious*—tasteless. *Admiring each others simplicity*—we cannot, however, admire the simplicity of the Spaniards

Page 69 *Acquire*—learn *San Salvador*—the present capital of a republic in South America

NIGHT

Page 70 *Woodbines*—the name applied to climbers like ivy, etc *Fleeces*—coats of wool

Page 71 *Stretched over us*—in protection

A NOVEMBER WALK.

Autumn task—the preparations against the snowy winter, the whole harvest is being gathered, while sowing and weeding for a fresh one are getting completed

Page 72 *Thus the goodman &c*—the husbandman completing his season's work is compared with a man who has run the allotted span of life and is about to forsake this world quite happy with the gracious charity of God Beyond the abyss of death, he sees the eternal joys of a new life and is as cheerful as a farmer who is assured of a future good harvest *Pretty well travelled*—have a fair traffic. *Nibbling*—biting by small bits. *Mulleins*—a kind of plant

Page 73 *Rise in full and warm relief*—could be distinctly seen

and the background of the fading harbage made their appearances prominent *Russet*—reddish-brown *Agate*—a precious stone composed of layers of quartz, of different tints *Dun stubble*—the root-ends of the stalks of corn of a dark colour, partly brown and black

Page 74. *Notches*—cuts. *Maples*—a tree of several species, from one of which, the rock-maple, sugar is made *‘Alabaster-like*—semi-transparent *Porphyry*—of a purple and white colour *Aster*—often called in England Michaelmas or Christmas daisies *Haws*—the berry of the hawthorn.

IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

Page 75 *Bacon*—Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount of St Albans, an illustrious philosopher and eminent statesman was accused in parliament of bribery and corruption in high offices This heavy charge was admitted by himself The committee sent to enquire into the case found him guilty and sentenced him to pay a fine of £40, 000 to be imprisoned during the King's pleasure, and forever rendered him incapable of holding any public office In a short time however he was restored to liberty, and his fine remitted, and was summoned to the first parliament of King Charles *Absolution*—acquittal *Somers*—John Somers, an English lawyer and writer on jurisprudence, held many high offices of the state In 1700 he was impeached of high crimes and misdemeanours, but he was acquitted by the Kords *Stratford*—Earl of one of the principle leader of the popular party in the House of Commons, was won over by Charles I, and subsequently became a tool in his hand The commons with Pym at their head impeached him and he was executed *Grenadiers*—a soldier who throw grenades, a small shell of iron or annealed glass, filled with powder and bits of iron *Heralds*—an officer whose duty to read proclamations, to blazon the arms of the nobility, &c *Garlei* *King-at-arms*—the chief herald of the order of the garter the badge of the highest order of knighthood in Great Britain, called the *Order of the Garter* *Closed by*—composed of

Page 76 *Siddons*—Sarah, an English tragic actress the sister of John and Charles Kemble At the age of 18 she married a young actor named Siddons She attracted the favourable notice of Lord Burce and others, and was introduced to Garrick Sahe made her name by her play of the part of Lady Macbeth *Historian of the Roman Empire*—Gibbon *Easel*—the frame on which painters support their pictures while painting *Parr*—a learned English divine, was a man of vast learning and strong political views as a whig He has left a mass of writings of great erudition but no great work emanated from him His reputation rests on his conversational powers, his dogmatic and often arrogant and egotistical style, and a remarkable epigrammatic power of repartee *Her*—Mrs Jordan, the actress *Saint Cecilia*—a Christian Martyr, and considered the Patron of music belonged to a noble Roman family, and refused to sacrifice to idols, the statue of Saint Cecilia *Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire*—the eldest daughter of the first earl Spencer and wife of the Duke of Devonshire For many years she was the most prominent leader of fashionable society, eminent for beauty, wit, talent, and good nature.

She took a prominent part in the famous Westminster election of 1784, canvassing for Fox with a zeal that exposed her to vehement abuse from the opposite party. She possessed considerable poetical talent.

Page 77 *Carriage—gait.*

Page 78 *Lord North*—(1733-1792) Earl of Guildford, English statesman. In 1770 he was made first lord of the Treasury, in which office he continued till the close of the American War. *Demosthenes*—the great Athenian orator and statesman. *Hyperides*—an Athenian orator, the disciple of Isocrates and Plato. After the battle of Cranon, he was taken alive, and, that he might not be compelled to betray the secrets of his country, he cut out his tongue. Only two of his numerous orations remain, which are admired for the sweetness and elegance of their style.

Page 79 *Charles Earl Grey*—was one of the founders and most active members of the "Society of the Friends of the people." In 1830 he became prime minister and announced "peace, retrenchment and reform" as the object of his policy. *Company*—East India Company. *Arroign*—impeach.

Page 80 *Concluded*—the conclusion of Burk's speech is a great hyperbole, an ornament in the English rhetorical literature.

FIRST VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

We two—Queen Victoria with her consort Albert. *Borouche*—a double seated four-wheeled carriage with a falling top.

Page 81 *Crammed*—crowded. *Provost*—the dignity set over a cathedral. *Sir Walter Scott*—the great Scotch novelist and author of many poems. *Hard work of it*—who had to work hard to keep the crowd in order.

Page 82 *All civility and attention*—most cordially and respectfully ministered to our wants. *Acropolis*—the citadel of Athens, built on a rock, on which are the remains of Parthenon, a temple of Minerva. There was also an Acropolis at Corinth, and others at Messene in the Morea, at Argos and Thebes. *Marry out of their class*—do not marry other than their own class.

LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Page 83. *Two simple vehicles*—shows the simple unostentatious habit of the greatest monarch of the world. *Court*—courtyard. *Waggonette*—a kind of open carriage built to carry six or eight persons, with one or two seats crosswise in front, and two back seats arranged lengthwise and facing inwards.

Page 84 *Patience*—a kind of card play. The game is single-handed and requires no prudence. The patience required to follow up the game is great and so the play is named 'patience.'

FIRST VISIT TO IRELAND.

Page 87 *Streaming in*—coming in crowds. *Jaunting-cars*

—a low-set, two-wheeled, open vehicle used in Ireland, with side-seats back to back *Mayor*—the chief magistrate of a city or borough.

Page 85 *Pensioners*—dependents *The crowd is a noisy etc*—no physiognomist have ever so ably and accurately described the national characteristics of the Irish people within such a short compass

III.—Science Readings.

OF OUR EARTH

Rest—other planets

Page 86 *Perched*—devoid of air and water *The earth seems in a peculiar manner &c*—modern scientific observations have proved that excepting the earth the other planets are uninhabitant *From the first of these two causes &c*—the reasons follow one after another according as the earth moves round the sun *Cause the fall of bodies*—let the law of gravitation operate *Rotundity*—globular form *Convexity*—roundness of form on the outside *Orbit*—the path in which the earth moves round the sun *Extremes of our globe*—e g the extreme heat of Shahara, or the intense cold of the Arctic

Page 87 *Frightful precipices*—extremely cold mountains covered with everlasting snow *Though long known &c*—we know them to be existing they will engage our attention still more if we only set our hearts upon their beauty and grandeur *Swelling and subsiding &c*—the ebb and the tide coming at proper intervals

BRIEF SURVEY OF THE INFINITE UNIVERSE

Page 88 *Firmament*—heaven *Points*—stars, the stars which we see at night in the sky are, according to astronomers, suns of other worlds *Native inherent light*—suns are observed to be burning luminaries eating on themselves for all time *And round which &c*—each sun has a number of planets to revolve round it It is said that the sun often attracts other bodies beyond its planetary system and absorb them ultimately. Planets are either primary or secondary. The primary planets move round the sun while the secondary moves round the planets only.

Page 89 *Herschel*—the planet was named after the name of its discoverer *Enriched*—credited *Fallacious*—because of their peculiar shape and motion, there are a number of comets which come under our purview regularly may be a few or hundreds of years: but it has also been observed by some that some comets travelling through infinite space for ages are attached by the sun to its system and finally after revolving round it for years lose its shape and turned into mere luminaries; the composition of the milky way are said to consist to some extent of these deformed comets along with other kinds of luminaries.

Their tail—the length sometimes accounts for millions of miles but their weight never exceeds a few pounds, the fears of early astronomers of the destruction of the earth by running against it has now been proved to be baseless *Thalys*—(636 B. C. to 545

B C) a philosopher of Greece, who is credited with having first observed the apparent diameter of the sun and fixed the length of the year at 365 days, and observed the nature and course of eclipses. *Hipparchus*—was a celebrated Greek astronomer, and father of the modern system. His catalogue of stars is still preserved in Ptolemy's *Almagest*. He foretold the course of the sun and moon for 600 years. He also formed the lunar period which bore his name, and invented the planisphere. Lived between 200 and 125 B. C.

Page 90 *Tycho Brahe*—a famous astronomer, descended from a noble Swedish family. He discovered a new star in the constellation Cassiopea. He was a man of great genius but superstitious, being addicted to judicial astrology and attentive to omens. His works, the "Rudolphine Tables" and the "Historia Carlestis" are the best. *Halley*—Edmund, a celebrated English astronomer. In 1680 he discovered a comet, eventually named after him, when passing from Dover to Calais. *Herschel*—Sir John Fredrick William, distinguished himself for his mathematical powers and proficiency in physical science. He wrote several striking astronomical treatises and popularised the subject. On the accession of *Queen Victoria* he was made a baronet.

THE COMMUNITY OF ANTS.

Page 91 *Knead*—to work and press together into a mass. *Gnawing*—by wearing away the wood by means of the teeth. *Live in families*—the relations and ties of family life are found among the ants. *Flying ants*—ants with wings find a hundred ways of death, so is the common proverb, 'the ant putteth wings to die'; they wear wings, however, to embark for colonisation.

Page 92 *They are always ready to promote &c*—the feeling of brotherhood among the ants is very instructive. *The idea of their having cows*—the ants have progressed beyond the primitive stage of civilisation, they are no longer in the hunter stage but have already domesticated the animals. *Rightful*—proper.

Page 93 *Myriads*—several thousand.

Page 94 *Strew*—covered the battle fields. *To reinforce*—to supply the reserves. *It very rarely happens &c*—their power of recognition and perception is most keen. *In order that they may have slaves &c*—the ants just play the same part as human beings in conquering fellow people and then making them slaves in order that the latter might perform for them all the degraded labour.

Page 95 *Spoil*—booty. *Curious*—interesting. *Having been taken when they were quite young &c*—the pangs of slavery are less galling to them as from their very birth they were brought up under the self-same surroundings.

STRUCTURE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

Comeliness—handsomeness.

Page 96 *Multiplicity*—a good number. *Articulated*—joined. *Statuary*—the art of carving statues. *Pendant*—hanging. *Disconcerted*—disturbed; inconvenienced. *Terminated*—complimented.

Dome—a structure raised above the body. *Communication established*—all the arteries of the body have a connection with the brain
Tunicles—little tunic

Page 97 *Filtrate*—purify *Secretions*—discharges, such as sweats, urine, &c. *Than the most admired &c*—than the finest chemical experiment can boast of *Tendons*—the white fibrous tissue reaching from the end of a muscle to bone or some other structure which is to serve as a fixed attachment for it, or which it is intended to move.
Chyl—a white fluid drawn from the food while in the intestines

AFFECTION AND SAGACITY OF ANIMALS

Page 98 *Sagacity*—shrewed intelligence. *Grotesque*—queer. *Teats*—the nipple of the female breast through which the young suck the milk *Litter*—a brood of small quadrupeds *Naked*—without furs *By himself*—alone *Strange*—new *Discovering*—feeling. *Rack*—a framework on which harnesses are kept *Manger*—the pot in which food is kept *After Company*—to join company *Recommended*—frequented *But this propensity &c*—beasts of different species make friends with each other *Dairy of cows*—cows of all ages and kinds;

Page 99 *Disparity*—difference. *Social advances*—communal relations *Incongruous*—totally of the different species *Sequestered*—solitary and isolated. *Complacency*—joy. *Vacant*—idle.

ALARIC AT THE GATES OF ROME.

Goths—celebrated nation of Germany They directed their warlike efforts over all parts of the world, chiefly against the Roman Empire Their first attempt was on the provinces of Greece, whence they were driven by Constantine They plundered Rome under Alaric.

Page 100 *Extraction*—birth *Abject*—slavish *Alaric*—the First, first served under the Imperial army but being refused a post of high command revolted and was successful in enforcing a treaty. Honour failed to fulfil the treaty, and he compelled the submission of the Imperial city Meanwhile, a treacherous attack by the Romans upon his soldiers enraged him so much so that he ordered indiscriminate massacre for six days But he ordered to spare unnecessary bloodshed, to respect female chastity, and preserve the buildings devoted to the purposes of religion *Capitulation*—the conditions of surrender. *Unwarlike populace*—the Romans became very luxurious by this time *Emaciated by famine*—due to the siege *Ransom*—the price of liberty *Prove their title*—that all the barbarian slaves are to be restored to liberty was a condition of the withdrawal of Alaric's forces.

Page 101 *Intercepted*—was stopped from being brought to Rome. *Vilest*—in exchanges for the most abominable kind of food. *Remains of consecrated spoils*—the remains of the ancient booty, hallowed by time.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY

Ptolemy Soter I—(Died 285 B C) the first Greek king of Egypt, was the natural son of Philip of Macedon. He was the favourite general of Alexander the great, on whose death he obtained Egypt, Libya, and part of Arabia. He encouraged literature and formed an academy, with a museum at Alexandria. *Julius Cæsar*—on the occasion of his expedition to Egypt, he became acquainted with Cleopatra, who bore him a son, and chiefly at her instigation entered into a war with Ptolemy, in which the famous Alexandrian library was accidentally destroyed. *Pergamean library*—Pergamus was anciently a splendid city of Asia Minor. *Antony*—formerly a master of horse under Cæsar, but after the latter's death he tried to usurp sovereignty, and rose to consulship. While he was in Asia, he was captivated by Cleopatra, the queen of Egypt, and lived with her most shamelessly.

Page 102 *Delighted*—satisfied. *Omar I*—second Caliph of the Mussalmans after Mahomet. In 638, he led a powerful army into Egypt, the conquest of which country was completed by the taking of Alexandria in 640. He may be considered as the founder of the political power of the Muhamedans. He was assassinated in a mosque by a Persian slave. *Baths*—the public bathing places.

THE PRIMITIVE ARYANS.

Page 103 *Invoked with the same names*—the first expression in human thought of the Almighty was found in the naked nature. *On, one side and on the other*—in Europe and Asia. *Charlemagne* (742-814)—King of France and founder of the Germanic Empire. After defeating the Saxons and putting an end to the monarchy of the Lombards, he was in 800 crowned emperor of the West by Pope, Leo III. *Vedas*—the sacred books of the Aryans. *Centre*—stock, the two wings migrated towards different directions, one to the north-west and another to the south-east, from their common home in Central Asia. *Setting sun*—i.e. the west.

Page 104 *Rising sun*—i.e. the east. *Land of the Five Rivers*—the Punjab, watered by the five rivers was the early settlement of the Aryans in India. *Further still*—they spread further their colonisation along the banks of the Ganges and its tributary, the Jumna. *India alone has more inhabitants*—with full deference to the writer we must state that India occupies a great place in the history of the world specially of the ancient, and it is not her vast population alone that demands the consideration of the Europeans, the nations of yesterday.

THE DEVASTATION OF THE CARNATIC.

Collected—well-equipped. *Terminated*—settled. *Compounding*—gathering. *Hung for a while &c*—Hyder Ali is compared with a thunderstorm taking its start from above a mountain top and hurling all its destructive force on the plains below.

Page 105 *Whirlwind of cavalry*—the charge of the cavalry from all sides is compared with a sweeping storm. *Intermission*—

cessation *Ferocious son*—Tipu Sultan *Absolve*—made themselves free, *i.e.* fulfilled. *Vicinage*—neighbourhood. *Speaking literally*—without an attempt at rhetoric.

BIOGRAPHY.

Page 106 *Masses*—variety of objects *The great objects &c.*—history deals with memorable events and facts and we can scarcely find in the domestic traits that characterise and influence the daily life of a man. *Corporation*—an incorporated body *No soul*—no consistency and unity of action and spirit *Chequered*—variegated *Vicissitudes*—changes of fortune *Abstraction*—a mere philosophical being *Schemes*—policy of action. *Steals over us*—come on hovering

Page 107. *Intimately*—closely *But that of the times*—their lives are so closely connected with the events of their time they cannot be studied separately as isolated individuals *Gliding away*—slowly passing his peaceful days *Lucely*—fascinating *Scott*—his novels, specially the *Waverly* series have given joy to many *To feed on*—to dwell on *Marco Polo*—a Venetian traveller He travelled through Central Asia, China, India, and Persia His narrative of his travels is one of the most interesting and valuable of the ancient works on geography, and stimulated the Portuguese to attempt to reach India by way of the Cape of Good Hope, and Columbus to discover a western passage to the Indies *Mrs Trollope*—(1780-1863) Frances, an English novelist whose maiden name was Milton She visited the United States and filled that country with the praises of her novels *Sindbad*—a character in the Arabian nights, whose commercial career was full of thrilling adventures *Captain Hall*—Basil, for many years was actively engaged in various parts of the globe, but is principally known by his popular books of voyages and travels, the names of the most esteemed of which are, "Voyage to the West Coast of the Corea and the Great Loo-choo Island" "Travel, North America," "Fragments of Voyages and Travels," &c.

DEATH OF NELSON.

Page 108 *Humanity*—humane charity. *Mizen top*—from a place nearest the stern *Epaulette*—a shoulder-piece *Heat of action*—brunt of the battle *Presence of mind*—patience and wit *Stars*—badges of honour *Cockpit*—a room in a ship-of-war for the wounded during an action *Pallet*—couch *Berth*—a room or sleeping-place in a ship.

Page 109 *Mortal*—deadly *Avail him*—save him *Useful*—this throws into relief the selfless and affectionable nature of the great Admiral *Event*—result; issue *Mortal cause*—Nelson was only anxious for the victory and totally forgot himself *Most painful yet sublimest*—painful because of the impending loss of England's greatest hero and sublime because the victory saved England from a foreign yoke *Tacked*—changed the course by shifting the position of the sails *Bear down*—to sail with the wind and pounce upon. *Drubbing*—thrashing.

Page 110 *Lady Hamilton*—Emma Harte, an adventurous, the second wife of Sir William Hamilton, the English ambassador at Naples Her connection with Nelson aroused comment and it is said that through her influence Nelson acted disgracefully in bringing about the execution of Caraccioli *One would like to have &c.*—inspite of his horrible pain Nelson longed to live a little that he might see the complete defeat of the enemy

Page 111 *By his parents*—in the family cemetery where his parents were buried *Thank God I have done my duty*—the dying hero's acclamation for saving his king and country so well have rarely been more fittingly uttered

REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF NELSON.

Page 112 *Startled*—taken aback *So perfectly had he performed &c.*—Nelson so signally defeated the enemy and crushed their naval power, so irredeemably that it proved futile to honour fittingly his memories The people mourned not for his death but because their hands were incapable of doing what their brains suggested to celebrate such a glorious victory *Posthumous*—because they could not but be bestowed after death

Page 113 *Without joy*—when Nelson was alive, we did not care a jot for the enemy's fleet Now both Nelson and the enemy squadrons are gone Thus the fear of the enemy never troubled us. But what ailing our hearts at present, is the absence of Nelson, and our inability to pay a further tribute of respect to his memory *Opening the body*—post mortem *His mantle of inspiration*—his spirit of reviving and elevating the nation

CHARACTERS OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA

Page 114 *Ferdinand V*—called the Catholic, son of John II King of Aragon, married Isabella of Castile, and thereby united the two kingdoms of Castile and Aragon He defeated the king of Portugal in 1476 In 1502 he expelled the Moors from Spain and his crafty dealings with them procured for him a second surname, "Crafty." During his reign Columbus discovered America. He also conquered Granada In 1481 the tribunal of the Inquisition was reorganised by him and his wife *Peninsula*—Spain and Portugal *Deference*—respectful love *Subscribed*—initiated

Page 115 *Indefatigable*—untiring *Picture*—the picture reminds us of a hero and a statesman, more often, Aurunzeb, the great Mogul, is compared with him *Paladin*—true knight, Paladin was one of the twelve peers of Charlemagne's household. *Egotist*—one who thinks and speaks too much of himself

Page 116 *Excommunicated*—expelled from the communion of the church *Inquisition*—a tribunal for the discovery, repression and punishment of heresy and other offences against religion. *Department*—carriage *Demeanour*—conduct *Auburn*—reddish brown *Studious*—particular to hear

Page 117 *Intrepidity*—brave courage shown in. *Ghostly*

religious, spiritual *Confessors*—priests, who hear confessions and grant absolution *Letters*—literature and the fine arts *Salamanca*—a city of Spain, capital of the above province In 1513 the celebrated cathedral was built In 1200 a university was started there. It is still celebrated, Salamanca being the principal seat of learning in Spain

Page 118 *Prince Henry*—surnamed The Navigator, the son of John I. King of Portugal During his reign the Portuguese mariners reached as far south as Sierra Leone

THE LAST DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

Deepened—grew intense. *Progresses*—a journey of state

Page 119 *Renaissance*—the period (in the 15th century) at which the revival of the arts and letters took place, indicating the transition from the Middle Ages to the modern world *Arras*—a hanging screen of such hung round the walls of rooms *Cecil*—Robert Cecil, earl of Salisbury, son of William Cecil, the eminent statesman He succeeded his father as secretary of state, and was created Earl of Salisbury by James I. He was a statesman of great ability, but his persecution of Raleigh has injured his reputation In 1608 he was made lord high treasurer

Page 120 *King of Scots*—James I, the then James VI, king of Scotland

JOAN OF ARC

Joan of Arc—a celebrated French heroine, was the child of simple peasants At the age of 15 she imagined that St Michael, the tutelary angel of France, had commanded her to raise the siege of Orleans, then closely pressed by the English, under the duke of Bedford Her offers of help was accepted by the French monarch, Charles VII. Clad in armour, she headed the troops and raised the siege of Orleans She was, however, taken prisoner at the siege of Compiègne, by the English and burned to death for sorcery But present researches have tended to throw considerable doubt upon the narrative, and documents found in the archives of Metz and Orleans furnish strong evidence that the story of the execution is a fiction, and that she was married about six years after the date of her supposed death to Robert des Armoise, a French knight, and she subsequently received a gift from the Council of Orleans as a recognition of her services Her story has furnished a theme for many writers. *Bishop of Beauvais*—who is alleged to have condemned Joan *Down bed*—made of soft feathers.

Page 121 *Domremy*—the village, in the Department of Vosges, France, where Joan was born *Resurrection*—springtime when nature revives and puts on new luxuriance *Hungering*—anxiously expecting. *Reckon for*—to pay *Saluting clavions of martyrs*—noble hearts that had embraced death in the causes of their countries have blown their trumpets to welcome her *Fluctuating mirror*—constantly changing dreams of sinners with which they are always tormented.

Page 122 *Groan*—screaming for fear *No sign*—of the cross.
Number the hours—cut short the lives

Page 123 *Rheims*—here Joan attended and witnessed the coronation of Charles VII *She it is &c*—no one will come forward to cleanse the innocent blood from off the bishop's hand. Before God, Joan, alone can stand for the bishop and pray for mercy for his heinous crime

HASTING'S SCHOOL LIFE

Dissimilarity—differences

Page 124 *Cloister*—a covered arcade forming part of a collegiate establishment *Ouse*—a river in England which forms the principal branch of the Humber *Combinations*—array *Human depravity*—wickedness inherent in human beings *Elijah*—*Impey*—Justice Impey ordered Nanda Kumar to be hanged on a charge of forgery, which implicated the honour of Warren Hastings *Fag*—at Eton, Winchester, &c, a schoolboy forced to do menial offices for one older, who in turn protects him *Prank*—a practical joke *Examination for the Foundation*—foundation scholarship examination *Dormitory*—a large sleeping-chamber with many beds

Page 125 *Charge*—trust *Inflexible*—inexorable *Writer-ship*—the office of a writer or clerk

THE EVENING OF HASTING'S LIFE

Embellishing—decorating. *Prize-cattle*—by exhibiting which prizes can be obtained

Page 126 *Naturalize*—domesticate *Down*—furs *Conservatories*—green houses where exotic plants are kept *Menagerie*—a collection of animals. *Rolls*—a kind of fancy bread.

Page 127 *Madrigal*—a short poem expressing a graceful and tender thought *Dionysius*—king or tyrant of Syracuse, who, from being a plain citizen, became king and rose to be the most powerful warrior and statesman of his age He affected a taste for polite literature and repeatedly contested the poetical prize at the Olympic games, without success *Frederick*—Frederick II, commonly called "The great," on attaining manhood evinced so strong an inclination to literature and music that he incurred the displeasure of his parent. In his greatness, he could not avoid some petty vanities, specially with regard to his literary effects *Blue-stockings*—a name given to learned and literary ladies who display their acquirements in a vain and pedantic manner, to the neglect of womanly graces *Hayley*—William Hayley, the friend and biographer of Cowper, and philosophical essayist *Steward*—an American statesman He was a candidate for the presidency in opposition to Mr Lincoln, but was unsuccessful *Risen from the dead*—public appearance after a long retirement of 27 years that the dead has come out alive of the grave

Page 128 *Innocent man*—Macaulay believes in the innocence of Warren Hastings as the charges brought against him had fallen before the House of Lords

GRACE DARLING

Grace Darling—(1815-42) was the daughter of the lighthouse keeper of one of the Farne islands, on the coast of Northumberland. She exerted herself heroically on the occasion of the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, on the 7th of September, 1838, when she urged her father to endeavour to save the lives of the passengers. Her acts aroused public admiration to an extraordinary degree, but her natural modesty induced her to avoid publicity. She died four years afterwards of consumption. *Opposite*—facing

Page 129 *Bones*—Wreck *Lighthouse*—a tower-like construction exhibiting a light for indicating to vessels, when nearing a port or casting along shore, the proximity of rocks, shoals, and other dangers. *Steerage*—an apartment in the forepart of a ship for passengers paying a lower rate of fare. *Encountered*—faced, combated

Page 130 *Reefs*—a chain of rocks lying at or near the surface of the water. *Most of whom &c*—because they have retired for rest for the night. *Swept into the deep*—swallowed by the sea. *Morning light*—day-break

Page 131 *Store for them*—awaiting them. *Descried*—seen. *Errand of mercy*—message of deliverance. *Never had occasion &c.* she was totally unlettered in the art of rowing. *Scrambled*—struggled to climb. *First seen*—by the ship-wrecked persons

Page 132 *Perish in her arms*—due to exposure, exhaustion and starvation. *Christendom*—countries professing christianity. *Curious*—admiring and inquisitive. *The meekness with which &c*—the self-possession she maintained when so flattered by the admiring public, was no less heroic than the fortitude which she displayed, when braving the stormy sea studded with hidden rocks, in rescuing the survivors of the wreck. *Alleging*—offering as a plea

Page 133 *Submission*—resignation. *It had no ally of blind &c*—she did not act on the spur of the moment but her acts were actuated by a divine inspiration.

ACCOUNT OF THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON

Crichton—James, a celebrated Scotchman, of whom so many wonderful things are related as to have procured him the name of the "Admirable Crichton." The stories of the various achievements of Crichton do not rest on very trustworthy authority, and it may be as well to take them with the proverbial "grain of salt." *Consist*—co-existent

Page 134 *To dispute*—to argue. *Faculties*—departments of learning at a university. *Auditors*—audience. *Extempore*—offhand. *Unpremeditated*—unprepared. *Tilting*—in the Middle Ages, an exercise in which combatants rode against each other with lances. *Lam-poon*—low censure

Page 135 *Monster of erudition*—giant of learning. *Tavern*—a licensed house for the sale of liquors, with accommodation for travellers. *Personated fifteen different characters*—played the roll of fifteen dramatic

personæ Follow the speaker &c—mimic the orator To stake &c.—
led a wager and challenged him to a combat But his honour &c—
i e his career was cut short by assassination

Page 136 Masked—disguised Address—alertness Drunken
fury—being furious under the influence of liquor Thrust—pierced

CLASSICAL MYTHOLOGY

Apollo—the son of Jupiter and Latona, called also Phœbus, and supposed to be a mythological embodiment of the sun Apollo destroyed with arrows the serpent Python, which Juno had sent to persecute Latona He was the god of the fine arts, of medicine, music, poetry, and eloquence of all these he was deemed the inventor. He had temples and statues in every country, particularly in Egypt, Greece and Italy His most famous oracles were at Delphi, Delos, Claros, Tenedos, Cyrrha, and Patara He had a famous Colosseus in Rhodes which was one of the seven wonders of the world.

Page 137 *Pluto*—in Greek mythology son of Saturn and Ops, inherited his father's kingdom with his brothers, and received as his share infernal regions All the goddesses refused to marry him; but, upon seeing Proserpine, the daughter of Ceres, gathering flowers in the plains of Enna, in Sicily, he became enamoured of her, and immediately carried her away

Page 138 *Parnassus*—a famous mountain of Greece, in Phocis, to the N W of Mount Helicon The modern name is Tagora The mountain is celebrated in Greek legend as being the seat the Muses, for its Corycian cave, and its Castalian stream, which runs between it and a neighbouring peak *Helicon*—or Tagora, a mountain range of Borotia, Greece, celebrated in the songs of many Greek poets as the abode of the Muses It is composed of a series of peaks, deep ravines, and beautiful valleys, whilst its vegetation is luxuriant *Distaff*—the stick which holds the bunch of flax, tow or wool in spinning.

BOTH SIDES OF A QUESTION

Page 139 *Knight-errantly*—when knights travelled in search of adventures *Paganism*—heathenism. *Warm*—excited.

Page 140 *Career*—gallop *Trance*—swoon *Druids*—a priest among the ancient Celts of Britain, Gaul, and Germany, who worshipped under oak-trees *Sovereign balsam*—infallible cure *Staunch*—stopped *Will have it*—insist

Page 141 *Till you have &c*—such a procedure saves much trouble in human affairs.

ALNASCHAR

Set his hand to—engage himself to *Drachmas*—an ancient Greek weight, and a silver coin of different values *Laid out in*—invested his money in *Lay aside*—give up

Page 142 *As I well can desire*—as much as my ambition can soar *Make a noise in the world*—make my presence felt in the world.

Traffic—business *Set myself on the foot of a prince*—can assume, a princely style *Train and equipage*—with a following and retinues. *To breed in her*—to awake in her *Dalliance*—interchange of embraces. *Women*—maid-servants

Page 143 *Caress*—fondling *To take her into my favour*—to be kind to her *Imprint*—impress *Chimerical*—wild *Foundation*—root

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES

Hercules—the most celebrated hero of the Grecian mythology and the son of Jupiter and Alcmena Juno, out of jealousy, sent two serpents to devour him; but the infant strangled them in his cradle. He early distinguished himself by feats of strength and valour, he slew the lion of Cæthron and liberated Thebes. He performed a number of terrible adventures, the principals of which are known under the name of the "Twelve Labours of Hercules." When he intended to wed Job, Denjanira, his wife, finding herself about to be forsaken, sent him a tunic dyed with the poisoned blood of the centaur Nessus, thinking to regain his affection by that means. Hercules had no sooner put on the garment, than it adhered to his skin and caused him the most cruel torments. To end these he kindled an immense fire on Mount æta, with the intention of burning himself alive, but a cloud came down and he was carried away to Olympus, where he became immortal and married Hebe. The great number of exploits which have been attributed to Hercules have led to the belief that there were many heroes of that name. *Musing*—meditating *Perplexed*—at a fix *Easy*—without coquetry and affectation

Page 144 *Floridness*—brightness in colour *Helped*—produced *Shadow*—figure reflected by her shadow *Accosted*—addressed. *Sense*—passion

Page 145 *Into society and friendship*—i.e. in confidence *Set a price*—require a certain sacrifice *Broke in upon*—interrupted. *Visage*—figure *Raised*—sought for

Page 146 *Votaries*—worshippers *Mistaken*—misguided and misconceived *Household guardian*—a presiding family deity. *We know &c.*—Hercules worshipped the goddess of piety.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

Panting—for faint and thirst.

Page 147 *Becalmed*—motionless from want of wind *Every way*—in all directions *Sabæa*—Persia *Suffocation*—due to excess of drinking water. *Confusion*—distressed condition *Rills*—streams. *Greatness of his sentiments*—his ambitious outlook

Page 148 *Repined*—repented *Mean*—poor.

OLON AND CROESUS

Sages—wise men

Page 149 *Shown*—so that he might be dazzled by the splendour of the court *One Tellus &c.*—the sentence gives an ideal if true

human happiness *Perfect patrons &c.*—thorough ideals of brotherly love *Transport*—ecstasy.

Page 150—*The crown to a champion &c.*—like the bestowal of a prize to a combatant before the issue is decided. *Admiration*—kind reproof *Sublunary*—earthly. *Commisseration*—concern for the sufferings of others, pity.

THE LEGEND OF BYJNATH.

Page 151 *Black races*—aborigines *The Brahmins &c.*—the Aryans first introduced into India the art of husbandry *Nourish*—fertilise *But the hill-man hunted &c.*—they were still scarcely advanced beyond the stage of pastoral life *Limped*—walked lamely.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY.

Page 152 *Thomas A' Becket*—archbishop of Canterbury He received an excellent education, becoming also a proficient in all martial exercises A bitter hostility sprang out between him and King Henry as he supported the authority of the Pope, while the king endeavoured to make the church subordinate to the state. The strife continued for seven years, and an ill-guarded wish by the king that somebody would relieve him of "this turbulent priest," led to the assassination of Becket *Romantic disposition*—sentimental temper. *Crusades*—military expeditions under the banner of the cross to recover the Holy Land from the hands of the Turks or Saracens *Followed*—pursued *Metropolis*—the imperial city

Page 153 *Talisman*—a precious stone alleged to have the power of healing incurable diseases, here the word "Gilbert" *Who had won &c.*—who had dominated her very existence by love's bondage.

DIARY OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Company—passengers and crew. *Brought to*—reduced.

Page 154. *Voyages*—excursions *Tide was out*—when there was only a low ebb tide

Page 155 *Cable*—strong rope or chain *Hammock*—bed; a piece of strong cloth or netting suspended by the corners and used as a bed by sailors *To make in*—to supply me with *Order my times of work*—to make a regular routines of work.

THE VICAR'S FAMILY.

Page 156 *Avoid*—do not mix with *Unequal combinations*—association of the poor with the rich *Satyrs*—very lustful persons. *In distress*—in a most helpless condition

Page 157 *Neuter*—neutral

THE CHILDHOOD OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA

Page 158 *Paul and Virginia*—The story has become a classic in every European language *The shadows of the plantain-trees*—it is midday and the sun shines just above the head *Dryads*—nymphs of the woods. *Of nature*—nurtured by nature *Depraved*—made wicked

Page 159 *Thew*—children's *Garden of Eden*—the garden where Adam and Eve lived *Like brother and sister*—before they tasted the fruit of the forbidden tree *Refreshes*—enlivens *Azure*—blue

Page 160 *Honeycomb*—store of honey *Airs*—tunes *Damps*—sweats

Page 161. *Creole*—a little nursing *Disembarked*—landed

Page 162 *Boat swain*—a petty officer on boardship who looks after the boats, rigging, &c and calls the seamen with a whistle *Success*—help *Caused great fires to be lighted*—as a signal for direction to the ship. *All points of the horizon*—from every direction

Page 163 *Gallery*—the upper floor of seats *Yards*—a long beam on a mast for spreading square sails *Main-top-mast*—the mast next above the lower main mast *Cables*—ropes or chains to tie a ship to her anchor *Efforts*—movements, struggling with the waves *Cable's length*—a nautical measure of two fathoms *Preserve*—protect. *Made its circuit*—go round it *Keel*—the part of a ship extending along the bottom from stem to stern, and supporting the whole frame

Page 164. *Intrepidity*—bold courage. *Engulfed*—cast into a gulf.

THE LAST OF EARTH.

Page 165 *Virtue*—virtuous people. *Elevated fortitude*—dignified forbearance

Page 166 *To appease*—to pacify.

STORY OF LA ROCHE.

Pastor—a clergy man. *Shadowy lines of age*—wrinkles that grew out of old age

Page 167 *Speculation*—theory, abstraction *Stay*—support *Declining years*—old age *It becomes not me*—it is not becoming or deserving of me. *Chastening*s—punishment for sins

Page 168 *Exhortation*—divine discourse *Recollected himself* composed himself *The curtains &c*—the pastor's daughter used to play on the organ, so the moving of the curtain reminded him of his departed daughter and passed a shiver of agony through his

Page 169 *Never doubted*—philosophised

THE TRIAL BY COMBAT

Rebecca—was a Jewess and loved Ivanhoe *Brian de Bois-Guilbert*, a knight, offered to renounce everything including present fame and future ambition on her consenting to receive him for her lover. But she was constant to her love. Thereupon the knight accused her of sorcery and she was condemned to be burnt alive by grand Master of the most Holy order of the Temple of Zion. The only chance of escape that was left to Rebecca according to the laws of the Order

was a trial by combat with a champion of her and the accuser himself.
Lay lance in rest—will enter into a combat *Raise me up*—supply
 me with *Gage*—Challenge

Page 170 *Lists*—the ground enclosed for the contest *Dis-*
comfitted—defeated *Doom*—the order of condemnation *Ample hire*
 —high emoluments *Were my limbs fleet enough*—had it been so that
 I was more strong and agile

Page 171 *Turn back*—terminate *Scroll*—roll of paper letter.
Haste—speed *Chapter*—a champion, a member of a religious or
 military order *Nazarenes*—a follower of the Jesus of Nazareth

Page 172 *Peradventure*—perhaps it may be so *Endure*—bear.
Boadi—the last moorish king of Spain He was killed in a battle in
 Atrica Died 1526

Page 173 *Bloody die was to be cast &c*—the horrible gambling
 with life and death will take place *Village wake*—village feast on
 the dedication of a church, formerly celebrated by keeping awake all
 night *Familiarize her mind*—to become accustomed to the scene.
Decon—duty *Equal partition of sun and wind*—equal advantage
 of the sun and the wind i.e. the position allotted to each allowed him
 to share the same amount of the shining sun and the blowing wind
 as his opponent

Page 174 *Yield me*—offer myself agreeing *Forms*—rules and
 formalities *Whose opportunity &c*—who shows charity towards men
 when the last moment of the calamity to befall arrives *Pledg*—
 the promise of a combat

Page 175 *Support himself*—sit upon *Stranger*—unknown. *To*
sustain—to uphold, to substantiate

Page 176 *Fatal chair*—chair of death *Visor*—mask; a part
 of a helmet covering the face, moveable, and perforated to see through.
Pieux Chevaliers—brave knights

Page 177 *Unshriven*—unconfessed *Unabsolved*—unpardoned.
Unscathed—unharmd *Contending passions*—he knew perfectly well
 that his cause was unjust but it was hatred and jealousy that impelled
 him so long to put up his appearance *Fiat volutus tua*—thy will be
 done

PAUL FLEMMING'S RESOLVE.

Page 178 *Chapel*—church *Unrequited*—unreturned *Still*—
 calm *Bleared*—sore, inflamed

Page 179 *Transitions of feeling*—changes of ideas *Veer with*
&c—change his mind on every slight occasion *Mysterious*—un-
 knowable

Page 180 *Beyond the reach of cure wean*—to estrange the affec-
 tions *Waving them off*—dismissing them by a sign of the hand.

Page 182 *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—The book first appeared in the
 "Washington National Era" It was translated into every language,
 and literally went the round of the globe. Its statements naturally

evoked much hostile criticism in the United States, and in answer to her opponents, Mrs Stowe, the authoress, published, in 1853, a "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin" in which she gave many facts and documents as the basis of her representations. She imbibed a strong hatred against slavery from her father Rev Lyman Beecher and husband, Prof Calvin E Stowe *Low-spirited*—down-hearted

Page 183 *If it were not for you &c*—what ails me only is your separation *Breaks my heart*—cuts me to the quick *Sunk into my heart*—penetrate my heart, affect me

Page 184 *To do right about*—to act righteously so as to mend matters.

Page 185 *Speaking in voice &c*—speaking with no vestige of doubt *Worldiness*—materialism *Scepticism*—godlessness *Sent away*—dismissed for the night *Rocked*—moved backward and forward to full to sleep *Drollery*—oddness

Page 186. *Couldn't never &c*—this is the usual rejoinder of the oppressed classes when called on to improve themselves *Incredulity*—disbelief *Abused*—ill cared for, neglected and despised

Page 187 *Heathen*—unilluminated *Reclaim*—reform *No putting it off*—it should no longer be postponed

DEATH

Page 188 *Dry*—hard *Convented*—gathered *Contour*—outline *Averted*—down cast, face turned aside *Aprons*—a cloth or piece of leather worn before one to protect the dress

Page 189. *It is for you &c*—no one holds heaven in monopoly. *Methodist church*—methodist are a sect of Christians founded by John Wesley (1703-91), noted for the strictness of its discipline

Page 190 *Hem*—the border of a garment doubled down and sewed *Endearment*—caressing words *Start up*—take shape

Page 191 *Declined*—pined, gone from bad to worse *Adroitness*—dexterity *Shrugged their shoulders*—doubted. *Settnesses*—permanent bias of mind *Cords begin to unwind*—as one approaches the grave

Clay—flesh

Page 192 *Out of hearing*—beyond the sound of the approaching voice

Page 193—*Animated*—rejuvenated *Lighter*—freer *Charge*—care *Rapped*—knocked *Clod upon a coffin*—as dismal and painful as are felt by persons who see their beloved's grave close before their eyes

Page 194 *Turn of the night*—just after midnight

A SLAVE WARE HOUSE

Page 196 *Expertly and genteely*—without giving any occasion to criticism and under a cover of benevolence *Human property &c*—trade in human chattels brings a high profit. *Once brought with &c*—Christ sacrificed himself for the welfare of him. *Ushered*—conducted.

Page 197 *Low buffoonery*—vulgar and coarse jesting *Promote*—excite *Fiddle*—a stringed instrument of music, called also a violin. *Evils*—punishments

Page 198 *Driver*—the slave dealer *Voluble*—talkative, fluent of speech. *Faciously*—humorously *To let me*—leave me *Flourishing*—waving in the air *Wag*—a wit

Page 199 *Attitudes*—postures *Physiognomy*—expression of the countenance *Quadroon*—the offspring of a mulatto and a white person

Page 200 *Sacrament*—the Lord's Supper

Page 202 *Discouragement*—helplessness *Aggravation*—increasing torture *Palmetto*—a hat made of palmetto-leaves

Page 203 *Forcing up*—raising high by the auctioneer's tricks. *Connoisseurs*—those who know the objects of their purchases well. *Sprucely-dressed*—smartly attired *Valet*—a man servant

Page 204 *Calaboose*—look up, the word originated from the name of a prison New Orleans *Burly*—knotty *Stubbed-looking*—blunt-looking

Page 205 *Unprepossessing*—unhandsome, ugly *Distended*—swelled *Freckled*—spotted

Page 206 *Minx*—a jade; a pert young girl. *Knocked off*—slod. *Wistfully*—intently

Page 207 *Expatiates*—minutely describes, enlarges his discourses *Bids*—bidders.

INSTRUCTION FOR WRITING LETTERS.

Page 208 *Fix*—attach *Miss*—misspel

FROM A CHINAMAN TO HIS FRIENDS IN THE EAST

Page 209 *Reserve*—self-contained nature

Page 210. *Fortitude*—forbearance *List for*—enlist as

Page 211 *Altercation*—controversy. *Blandishments*—winning expressions or actions *Oracle*—gossip

Page 212. *Pillaged*—obtained by ransacking *Gentleman*—private secretary or confidential clerk

SIR ROGER AT THE ABBEY.

Page 213 *Sir Roger*—Sir Roger De Coverly is a fictitious funny character of a country squire, depicted with consummate skill by Addison, in the *Spectator* *Abbey*—Westminster Abbey

Planting himself—making him self comfortable by taking his history

Page 214 *Regarded*—examined with reverence *Conveyed*—conducted *Jacob's pillow*—the throne on which the kings of Scotland

used to be coronated *Forfeit*—penalty *Ruffled*—agitated, outwitted *Trepanned*—ensnared *Tabacco-stopper*—tobacco-pipe made out of the wooden chairs *Pommel*—the knob on a sword hilt *Casualties*—misfortunes, military losses

Page 215 *Great opportunities of shining*—more voluble in his speech.

TO THE REV JOHN NEWTON.

Page 217 *You indulge me &c*—you write about so many different subjects *Allow me such a latitude &c*—allow me to write about so many different topics *Swallowing such boluses &c*—reading such trashy letters as I send you, solely on account of their pleasant style, like a man swallowing big pills of nasty taste merely because they made attractive by gilding *Palate*—taste *Splendid*—brilliant *More alluring &c*—more attractive in style at least if not better as regards their subjects *But my leaf gold &c*—but my wit is dulled, and I cannot write attractively, owing to my chronic melancholy, wit is compared with gold leaf *Tarnished*—stained *Vabours*—melancholy *Longwinded*—long drawn *Halt*—become cumbrous and confused

Page 218 *Mine is a harmless fluid &c*—I use ink for drawing, and not for writing, and the deceptions practised by an artist do not moral or material harm to anybody, as wrong statements and untruths do to the readers of writings *Dabchick*—a small water-bird that dives in the water *Feeding upon*—looking intently as if eating it up *My eyes drink the rivers*—I look so eagerly at them as if I were drinking its water *Miserable men*—the study of nature reminds men of their sins *From the Arctic &c*—from the extreme north to the extreme south of the earth *Is greatly to their advantage*—because they know not the worthlessness of earthly things *Bubbles*—apparently nice earthly things *So*—worthless *Rested in*—considered in themselves *Conservatory*—a sheltered place in which tender or foreign plants are kept *Frame of four lights*—a case fitted with glass on four sides *Lord Bute*—the Marquis of Bute, once Prime Minister, lived near Olney in a house surrounded by a large garden, in charge of an expert gardener

Page 219 *This is not mine &c*—it is only meant to amuse me during my short life in this world, I shall die in a few years, and it will not go with me to the next world, where I shall live for ever

Back parlour—attending-room at the back of the house *The hares*—Cowler had three tame hares, Puss being one of them *Entangled*—caught in something *Disengage*—free *Got away*—made its escape. *In sunder*—in pieces *Lattice-work*—a net-work of crossed bars. *Secured the window*—covered the window to avoid escape *Blind*—window-screen *Redoubtable*—formidable *Chase*—pursuit. *Numbler*—quicker runner *Carrying less weight*—being less heavy

Page 220 *Hunt*—body of pursuers *Keep back the dogs*—so that they might not kill the hare *Presently outstripped*—soon went ahead of. *He got the start and turned her*—he got ahead of her and made her turn round *Pushed for*—ran fast towards *Tan-yard*—

tanning enclosure. *Secured her*—held her last *Her coat*—the fur of the hare *Frolic*—funny adventure *Presuming upon*—relying on. *Terence*—a Roman dramatist and comic poet of the 2nd century B. C. *Nihil mei &c*—you do not think anything about me as indifferent to yourself

TO LADY HESKETH.

Page 221 *Engaged in company*—busy with engagement and callers *Laudable*—praiseworthy *Time's forelock*—seize the occasion promptly anticipating future difficulties *Make sure your opportunity*—make the best use of your leisure. *Talking letters*—easy and hearty letters *Before the moon shall have &c*—before it is long *Peremptory*—commanding *Hold them as fast*—love them as dearly

Page 222 *Morsel*—bit *Pampered*—gratified to the full *Hungry*—intensely eager *Opportune*—timely *Divulge*—give publicity *Turned*—differently directed *Bait to lure*—an object to allure you. *Grieved at the heart*—sorely unhappy *Against you come*—preparing as if to welcome you *Cellar*—underground room where stores, especially wines, are kept

Page 223. *But*—only.

TO LADY HESKETH.

Prorogued—the sittings brought to an end for the time *Sprightly*—lively *Drollest*—funny *Gambols*—frolics *Incredible*—difficult to be believed *Small of her age*—smaller than the age warrants. *Melancholy period*—the time when she will grow old enough to indulge in her frolics *Hilarity*—liveliness *Elements*—weather *Turbulent beyond measure*—extremely stormy

Page 224 *Prodigies*—portents *Convulsions*—violent disturbances *Conjecture*—infer *Oracular notices*—notices of obscure happenings *Gesticulations*—gestures *He is worth &c*—he performs the part of the finest barometer of the world. *Unequivocal*—unquestionable *Groat*—a little, an English silver coin, worth four pence. *Invaluable acquisition*—precious possession.

ON LEAVING INDIA.

Candidly—frankly. *Realised*—satisfied.

Page 225 *Foundation*—beginning, basis. *Withhold*—justly deny. *Impressive*—inspiring, solemn.

DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE PANJA.

Page 226 *Stew*—worrying advice. *Gallimaufry and medley*—inconsistent or absurd medley *Medley*—miscellany *Left-handed*—awkward *Perverse*—obstinate *Rule and the rod*—emblems of authority as a governor

Page 227 *Means well with*—favours. *You will never &c.*—you can find nobody to support you against a rich man. *Confound you*—let yourself be confounded. *Stringing*—repeating in succession.

For I work as if &c—people who know too many pithy maxims often confound themselves. It is better to know only few and act according to them systematically. *Popped up*—came out suddenly & moved quickly. *As pat to the &c*—used for alliteration. *Pat*—light, quick blow. *Purpose*—bringing a proper effect. *Pannier*—bread-basket. *Shan't*—shall no more. *Amass*—nonsense. *Scrapes*—difficulty.

Page 228. *Never trust &c*—do not commit yourself before others.

Page 229. *Capons*—cock or fish. *Buzzard*—blockhead. *The other place*—hell.

THE PRICE OF PLEASURE.

Page 230. *Spurs*—iron pikes attached to the shoes to goad horses during rides. *Low chair*—a covered vehicle for one person. *Countermand*—to give a command in opposition to that already given. *Pointed*—aimed. *Aeneid*—the great poem of Virgil, a great Roman poet, composed at the request of the emperor Augustus, relating the adventure of Aeneas after destruction of Troy. *Hume's history*—Hume was a celebrated English historian and philosophical writer. He wrote "History of England, from the Accession of James I to the Revolution." The first volume was poorly received but the second volume established his fame. In 1750 appeared his "History of the House of Tudor," and in 1761 the more ancient part of the English history. In the 18th century one had to read these histories in order to presume to have acquired a fair education. *Study*—reading-room.

Page 231. *Appurtenances*—accessories. *Shooting-butts*—a mark for archery practice. *Target*—a mark to shoot at for practice. *Sauntered*—wandered about idly. *Immoderate vociferation*—unrestricted loud outcry. *Triapball*—an old game played with a ball or bat and trap. *Throng*—crowd. *At trap*—to lie in ambush.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN WILLIAM PENN AND LORD - PETERBOROUGH.

Page 232. *To confound them*—to mix them together. *Engraving*—picture blocks. *Weakening*—dwarfing. *Ingenuous*—skilful. *Print*—printed picture. *For we cannot &c*—pictures are not so impressive as lively writings, but it may sometimes happen that the caprices of fancy will lead us to be affected by it. *Tenacity*—fastness. *Same*—no better persons. *Newgate Calender*—a list of a Newgate prisoners, with their crimes. *Newgate* is a famous prison in London. *Portraiture*—the drawing of portraits.

Page 233. *Fixed on a point of time*—relative to a period. *Van-dyke*—Sir, Anthony, a Dutch painter was employed by Charles I, who conferred on him the honour of knighthood. His greatest works chiefly in portraiture and historical subjects, were executed in England, where he married a daughter of the Earl of Cowry. *Block*—the hangman's axe. *Parterre*—an arrangement of flower pots with spaces of turf or gravel between for walks. *Riot*—frolics. *Vanquisher of time*—it keeps alive those who have long made their exit from this world. *Hour*—a time or an occasion.

SECTARIANISM

* *Those who know &c*—ignorant is always boastful *Incestuous*—multiply among themselves. *Beget*—give birth to *Barter*—exchange.

Page 234 *Grandeess*—the nobles of the court *Denominated*—designated *Xerxes*—the fifth King of Persia and son and successor of Darius Hystaspes He reconquered Egypt, and then turned his arms against Greece, with a force, military and naval, of 2½ millions strong He was defeated at Thermophylæ and Salamis and his immense army was dispersed He was slain by the captain of his guards. *Caligula*—a Roman emperor He reigned for only eight months when his career was cut short by assassination He was cruel and immoral He built a temple to himself and ordered his head to be placed above the images of the gods, while he wished to imitate the thunders and powers of Jupiter *Stalks*—walks *Under the canopy of heaven*—under the sky, *i e*, in this world *Repast*—breakfast *Zimmermann*—a German author *Infallible*—is incapable of error *Sanctification*—purification *Deride*—redicule *Indians*—they must be no other than the red Indians

Page 235 *Translated*—transported *Scoff*—sneer *Beautification*—salvation, blessings in heaven *Excrements*—useless matter discharged from the animal system, soils *Pursue*—look at

SOCIETY.

Shaded silk—silk marked with gradations of colour. *Situations*—from all different positions or sides *Whisked*—quickly passed *Chaise and four*—four wheeled postchaise *To multiply the points of view*—see things from as many different standpoints as possible *Uncircumscribed*—without being limited in his circumspection *Buttoned up and laced &c*—human nature as it is affected by civilization or barbarity *He will also associate &c*—to understand human nature an intimate study of the different grades of life is necessary but in the meantime the inquisitive must not lose himself.

Page 236 *He will visit &c*—from the poorest to the richest, nor omitting the middle-class, must engage the attention, and proper care should be taken that the identity be not disclosed to them.

SPEAKING, READING, AND WRITING.

Ready—resourceful *Full*—matured. *Correct*—faultless. *Daughters of Danaë*—it was predicted that Danaus, the king of Argos, will be killed by one of his sons-in-law So when the king of Egypt intended to marry his sons with his daughters, he would not consent. But when he was compelled, he made his daughters promise to kill their husbands on the night of their nuptials One daughter, out of the fifty, spared her husband. In order to punish these cruel wives, Jupiter cast them to Tartarus, and condemned them to be eternally filling with water a vessel full of holes. *Bolters*—a machine for separating bran from flour *Retain the chaff &c*—only the trashy parts are remembered while the essential thing is forgotten.

WISE AND REMARKABLE SAYINGS OF EMINENT MEN.

Page 237. *Wiser*—a wiser man *Cultivation*—utilization *To be waste*—be idly whiled away *To be overrun with noxious plants*—be misspent and misused *Prosperous days*—when he was in the height of his power in the state

Page 238 *Load*—burden.

PLEA FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE

Emerged from barbarism—outgrew the savage state *Roman might &c.*—during the Roman domination of Britain, the islanders were sunk in deep barbarism

Page 239 *Barbarous*—inhuman *Traffic in slaves*—slave trade *Pretensions*—aspirations *Oscure*—unknown, undignified *Under-standing*—intelligence *Acquirements*—accomplishments *Blessings of civil society*—enjoying the highest civic freedom and immune from tyrannic aggressions *Framed*—constituted, established *A system which has become &c.*—the English constitution have always been the model for other states to copy *Had those principles &c.*—the principle that a slave must always remain a slave *Senators*—members of the legislature.

Page 240 *Rude*—uncultured, savage *Destruction*—prejudice, ruins *Dispensations*—graciousness *Pursue*—adopt *Prescribed*—enjoined *Reverse*—alteration *Breaking in*—flourishing, illumining. *Distant extremities*—far ends *Evening of her days*—in the later period of her history *Recompense*—compensation, emolument. *Tardy*—slowly shown

THE DECAY OF CHIVALRY

Page 241 *Chivalry*—bravery and courtesy, the usages and qualifications of chevaliers and knights *Dauphiness*—consort of the crown prince *Versalles*—the seat of the French senate and assembly, 10 miles S W of Paris *Louis XIV* erected here a splendid palace, which, from 1672 to 1700 was the residence of the kings of France *Lighted on this rob*—shined in this world *Seemed to touch*—she was something above this earth *Just above the horizon*—in her early career *The elevated sphere &c.*—the elegant society in which she was just introducing herself *Full of life*—with an exuberance of sprightliness *When she added tilled &c.*—when she was bountiful towards others *The sharp antidote &c.*—the punishments that disgraceful conduct merits *Scabbards*—sheathes

Page 242 *Exalted*—ennobled *Mitigated*—softened *To its advantage*—relief. *Antique*—old; ancient *Confounding*—without belittling. *Gradations*—stages. *To be fellows*—to be ranked with *Soft-collar of social esteem*—to bow themselves to the mild reproof of public opinion. *Domination &c.*—the tyrant who strifes civil liberty. *Harmonized*—systematised *Bland*—gentle, smooth.

Page 243. *Empire of light and reason*—the revolutionary doctrines

which presume to base themselves on free thinking and unrestrained reason *Superadded*—mutually multiplied *Moral imagination*—having taken its shape from morality itself *Ratifies*—acknowledges *Regicide*—the murder of a king *Parricide*—the murder of a parent *Sacrilege*—profanation of a sacred place *jurisprudence*—the science of law. *Scrutiny*—careful or minute enquiry *Muddy*—stupid *Terrors*—to excite force *In the groves of their academy*—in their murderous councils. *Vista*—prospect, the view or prospect through an avenue *Embodied*—shaped

Page 244 *Affections*—love or kindness *Will hold powers &c*—can not but last without recurring to evil methods *Faalty*—homage. *Precautions*—dangers, devices to be planned to avoid *Anticipated*—checked *Preventive*—so that there may not be plots and assassinations *From policy*—in order that they may rule and keep the people in thorough check *Ancient*—long established and widely approved. *Compass*—direction *Nor can we know &c*—we can not know beforehand what our policy would ultimately lead to

Page 245. *Indifferent*—unproductive *Operation*—activity. *Adverting*—referring. *Kept learning in existence*—nursed and reared education *Arms and confusions*—wars and the consequent disturbances *Causes*—embryonic stages. *Paid back*—made recompense for *With usury*—with interest more than it owed *Debauched*—degenerated

Page 246 *Cast into the mire*—totally neglected and despised. *Effects*—productions *Where trade and manufactures &c*—it is conceivable that a nation would exist without trade and commerce so long as noble sentiments are not dead, but it is utterly impossible to think of a nation which is losing its trade and commerce in an experiment to discover whether a state can exist without old institutions and long approved noble sentiments It is something like staking everything in order to find whether the present stock can be increased by a new process

CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA.

Annual vote—every year the expenditure for the army is voted in the committee of supply *Liberal*—generous, whole-hearted. *Rabble*—a disorderly mob *Rotten timber*—merely few ships made of rotten wood. *Mechanical*—who hold fast to some rules or theories.

Page 247 *Far from being qualified &c*—quite unworthy to direct the policy of a vast kingdom *Initiated*—instructed *Is not seldom*—is often *And a great empire and little words*—broadness of view is an indispensable quality among statesmen who wield the sceptres of great kingdoms *Auspicate*—to foreshow *Sursum corda*—lift up your hearts to God *Let us get an American revenue &c*—if we are to get money from America our policy should be to develop her, as we got the American Empire out of a waste country by only improving it.

ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE

Page 248. *Connexions*—family relations *Burst asunder*—torn into pieces *Privation*—loss *Communicated*—bestowed on. *Laudable pursuit*—noble profession *That noxious plant &c*—your policy destroys everything as the poisonous plant kills the other plants and spreads desolation *Take root*—grow *Mutually beneficial commerce*—by commerce the wants of one country are supplied by another ; this commercial argument, so to say, alone abolished the slave trade. *Skirts*—boundaries : border regions

Page 249 *Perfidy*—vile treachery *Perversion*—worst feature. *Wiping away*—brushing away *Blot*—black spot *Suffered to intervene*—allowed to pass by.

THE WAR WITH NAPOLEON

Page 250 *Inundation*—the violent flood *Follow*—haunt *Covering the whole earth*—revolutionary tendencies spread far and wide over the continent after the French Revolution *Aperture*—country *Posterity*—generation to come *Thick night that &c*—awful darkness that will overtake it *Virtuous emulation*—a competition without anything but honesty of purpose in it *Theatre of wonders*—a huge exhibition where everything will astound our senses.

Page 251 *Freedom*—it is urged that freedom has awakened Europe, bestowed virtues, dispelled superstition, conferred religion, kindled poetry, oratory and the fine arts, and offered beneficial institutions. *Pall*—a black covering over the dead *Determination*—decision *Solicitude*—anxiety *Selectest*—choicest *The faithful of every name &c*—devout people of all religions and sects will fervently pray to God and do all that might bring heavenly blessings upon you. *Contrite*—penitent *Intercession*—pleadings *Supplication*—prayer for mercy *In its ascent*—in its way. *Shock*—application *Illustrious dead*—famous dead persons *Posterity*—future generations *Resolve*—deliberate upon *Sepulchre*—grave

Page 252 *Elevated seats &c*—the illustrious dead are intently looking upon you, and their unending consolation and rest depend upon your successfully determining the noble cause *Mantle*—spirit. *To tread in your steps*—to follow you *Sustained*—upheld *Cemented* made firm *Prophet*—St Paul *Tow*—puller

ON SLAVERY.

Bear to be told—allow to be advised *Across the Atlantic*—in America

Page 253 *Talk not &c*—do not urge as a plea for the retention of the slave trade that the slave owners will suffer pecuniary loss in property by its abolition *Right*—that the ownership of slaves entails a natural right of property *Rise in rebellion &c*—our very spirits rebel against the accentuation of such a right of property *Be the appeal &c*—whether we appeal to common sense or nobility of the soul, abolition of the trade is the common verdict. *Columbus*—

before Columbus discovered America morality did not sanction such a conduct, nor does it countenance it today, a definite period of time is used for an indefinite one *Fantasy*—fancy; belief *Covenants*—conventions *Unholy*—immoral

THE DUTY AND INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS

Page 254 *Promulgation*—diffusion *Enjoys it*—in a free constitutional form of government it is education, specially political and patriotic, that saves it from ruin and dismemberment *Communicated*—imparted *Madame De Stael*—was a French authoress, daughter of Necker minister of France She was banished from France by Napoleon for attacking Bonapartism *Pulsations*—throbbings *Conducts*—continues to direct

Page 255 *Artificers*—builders *Moulding*—shaping *Fashioning*—reforming *We applaud &c*—we praise a painter who draws human figures *Enduring*—durable *Achievements*—successes *Vocation*—task *To bear for good or evil*—be productive of a good or a bad citizen *Larger*—wider *Instilled*—infused *Inculcated*—propagated. *Withdraw himself from*—shake himself off *Warranted*—justified. *Exercise of the elective franchise*—the duty of voting for the proper man

Page 256 *It is in the inculcation &c*—though women are not allowed to take part actively in public elections, they can perform this sacred function of a citizen by giving moral education to their children This plea has often been urged against the aspirations of the suffragists

THE PLEASURES OF READING.

Careful cultivation—assiduous training *Maternally*—to a great extent *Prevalence*—rise in power. *Thwarted*—prejudicially affected. *Fortuitous*—happening by chance

Page 257 *Oblivion*—forgetfulness *To forego them*—to go without them *Lassitude*—languor *Intrude*—make their appearances felt. *Occupation*—culture; diversion

THE STORY OF DUKULA AND PILIYUK.

In quest of—in search of, to collect *Encountered*—faced. *Malignant*—disposed to do harm

Page 258 *Issued a venomous blast*—spitted a puff of poison. *Lay in ambush*—kept himself hidden *Nymph*—one of the beautiful goddesses who inhabited, mountains, rivers trees, &c *Issued*—discharged *Dart*—arrow *Prop*—a stay *Washed*—helped to perform ablutions *Succour*—provide food

Page 259 *Destitution*—miserable condition *Reflection*—thought *Sorely*—extremely *Delicately disclosed*—sadly related. *Unbounded*—limitless *Hapless*—unfortunate

Page 260 *Proffered*—voluntarily offered *Ordinances*—tenets. *Miraculous restoration*—wonderful resurrection

NOTES ON THE AFFRAY.

Page 261 *Establishment*—staff. *Sprinkling*—a number *Stalwart*—tall and stout *Spirited*—brave, courageous *Emergency*—danger *Inited*—instructed *Mysteries*—art *Frays*—riots *Close quarters*—near at hand

Page 262 *Emerging*—coming out *Vocation*—profession *Determined opposition*—resolute resistance

Page 263 *Impetuosity*—violence *Consternation*—dismay. *Smarting*—suffering a stinging pain in the body *Thicket*—a close bush *Vehemence*—force

Page 264 *Intimidate*—frighten

THE GHATAK OR MATCHMAKER

Guttural—harsh, pertaining to the throat *Spinster*—an unmarried girl *Amiable*—of sweet disposition *Blooming*—shining young.

Page 265. *Persuasive eloquence*—winning power of speech *Burke's Peerage*—J Bernard Burke wrote an exhaustive history of the British nobility, entitled "*Peerage and Baronetage*" *Accomplished*—complete in acquirements, polished

Page 266 *There is no reckoning*—it is difficult to calculate and estimate the value

Page 267. *Measures*—proceedings

THE PRODIGAL SON

Obdurate—impenetrable *Stony*—hard *Substance*—belongings, riches *Riotous living*—frivolous way of living *Fain*—glad

Page 268 *Drew nigh*—came close *Transgressed*—disobeyed. *Devoured*—misspent *Harlots*—woman of bad fame, prostitutes

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER

Page 269 *Clime*—climate *Respond*—pay attention to *Plentiful*—bounteous *Recesses of the heart*—innermost heart

HOW THE HINDU TRAVELS

Page 270. *Consideration*—great, not without reason *Flurry*—agitation *Wends*—passes *Ominous*—tedious *Trepidation*—nervousness *Dingy*—shaky *Concentrating*—placing

Page 271 *Amenities*—advantages *Overpowering*—overwhelming *Tardy*—apparently dull *Contumacy*—obstinate objections

Page 272 *In deference to*—to show respect to *W C*—water-closet *Steward*—the manager of the provision department, &c at sea. *Stentorian*—very loud or powerful *Crumbs*—pieces *Carcasses* .. *array*—meats of all species of animal are served

Page 273. *Apostolic*—pertaining to the constitutions and canons of the apostles. *Herds*—meats of other different animals.

THE FALLS OF NIAGRA.

Precipice—steep rock *Phenomenon*—natural object *Horse-shoe Falls*—so named for the shape of its fall *Rapids*—streams descending from precipitous rocks *Rocky cauldron*—kettle made of rocks *Rebound*—recoil *Concussion*—a violent shock caused by the sudden contact of the two bodies, water and the rocks *Apparitions*—an immaterial appearance

Page 274 *Abyss*—depths *Admonish*—reprove *Precipitation*—hurling headlong, the process by which any substance is made to separate from another in solution, and fall to the bottom

THE AMERICAN WOMEN

Land of freedom—independent country, in America the civil liberty of the people is complete *Breadth of privilege*—liberal immunities

Page 275 *Post graduate education*—a course of study after graduation *Complicated*—complex *Scholarly affair*—a higher standard of education. *Gymnasium*—gymnastic ground *Trapeze*—a swing of one more cross-bar used in gymnastic exercise *Under-nominations*—non-sectarian *Slovenliness*—untidiness, carelessness or dirtiness in dressing

Page 276 *Taxidermy*—the art of preparing and stuffing the skins of animals *Violoncello*—a large four-stringed musical instrument of the violin class, the quality of its tone even more sympathetic than that of the violin, held between the knees in playing

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

Anti-slavery War—the American Civil War. The Northern countries advocated traffic in slaves, while the Southern strongly condemned it *Pandemonium*—the hall erected by Satan in hell for the deliberation of the fallen angels *Perjured*—having sworn falsely. *Depravity personified*—wickedness incarnate *Baggy-faced*—with an inflated face *Perdition*—perpetual loser of future happiness.

Page 277 *Susceptibilities*—sensitiveness. *Greek meets Greek*—a Tartar faces a Tartar, i.e. both of them are equally ferocious. *Roughs*—a ruffian *Bludgeon*—a short stick with a heavy end to strike with *Darted*—left with speed, as an arrow flies from a bow. *Cowhide*—a coarse whip made of twisted strips of cowhide *Sanctum*—private room *SCRIBE*—writer, editor.

Page 278 *Clipped*—called *Eot*—here used not in the sense of withdraw, but literally

KESHUB'S EXPERIENCE OF EUROPE.

Bad sailor—he was not very much troubled with sea sickness. *Graphically*—vividly *Accommodation*—conveniences *Sumptuous*—magnificent For *Hills* read *heels* *Oriental*—eastern *Propriety*—decorum.

Page 279. *John Stuart Mill*—the great English philosopher and economist. *Apostle*—champion of the religion *Appointment*—previous engagement *Home letters*—letters for home *Constitution*—ill humour; anger *Interested himself*—devoted himself; began to read *Meekness*—humility *Flakes*—particles *Tremendous weight*—heavy burden, arduous task

Page 280 *Astute*—cunning, sagacious *Opposition*—the party who are in minority in the House of Commons, *i.e.*, in the Government, is called the *Opposition Assembly*—the people assembled *Last resting place*—the place of the death *Communion*—mutual intercourse, fellowship. *Amen*—so let it be.

RECEPTION BY THE QUEEN EMPRESS

Page 281. *Homage*—fealty *Fly*—a light double-seated carriage; a hackney-coach *Corridor*—the passage-way communicating with separate chambers

Page 282 *Likenessess*—photographs *Autograph*—own handwriting; signature.

AN ENGLISH FIRESIDE

Page 283 *Repaired*—collected *Voluptuous*—excessive pleasure. *Chasing*—scattering *Passengers*—of the street *Bringing to boy*—striking heavily. *Leeside*—the sheltered side *Belated*—who is absent beyond the appointed time *Squatted*—sat *Fondle*—caress.

Page 284. *Go with the tide*—die soon *Who knows*—the affectionate dying mother falters at the thought *Hands*—the men on board *Dotingly*—with excessive fondness

THE PATRIOTIC FRUIT SELLER.

Page 285 *Prodigious*—immeasurable; huge *Who*—for whom.

MORNING IN LONDON

Page 286 *Twilight*—the dim gray light between the night and the day. *Rose from her bed*—spread over *Opened the shutters of heaven*—cleared the atmosphere and shown the sky *Close by*—we are speaking of a place very near *Tripped*—passed. *Sweep*—to clear *Muggy*—foggy, wet *Hung heavy*—lay thick *Swept*—spread over *Greenwich*—the celebrated observatory is situated here *Reeking clime*—smoky climate *Dust*—to clean *Gaseous gold*—gold liquified into gas, golden shine *Spuried*—spouted, sent out in a sudden stream *Effulgence*—flood of glorious light *Minarets*—turrets on a Mahamedan mosque, from which the people are summoned to prayer *Brocade mantle*—loose silk garment wrought with figures *Slate*—made of slate stones. *Altitudes*—heights

Page 287 *Roughshod*—shod with roughened shoes, as a horse in frosty weather. *Blinds*—window curtains *Beat*—round *Elucidating*—provoking to utter. *Overhead*—in the house above. *Pedestrians*—wayfarers; walkers. *Honey*—searching after money.

SAKYA MUNI.

Page 288 *Sakya Muni*—Budha. *Worthies of our race*—great men of our species *Enshrouded*—covered, embellished *Principality*—small kingdom *Troops*—huge body *Behests*—commands. *Forswear*—forsake. *Benighted*—astray *Imperious*—wide, large. *Stake*—a post to which a martyr is tied to be burned *Arid*—dry; parched

Page 289 *Swarthy*—dark complexioned *Animated*—living. *Aught*—anything *Protoplasm*—living matter. *Consanguinity*—relationship *Emparadises*—makes blissful.

ENGLAND AND INDIA

Page 290 *Anarchy*—lawlessness *Dolorous*—piteous. *Ministering angel*—an angel who ministers to the wants of the helpless. *Messages*—errands, good news *Mission*—a vocation to perform. *Unmitigated*—unsoftened

Page 291 *Eradication*—rooting out *Yield to none in respect*—no less I fervently respect

Page 292 *Lay my hand on*—point. *Nationalist friends*—the speaker in his over-zealous enthusiasm over clouds his reasons and confuses the idea of Indian nationalism with the feeling of antagonism for social reform *Eating into the very vitals of the nation*—killing the animating force of the nation, perhaps the speaker over-rated his arguments

DAVID HARE ANNIVERSARY

David Hare—was a great patron of western education in India. *Yearly tribute &c*—anniversary meeting. *To treasure up*—to cherish fervently *Joseph Mazzini*—a modern Italian politician. He devoted his life for the unity and regeneration of Italy. He served several terms of imprisonment and lived for a long time as an exile in England. His efforts were ultimately successful *Pale*—bounds.

Page 293 *Supervened*—came between *Rancour*—hatred, jealousy *Historic judgment*—judgment of posterity *Contemporaries &c*—the breadth of view of the great original minds are ever misunderstood, so the greatmen of the world have without exception suffered *persecution* from the hands of the people of their own time. But as time passes men find ample time to judge their sayings, and they gradually come to understand them and become more prolific in their respect towards the illustrious dead

Page 294 *Innate*—inherent *Hankering*—thrust

Page 295 *Fostered*—nourished *Pointedly*—definitely.

Page 296 *Inception*—beginning. *Auspices*—patronage. *Reminiscence*—remembrance *Heralded*—forerun, proclaimed.

Page 297 *Dilate*—dwell in detail *Sustained*—prolonged. obstinately maintained *Fits and starts*—at random. *Unflinching*—unfailing. *Application*—sustained effort. *Unflagging*—untiring.

Times without number—often. *Trait*—characteristic *Calumniate*—slander

Page 298 *Forsooth*—certainly *Prostituting*—improperly defiling. *Unhappy times*—unfortunate days

Page 299. *Assuredly*—undoubtedly. *Infuse*—inject, inculcate. *Blend*—unite together *Bygone*—long lost *Colossal fabric*—huge structure of national regeneration *Macaulay*—he supported the side advocating for the spread of western culture in India

INDIAN UNITY.

Missionaries—devoted preachers *Garibaldi*—one of the deliverers of Italy He was a great general and followed Mazzini He retired to private life after his work was completed *Emulate*—try to imitate nobly *Matchless*—unparallel *Unflinching*—unswerving.

Page 300 *Resolve*—determination *High purposes*—the noble ideals *Fiat*—command *Mandate*—command *Hampden*—he first refused to pay ship-money He sat in the Long Parliament and took arms in the Civil war against the king but fell on Chalgrove field. He was a very popular man for his championing people's cause

LONDON.

Page 301 *Under the level of the streets*—i.e. underground. *Covered*—matted *Open*—enjoyable *Lungs of London*—breathing organs of London *Row*—line

Page 302 *Murky*—gloomy *Patter*—chatter, of striking often, as of hailstones *Sickly face*—because its rays are obstructed

THE ENGLISH STAGE

Decorations—ornamentations *Wand*—magic stick *Visions*—panorama

Page 303 *Victor Hugo*—a great French novelist

THE COUNTRY

Page 304. *Country*—a rural region as distinct from a town. *Portico*—a porch before the entrance to a building *Croquet*—a game in which two or more players try to drive wooden balls, by means of long-handled mallets, through a series of arches set in the ground. *Spire*—a very acute pyramidal roof in common use over the towers of churches *Conventionalities*—customs; long-established uses; fashions *Prospects*—harvest prospects

Page 305 *Acquaintance*—familiarity *Respectful nod*—reverential shaking of the head *Complacent*—pleased

LADIES IN ENGLISH SOCIETY.

Susceptible—open to, capable of *Salutary*—wholesome *Sober*—soothing.

Page 306. *Vivify*—enliven *Whist*—a kind of game in cards

PARIS.

Page 307. *Rough*—troublesome because of the rolling and pitching of the ship due to violent waves *Hardened*—practised. *Siege*—the siege made by the Germans during the Franco-Prussian war *Communist*—a body of people who held in doctrine that private property is bad and it should be held in common This body of people is the product of the French Revolution They rose in insurrection and inflicted much damage on Paris *First Napoleon*—Napoleon Bonaparte He conquered a great part of the continent. He also led a successful expedition to Egypt The enmity and opposition of England destroyed his dream of a world domination. *Boulevards*—a broad walk or promenade bordered with trees, originally applied to those formed upon the demolished fortifications of a town. *Cafes*—a restaurant

Page 308 *Defy all description*—cannot be adequately described. *Louvre*—was a well-known palace habited by the French Kings. There was in it an exhibition of some of the finest art goods of the world

Page 309 *Peinified*—made hard like a stone. *Master-piece*—a work of superior skill *Late disasters*—the insurrections of the Revolution and the Franco-Prussian war

Page 310 *Limpid*—transparent *Celebrated novel*—"The Hunchback of Notre Dame" *Beats*—Surpasses *Standards*—national flags *Trophies*—spoils or memorials of victories.

AN ADVENTURE.

Passport—a warrant of protection and permission to travel. *Guard house*—a house or room for the accommodation of a guard of soldiers, where defaulters are confined. *Costume*—dress.

Page 311 *Insolent*—insulting. *Vised*—an indorsement on a passport denoting that it has been officially examined, and that the bearer may proceed on his journey *Peremptorily*—in a domineering manner *Commissaire*—a higher police officer.

Page 312 *Unhesitatingly*—decidedly, without showing any hesitation *Prefecture*—a police officer at the head of a modern French Department

KRISTO DAS'S APPRENTICESHIP.

The young blood &c—in his speeches and writings energetic manliness and vigour were thoroughly apparent *But how little &c*—but he was poor in worldly possessions, so his dishes were insufficient. *Pouring*—intently reading *Press*—newspapers.

Page 313. *Stationery*—writing implements. *Liberal*—high *Well stored*—well equipped *Impulses*—feelings *Industry*—labour. *Untiring*—undefatigable *Lightly passed over*—was given no particular attention by the fellow students. *Stuff*—maternal. *Flagged*—became cloth.

Page 314 *Lightly reckoned*—slightly passed over *He gathered courage*—began to buoy up his spirits *Ornate*—ornamental

Page 315. *Aeronaut*—one who makes ascents in a balloon. *Nom de plume*—assumed name *Spared him*—give him long life

KRISTO DAS PAL AS A WRITER.

Approbation—approval ; praise *Love of the ornate style &c*—with proficiency and maturity the ornamental style gives place to a simpler style, because it is not then the style that engrosses the attention of the writer, as the thought embodied in it

Page 316. *Racy*—vigorous *Gaudy*—grandiloquent *Rich*—full of *Precision*—exactness *Apprehend*—understand *Words are piled on words*—too many high sounded words are chained together. *Verbosc*—wordy, diffused style *Soaked*—saturated

Page 317 *Platform oration*—public speech or declamation. *Captain D L Richardson*—he was born in Calcutta and was a man of great learning His shakespearean scholarship won for him a lasting reputation. He was the principal of the Hindu College, but died at a very early age *Formal*—conventional, precise *Committed to their charge*—entrusted to their care *Directed*—advised him. *Private*—home.

Page 318. *Doing with effect*—successfully performing *Contagiously*—as a fruit of the connections *Ample*—great *Literary form*—literary beauty of style *Endured*—was subjected to, suffered. *Superadded to*—in addition to *System*—the writer thinks that the old system of imparting education was better than the present university.

Page 319 *Thoroughness*—completeness *Shallowess*—defectiveness *Portals*—doors, gates

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS

Systematic or organized view—scientific knowledge *Unified*—systematic *Never questioned &c*—never attempted to pry into the mysterious philosophy underlying the universe *Data*—the point to begin with and not to be enquired into *Cast of thought*—the train of his reasoning *Everlasting verities*—eternal truths *Logical fence*—argumentative philosophy *National counsels*—deliberations for the welfare of the country and the nation *Foundations*—basis ; ground-work *Difficulties*—tortuous scruples *Wanting*—unequal to the occasion

Pag 320 *Philosophical*—meditative, theoretical, doctrinaire. *Blank*—absent *Whether we study &c*—when we study the whole department of a subject we can arrive at some general conclusions. regarding them, for example, the study of astronomy or geology, physics or philosophy, jurisprudence, or languages and religions, all point to some logical inferences These then influence the future conduct of our proceedings *One proof &c*—from whatever point of view we may start our enquiry the general conclusion is always the same. *There was no sympathy &c*—he did not try to harmonize

himself with nature by studying her *Laws of social growth*—the evolutionary nature of society *The history of ideas &c*—the growth of human thought by successive stages though the centuries did not interest him and he was quite innocent of the knowledge of those great happenings. *Mood*—gloomy *Mysticism*—obscurity of doctrine *Subjective regards*—idealistic sense of conception.

Page 321 *Contemplatively inert*—meditatingly inactive. *Expediency*—desirableness *Comprehensive*—wide. *Reasoned*—argued. *Convictions*—firm beliefs *Thinker*—philosopher *Martyr*—one who sacrifices himself for the welfare of his country *Maxims of conduct*—rules of procedure *He had closed his Byron &c*—he was a practical man of action and avoided both ends, absolute frivolity of action or extreme meditative habits

POLITICAL IDEAS.

Page 322 *Indigenous*—existing within the country. *Commensurate with*—existing together *Unequalled*—unsurpassed. *Historic association*—refer to the many struggles to uphold and advance English liberty *Sing odes*—sing praises *Beatific*—making supremely happy *Perennial*—everlasting *Adulation*—praise *Imitation is &c*—when one follows another it becomes evident that the former heartily approves the conduct of the latter. *Cant*—a common saying, conventional manner of speaking

Page 323 *Representative*—elective *Volunteering*—to enlist as soldiers when they wish *Definite and nature*—clear and deliberate. *Assimilated*—thoroughly digested *Mastery of principles*—political leaders who urge for the planting of institutions which have done good in other countries without considering whether they will suit us, are mere demagogues *Stationary*—backward and stagnant.

Page 324. *Law performs different &c.*—in advanced countries the function of law is gone As they progress the people find that new laws are necessary to cope with the new circumstances that are springing up, and the old laws are replaced by a new one But in backward countries it is the law that comes first and its function is to raise people up to its standard So the tone of the laws are always higher than the code of morality prevalent among the people. *Aggressive*—coercive. *Exigency*—passing distress *Brink*—dorder.

Page 325 *Analogy*—resemblance of relations. *Evoke*—create ; arouse.

IN THE HOME.

Jarring—conflicting *Squabbles*—quarrels *Petty*—insignificant. *Conglomeration*—a collection. *Heterogeneous*—composed of different elements *Visitors*—callers *Pursued*—haunted. *One or two in the morning*—1 or 2 o'clock at night.

Page 326. *Incensed*—angry. *Visitations*—as of supernatural beings *Bore*—an object of annoyance *Shift his position*—go away *Sociability*—affability. *Idiosyncrasies*—peculiar temperaments. *Tranquility*—peace. *Steady*—sustained. *Industry*—labour. *Dis-*

traction—confused diversion *Embarrassment*—perplexity; cumbrous difficulties *Lacerated*—rent; torn. *Paralysed*—made senseless. *Spark of native fire*—Indian greatness

Page 327 *Dignity*—honour. *Armed—neutrality*—though the combatants are at peace they are collecting force all the time in order that they might fight more fiercely and successfully.

NEW YORK DEMOCRACY.

Christmas—an annual festival in memory of the birth of Christ, held on the 25th December *Festive*—joyous; anticipating a festivity. *Nonce*—present time *Materials*—accommodation *Had brought myself down*—satisfied myself *Square meal*—honest and full. *Scrupulously*—carefully *Magnificently*—bountifully.

Page 328 *Adjuncts*—suitable additions. *Woe with*—compete with *Treat*—entertainment *Located*—habited *Contributions*—donations *Disposed*—inclined *Tramps*—wanderers or birds of the road. *Organizations*—charitable institutions *The days of want that were ahead*—the destitution that was awaiting me *Zest*—relish. *Tolled*—rang

Page 329 *Wade*—walk. *Slush*—liquid mud *Guardian angel*—ministering angel who keeps a watch over a person *Disposed*—inclined; in a mood *Gamins*—a precocious and mischievous imp of the pavement *Schooling*—elementary education *Behood*—benefit, for profit only. *Chum*—a chamber-fellow *Come by*—attain.

Page 330 *Feller*—rustic; cutter of wood *Colored man*—Asiatics are called so by the Europeans and Americans for their complexion *Niggers*—American natives. *Cross*—fruit of the combination *Observant*—keen looking; scrutinising

Page 331. *Fenian*—a member of an association of Irishmen founded in New York in 1857 for the overthrow of the English Government in Ireland. *Irish-Americans*—the Irishmen in America spread calumnising reports of the English conduct *Coercionists*—those who advocate severe treatment of the Irish people for their disloyal conduct *Restaurant*—refreshment shop. *Waiter*—an attendant to wait upon *Grub*—something to eat.

Page 332 *Got along*—managed to pass fairly *Spunk*—mettle; spirit *Scraping off*—dusting out. *Stuff*—good material; intelligence. *Profuse*—verbose, prolific. *Yankee*—an inhabitant of the United States. *Dunno*—don't know. *Fixed*—given the opportunity. *Make his way*—cut his career.

Page 333 *Mr Micawber*—a funny character on Dicken's 'David Copperfield' *Turn up*—happen *Apathy*—dislike against the above principle. *Legitimate*—profitable. *Imbeciles*—incapable invalids.

Page 334. *Mustachois*—moustaches. *Leading-strings*—strings used to lead children when beginning to walk. *To call*—to come and enquire. *Job*—post; work. *Sallied out*—started forth. *Direction*

—destination *Porter*—a door-keeper or gate-keeper. *Beating*—anxious. *Rising*—pushing

*Page 335. *Reduced*—thrown *Dismissed himself*—disappeared left *Quarters*—lodgings *Stake*—political interest in the administrative and economical welfare of the country. *How I wish*—I most fervently desire

*. SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

Page 336 *Republican*—democratic *Calling*—profession. *Resources*—raw materials and human capabilities *Metal fields*—mines *Virgin*—undeveloped *Plucky*—brave *Squeamishness*—fastidiousness

Page 337 *Competition*—emulation *Printer's ink spent*—books are published *Primitive Nature*—America still abounds with virgin fields and pastures new, so agriculture is still one of its main industries *i.e.* the natural obstacles are still many that are to be overcome *Abreast*—side by side.

Page 338 *Enblock*—in one lump *Benjamin Franklin*—was one of the seventeen children of a soap-boiler of Boston He rose to be a great statesman and a philosopher He was a voluminous writer and wrote his biography He took an active part in the declaration of American independence He was a scientist of no mean reputation. He invented the lightning-conductor *Morse*—Samuel Finley Breese, an artistic and scientific American, celebrated as the inventor of the United States system of telegraphs *Cable*—telegraph *The telephone*—invented in 1877 by Prof. Graham Bell of Boston *Old and the New Worlds*—Europe and America

AMERICAN MEN, WOMEN AND MANNERS.

Page 339. *Elasticity*—power to recover from depression *Reverses*—misfortunes, failures. *In almost no time*—very soon *Make it up*—recoup, retrieve their fortunes *White House*—the official residence of the President of the United States *Rags*—dirty torn clothes

Page 340 *Look upon down*—despise *Cowed*—out-willed. *Forced*—unnatural; affected *Swindling*—cheating. *Unfounded*—untrue. *Unenviable*—undesirable *Sharpers*—cheats *Hauled up*—dragged. *Ingenuity*—cleverness.

Page 341 *Stands*—raised platforms. *Chaff*—joke, light banter. *Take his choice*—selects the paper he wishes to buy. *He helps himself &c.*—sometimes he cashes his notes or heavy coins himself and takes only the balance after deducting the price of the newspaper.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF AUTHORS

Addison, Joseph was born in 1672. He was the son of a clergyman, and was educated at Oxford. His poems were popular, and gained him several important appointments. But his fame rests on his prose writings. In conjunction with Steele he started the *Spectator*, the first number of which appeared in 1711. It was published daily, and each number contained a complete essay without any politics. Of the three papers—*The Tatler*, *The Spectator*, and *The Guardian*—*The Spectator* attained the highest degree of excellence. He died on June 17th, 1719.

Barbauld, Anna—(1743—1825). An authoress of considerable celebrity, and best imitator of the style of Dr. Johnson. While a child she was remarkable for quickness of intellect and natural goodness of her disposition, and in later years, for the elegance of her taste, and the extent of her acquirements. Her skill in classical literature, the simplicity of her life and manner, the refinement of her imagination and the purity of her soul are well represented in her works. Her style is simple, flowing, and natural. Her poetry devout and religious and intended chiefly for the young.

Works—' *Prose Hymns* ' ' *Early Lessons*,' &c

Beaumont, Francis, (1585—1616), dramatist. His name is indissolubly associated with that of John Fletcher, in conjunction with whom he wrote "*Phylaster*," "*The Maid's Tragedy*," "*The Knight of the Burning Pestle*," "*The Scornful Lady*," and about 50 other dramatic and poetic works.

Bonnet Charles—(1720—1793), a Swiss naturalist, whose studies were chiefly directed to the study of insect life. He wrote several treatises of great value, in one of which he maintained the doctrine of a future life for all living creatures.

Burke, Edmund—was born at Dublin in the year 1730, and died in 1797. He began his political career as private secretary to Hamilton in Ireland; and subsequently in parliament he took part in the debates on the American war. He was a powerful and polished speaker, and vehemently opposed the French Revolution. As a writer he contributed to numerous periodicals, and was the founder of the *Annual Register*. Perhaps, however, his treatise on the *Sublime and Beautiful* is his best-known work.

Carlyle, Thomas—was born in 1795, at Ecclefechan, in Scotland. His father was a stone mason, and a man of strong individuality. Thomas was intended for the Church, but, after a brief period occupied in teaching, he adopted literature as a profession. He contributed papers to the new *Edinburgh Review*, and wrote a life of *Schiller*. Subsequently appeared his famous *Sartor Resartus* (the Tailor re-tailored), which professed to be a review of a German work on dress.

Then followed his *History of the French Revolution, Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell, History of Frederick the Great, Life of John Sterling, Past and Present, &c*. In his later life Carlyle lived in London, and there he died in the year 1881.

Lord Clarendon Edward Hyde—(1608—1674) Lord High Chancellor of England, and historian. He supported Charles I and was conferred with honours by Charles II. He was unpopular and to avoid an impeachment fled to France. He wrote the well-known "*History of the Rebellion*," which will transmit his name to a distant posterity. His daughter was married to the duke of York, who by her two daughters, Mary and Anne, both of whom ascended the English throne.

Cowper, William—Cowper, the most popular poet of his generation, was educated for the law, but, owing to some constitutional weaknesses, which occasionally affected his reason he retired in the prime of life to reside with a private family in the country. His first volume of poems, containing *Table Talk, Truth, The Progress of Error*, and others, appeared in 1782. Three years later he published the famous ballad, *John Gilpin*, and his great poem entitled *The Task*, which were followed in 1791 by his translation of *Homer* in blank verse. Cowper's poems are chiefly didactic, and are remarkable for the charming descriptions of rural scenery and domestic life which are mingled with his moral and religious reflections.

Daniel, Defoe—was born in London in the year 1661, and died 1731. As a champion of liberty he got imprisoned in Newgate. For a time he published a paper called the *Review*. But it is as a writer of fiction that he is best known. His *Robinson Crusoe* and *Journal of the Great Plague* are his most popular works. Defoe's *Journey from London to the Land's End* was published in 1724.

De Quincey, Thomas—was born in the year 1785, near Manchester, and died in 1859. In early life he led an extraordinary career, during which he acquired the habit of taking opium. Though he discontinued its use, he never wholly recovered from its evil effects. His works have been collected in fourteen volumes, one of the most popular being *Confessions of an Opium-Eater*. His style is inimitable, and though he himself said he never finished anything, "his sentences are models of elaborate workmanship."

Dickens, Charles—was born in 1812, and died in 1870. He began his literary life as a reporter in the house of Commons. Subsequently he wrote sketches of city-life for the *Morning Chronicle*; later on these were republished under the title of *Sketches by Boz*. Then came *Pickwick Papers*, in which he delineated the life and manners of the lower and middle classes. His most popular works are *Nicholas Nickleby, The old Curiosity Shop, David Copperfield, Barnaby Rudge, Bleak House, and Christmas Tales*.

Gibbon, Edward—was born at Putney, Surrey, in the year 1737. Owing to feeble health, his early education was neglected; his stay at Oxford was brief. He embraced Roman Catholicism, but on his father sending him to Switzerland he became indifferent to religion.

of any kind. Most of his life was spent in literary pursuits. His chief work is *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Gibbon died in 1794.

Goldsmith, Oliver—(1728-1774) one of the most distinguished ornaments of English Literature. He received a university education but was very idle and wasteful in his youth. In great poverty he travelled in various parts of Europe and on his return devoted himself wholly to literature. His circumstances afterwards became respectable, but his liberality of his disposition, want of ordinary prudence, preposterous vanity and a propensity to gaming, involved him in frequent difficulties. His writings bear the impress of originality. His style is easy, natural and happy.

Works—'Deserted village,' 'Traveller,' 'Vicar of Wakefield,' 'The Bee' &c

Johnson speaks of the *Traveller* in the following words,—

'There had not been so fine a poem since Pope's time.'

Harris, John—(1667-1719) an English divine and mathematician, who was secretary to the Royal Society. He published a translation of 'Pardies' "Elements of Geometry," but he is best known by having first projected a cyclopædia, or dictionary of sciences.

Haweworth, John (Died in 1773) an able writer, who succeeded Dr. Johnson in compiling the parliamentary debates. "*The Adventure*," which he wrote in imitation of the "*Spectator*" and other collections of essays, is his principal work and obtained for him the degree of LL.D. He published the life and works of Swift, and was employed to compile an account of the discoveries made by Captain Cook and others in the South Seas. He afterwards became an East-India director. He translated "*Telemachus*," wrote "*Almorán and Hamet an Oriental Tale*," and other pieces of a like kind, very popular in their days.

Helps, Sir Arthur—essayist and historian. After filling some posts in the public service he rose to the clerkship of the Privy Council. The chief of his numerous literary works are:—"Essays written in the Interval of Business," "Henry II," "Catharine Douglass," "The Claims of Labour," "The Spanish Conquests of America," "Short Essays and Aphorisms," "Thoughts upon Government" &c.

Irving, Washington—a distinguished American author. His father died when he was a child, and his education devolved upon his elder brothers, young men of considerable attainments. His literary career was commenced in 1802. He was soon compelled to travel for his health and visited France, Italy, Switzerland, Holland and England. On his return he retook himself to literature and published many humorous sketches, tales, and essays. His humorous "*History of New York*" instantly made him one of the most popular writers. He also fought in the American War of Independence. After the peace he devoted himself to business but on the failure of the firm of "Irving Brothers" he returned to his literary vocation. His "*Sketch Book*" soon made him known on the both sides of the Atlantic.

His other works are "*Brace Bridhe Hall*," "*Tales of a Traveller*," "*History of the life and Voyages of Columbas*," "*The Conquest of Granada*," "*Tales of Alhambra*," &c. He successfully filled some political appointment in the United States Government and retired in 1846 to his beautiful estate, Sunnyside, on the banks of the Hudson. Here also his literary labour did not cease and before his death in 1859 he amused the public with some brilliant works of taste and researches.

Johnson, Samuel—was born at Lichfield in the year 1709. His father was a book-seller. After receiving some education in his native town he entered Pembroke College, Oxford. His first work the translation of *Father Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia* but it was not until his *London*, a satire appeared that he gained any popularity. He issued a paper called the *Rambler* twice a week and it was at this time *Rasselas* appeared. His *Lives of the Poets*—extending from Cowley to Gray—has been much valued. Johnson's name will always be associated with his *Dictionary*—the original of subsequent dictionaries. Johnson lived long enough and well to secured the esteem of all men. He earned and obtained the independence which he so richly merited. He died in 1784.

Kingsley, Charles,—was born in the year 1819, at Holne Vicarage, Devonshire. At the age of nineteen he entered Magdalene College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself. He read for Holy Orders and in 1844 became Rector of Eversely in Hampshire. "The political events of 1848, which shook all Europe to its very foundations, stirred his blood and seemed for the time to give him a supernatural strength." He showed his sympathy for the oppressed in his *Alton Locke*. Other works followed, *Hyppatia*, *Yeast*, *Westward Ho*, *The Water Babies*. He also wrote several poems. He died in 1875, aged fifty-five years.

Longfellow, Henry Wordsworth—(1807-1882) an eminent American poet. He was at first designed for the law, but his tastes were from the earliest period, decidedly literary. He travelled in France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Holland and England, and studied the language and literature of each country. He possessed a remarkable power of picturesque description. Of all American poets, he is by far the most popular in England. His verse is polished and refined—exquisitely clear, tender and full of musical cadence. Some of his chief works are "*Hyperion*," "*Evangeline*," "*Pandora*," "*The Golden Legend*," "*Tables of wayside Inn*," &c.

Macaulay, Thomas Babington, was born in 1800 and died in 1859. Though he was by profession a lawyer, he achieved success as a writer. His *Essays* have been greatly admired. As a historian, too, he holds a distinguished place. Had he lived longer his *History of England* would have been extended to a later period. In poetry, also, he gained considerable reputation, his *Lays of Ancient Rome* are perhaps the best-known. Macaulay will also be remembered as a statesman. From 1834 to 1838 he was a member of the supreme Council of India and two years later he became Secretary of War. He was raised to the peerage in 1855.

NOTES ON

Milton, John—among English poets inferior only to Shakespeare, was the son of a London, scrivener. He received his education at St. Paul's School, London, and at Christ's College, Cambridge. In his 21st year he had written his grand *Hymn on the Nativity*, which is considered one of the finest odes in the language. From Cambridge he retired to his father's house at Horton, in Buckinghamshire where he spent five years in the study of classical literature. During this period he wrote the beautiful masques of *Comus* and *Archades*; *Lycidas*, an exquisite elegy on a college companion, who perished by shipwreck on his passage from Chester to Ireland; and two charming descriptive pieces, entitled *L'Allegro* (The man of Mirth) and *Il Penseroso* (The Melancholy Man). In middle life, being of republican principles, he employed himself in writing pamphlets in favour of the Commonwealth, and afterwards acted as Latin Secretary to Cromwell. Increasing study had affected his eyesight, and in 1652 he became totally blind. At the Restoration he retired to Chalfont, in Bucks, where, in 1665, he completed his great epic, *Paradise Lost*, which had been commenced in 1658. In 1671 he produced *Paradise Regained* a sequel to *Paradise Lost*, but much inferior to it, and *Samson Agonists*, a dramatic poem on the story of Samson. He died in 1674, and was buried in the chancel of St. Giles' Cripplegate, in London.

Paley, William—was born at Peterborough in the year 1743. Passing through the Giggleswick Grammar School, where his father was the Headmaster, he entered Christ's College, Cambridge, and there graduated. After several preferments he was presented with the rectory of Bishop Wearmouth. He wrote much with the endeavour to counteract the evil of scepticism. His chief works are *Evidences of Christianity*, *Horæ Paulinæ*, *Moral and Political Philosophy* and a *Treatise on Natural Theology*. Paley died in 1805.

Prescott, William Hickling, (1796—1839) American historian. While at College, he was deprived by an accident of the use of one eye; and the sight of the other became so impaired as to compel him to abstain from any lengthened course of study. He travelled extensively, and after his marriage devoted himself diligently to literary pursuits by the help of a reader and an amanuensis. In 1838 the first of his historical works was produced under the title of "*The History of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic of Spain*." The work became universally successful and was translated into French, Spanish and German. His other works are, "*The History of the Conquest of Mexico*," "*History of the Conquest of Peru*," "*History of the Reign of Philip II*," "*Charles V*," &c.

Scott, Walter—the son of a writer to the Signet, was born in Edinburgh, where he was educated for the bar, to which he was called in 1792. At first he published translation of several German ballads and did some literary work. The appearance of his *Lav of the Last Minstrel* in 1805 instantly stamped him as one of the greatest of the living poets. It was followed by his great poem, *Marmion*, a tale of Flodden Field. Then appeared *The Lady of the Lake*, *The Vision of Don Roderick Rokeby*, a tale of the English civil wars of the seventeenth century, and the *Lord of the Isles*, a Scottish story of the days of Bruce. Scott's popularity as a poet had begun to decline when

in 1814 he issued the first of the long series of brilliant fictions known as the *Waverly Novels*, which appeared from 1814 to 1831. He was created a baronet in 1820.

Southey, Robert—a voluminous English prose writer and poet. He embraced literature as a profession and distinguished himself by his unexampled industry. He was appointed Poet Laureate in 1813.

Taylor, Jeremy, was born in the year 1613, and died 1667. As a Royalist he entered the army and finally the Church. Throughout his chequered career his character was irreproachable, and his chief works, *Holy living* and *Holy dying*, testify his strong religious feeling.

Victoria, Alexandra—(1819-1902), Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, is the daughter and only child of Edward, duke of Kent, fourth son of George III. At the death of her father, her mother carefully prepared her for the illustrious station she was destined to fulfil. On June 20, 1837 she ascended the throne of the United Kingdom, and was crowned on June 28, 1838. In 1840 she married Prince Albert, by whom she had nine children. In 1868 she authorised the publication of a portion of her diary, relating to her domestic life in Scotland, and in 1867 was published by her consent "The early of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort." From the death of her husband in 1861, she lived in retirement.

Wilson, John—(1785-1854) professor, an eminent Scotch poet and essayist. He was a friend of Wordsworth. After making some attempts at minor lyrical poetry, in 1812 he published "The Isle of Palms." He was one of the originators of "Blackwood's Magazine." In 1820 he was nominated to the chair of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh. His chief works are, "*The City of the Plague*," "*Light and Shadows of Scottish Life*," "*Trails of Margaret Lyndsey*," "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*," &c.